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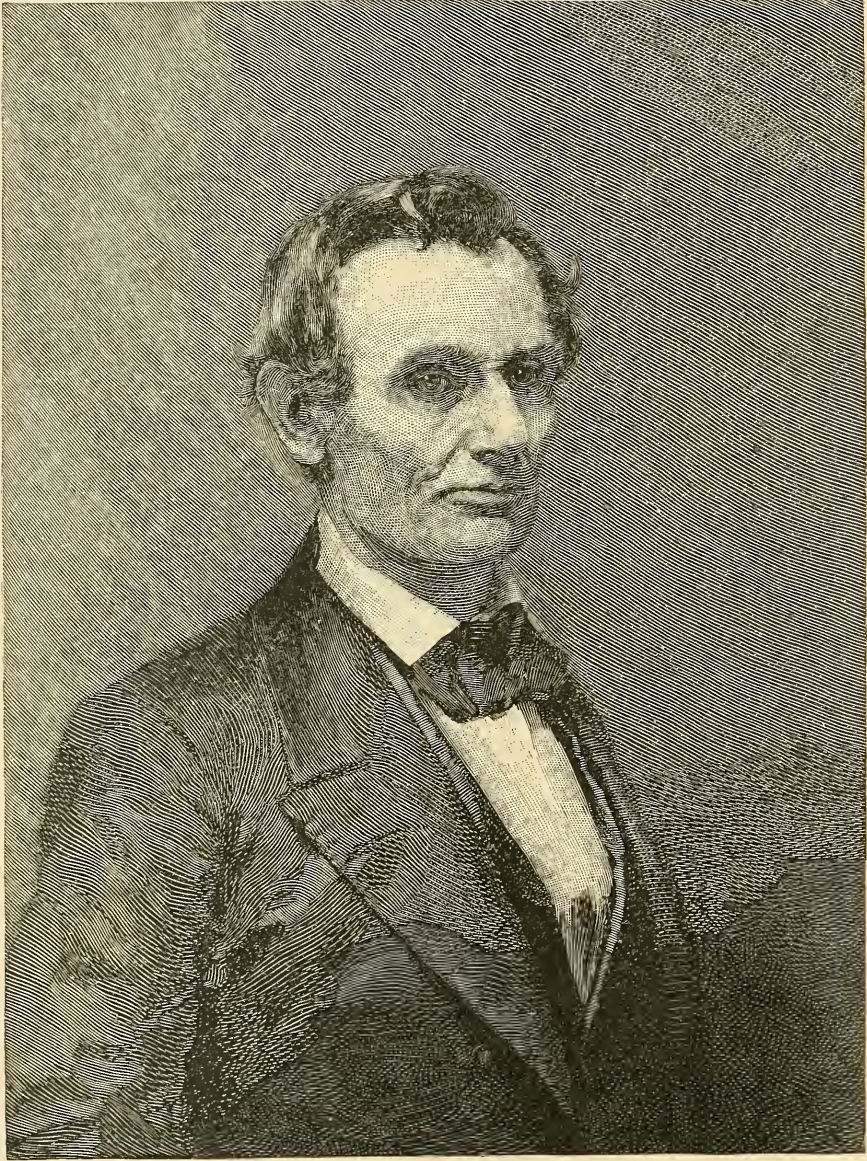
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[From his first photograph, taken in Chicago in 1857. The original in possession of Mrs. Harriet Chapman, Charleston, Ill.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN

AUTHOR OF

"THE BOYS OF '76" "DRUM-BEAT OF THE NATION" "MARCHING TO VICTORY"
"REDEEMING THE REPUBLIC" "FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT" ETC.

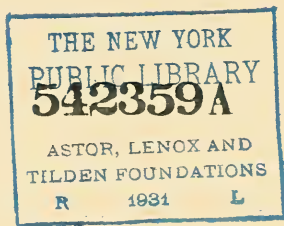
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NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1893



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Dedicated
TO
MY SISTER AND BROTHERS
APPHIA C. LITTLE, FREDERICK W. COFFIN
AND
ENOCH COFFIN
AND TO THE MEMORY OF
MARY K. CARLETON AND ELVIRA AMES
SISTERS WHO HAVE PASSED TO
THE LARGER LIFE

Hortman 15 May 1931

INTRODUCTION.

A LITTLE more than a quarter of a century has passed since the death of Abraham Lincoln. Much has been written concerning him, and doubtless much more will be written. My acquaintance with him began in his Springfield home the night following his nomination as candidate for the Presidency. It was such an acquaintance as a correspondent of a leading journal was privileged to have with public men. I saw him frequently during his Presidential term met him socially on several occasions, and walked with him through the streets of burning Richmond. In preparing this work I have visited the scenes of his early years—the spot where he was born, the sites of his Kentucky and Indiana homes, also that at New Salem, Ill. From playmates of his childhood, and from those who knew him in later years, I have obtained information which may be accepted as authentic. I am especially indebted to Joseph Gentry, of Gentryville, Ind.; William G. Green, of Tolula, and Mrs. Hill, of Petersburg, Ill., for information relating to Mr. Lincoln's early years; and to Mrs. Harriet Chapman, of Charleston, Ill., for a copy of the first photograph ever taken of him.

This volume is to be regarded as a sketch of the life and times of Abraham Lincoln rather than as a biography. His intellectual and moral qualities will be seen far better in the historic narration than by any analysis that might be given.

The Muse of History has recognized him as the liberator of a race, redeemer of a republic, and one of the great benefactors of all time. It is to be hoped that eulogy never will place him upon a pedestal or smooth out the lines that make up the true portrait of this man of the people, appointed by divine Providence to render inestimable service to his fellow-men.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

Boston, *July*, 1892.

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“To front a lie in arms and not to yield—
This shows, methinks, God’s plan
And measure of a stalwart man.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“There are no mistakes in the universe of God.”—CHARLES SUMNER.

“That God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any truth of physical science.”—GEORGE BANCROFT.

“The great master-spirits of the world are not so much distinguished, after all, by the acts they do as by the sense itself of some mysterious girding of the Almighty upon them, whose behests they are set to fulfil.”—HORACE BUSHNELL.

“I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.”

“No human council has devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out, these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God.”—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

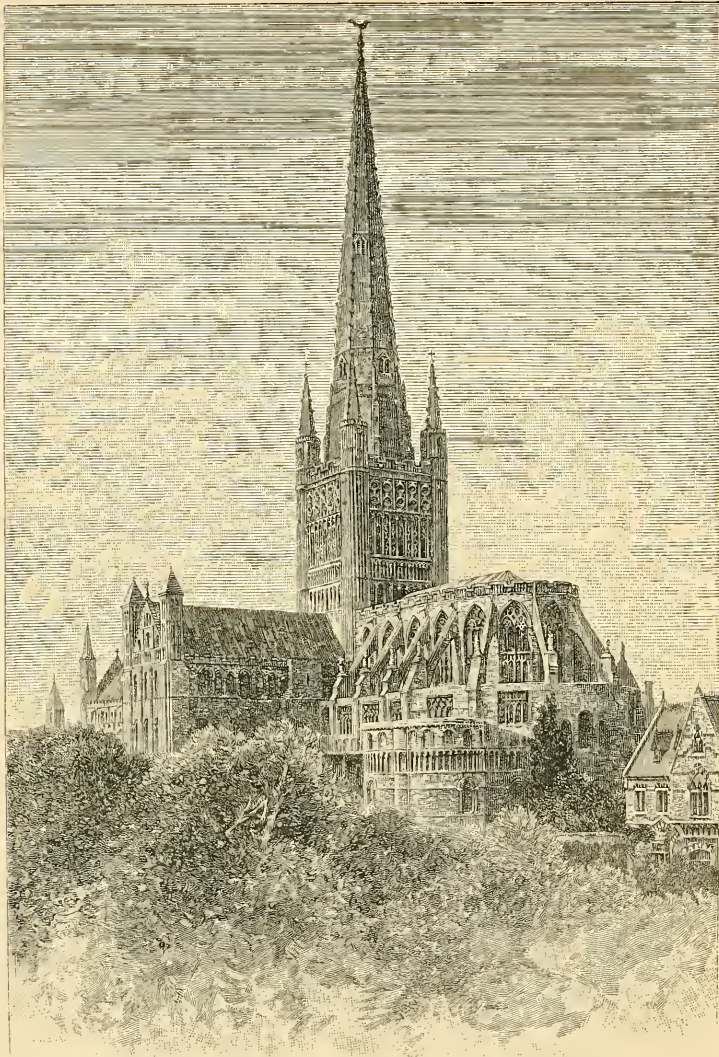
LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

FAR back in the centuries the river Witham, which winds through the lowlands of eastern England, was known as the Lindis. The town which the Romans built on the bank of the stream received the name of Lindum. When the Normans made themselves masters of England they built a castle on the top of the hill that overlooks the town and changed the name to Lincoln.⁽¹⁾ In the course of years it became the name of a family. Possibly there were several families bearing the name in Norfolk and Lincoln counties. We know^{1620.} that one such family had its home in Hingham, and that Samuel Lincoln was an infant on that day when the Pilgrims, in December, 1620, established a government of the people in America. We also know that there was an older brother, Thomas; but it is not certain that we shall ever learn much about their parents. It seems probable that they were obliged to work hard to obtain a living for themselves and their children. We may conclude that their home was a cottage thatched with straw. We may think of the brothers as playing in the streets, or going into the green fields and gathering daisies, listening to the larks and nightingales. They could look across the meadows and see the tall spire of Norwich Cathedral, and in the hush and stillness hear the great bell sending forth its music.

Quite likely they heard their parents say that King James had died, and that his son, Charles I., was King. Then the talk was about troublesome times. The King maintained that he was ordained^{1625.} by God to rule the nation, and that it was the duty of the people to obey. The bishop preached that the King could do no wrong.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

Charles wanted money, and levied taxes without consulting Parliament. The Puritans who would not pay, together with those who would not accept the ritual prepared by the bishop, were arrested—so many that the jail and the Guildhall in Norwich were filled. When the officers undertook to collect the tax in Lincoln the people pelted them with

stones. The Puritans all over England were resisting the demands of the King. Possibly it was the desire of Charles to get rid of them that led him to grant a charter for a government of their own in America. The persecution of the bishop and the arbitrary acts of the King made life so bitter that thousands of Puritans were ready to quit England forever.

Many of the people of Norfolk and Lincoln counties had sailed for Massachusetts; others were ready to join them. The ships *Rose* and the *John and Dorothy* were at Yarmouth, preparing to sail.
 1637. Francis Lawes resolved to become an emigrant; and it seems probable that Samuel Lincoln was ready to join his brother, who had settled in Hingham, near Boston.⁽²⁾ We see them travelling across the meadows and lowlands, with others, to Yarmouth town. Together the ships sail across the Atlantic, to drop their anchors in Salem Harbor.

It is probable that Samuel Lincoln, for lack of wool, did not do



PUBLIC SQUARE, NORWICH.

[The Guildhall in which the Puritans were imprisoned is seen in the centre of the picture.]

much weaving in the town of Ipswich, where his master settled. The only sheep in Massachusetts were a few which were pastured on the islands in Boston harbor, where the wolves could not get at them.

When the apprentice became of age he joined his brother Thomas in Hingham. He had learned a trade; it is not certain that he followed it, but probably he became a farmer. A maiden named ^{1641.} Martha became his wife; her parental name is not known. Their children were Samuel, Daniel, Mordecai, Mary, Martha, Sarah, and Rebecca. (³)

Startling news came that the Indians were murdering the settlers of Swanzey. It was the beginning of the war with the Pequots, under ^{1675.} their chief, Philip. Samuel, the oldest son, seized his father's gun and powder-horn and became a soldier. A year passed, in which more than six hundred of the settlers were killed; but the chief was ^{1676.} dead, and his head was hanging on a gibbet in Plymouth. The captured Indians were sold as slaves to the Spaniards.

Mordecai Lincoln, the while, was blowing the bellows and making the anvil ring in a blacksmith's shop. When he became of age he set up his own forge in Hull. Perhaps Sarah Jones may have influenced him in settling there, for she soon became his wife. (⁴)

The year 1686 was a memorable one to the blacksmith, for a son was born to him—Mordecai, junior. Just before his birth the frigate ^{1686.} *Rose* sailed into Boston harbor, bringing Sir Edmund Andros, who had been appointed Governor of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. He had brought over two companies of troops to aid him in upsetting the government of the people. It seems that Mordecai Lincoln could look from his shop door and see the frigate running out its guns and firing a salute, and the cannon of the castle replying. James II. had determined to overthrow the Puritan commonwealth. The people were no longer to assemble in town meeting or make their own laws. We may be sure that the farmers who came to have their horses shod or their ploughshares sharpened, or fishermen who wanted work done, expressed their minds freely upon public affairs, and that the blacksmith had something to say while making the anvil ring by his sturdy blows. Three years passed, and Sir Edmund Andros saw the streets of Boston suddenly swarming with armed men, who came from Cambridge, Roxbury, Hingham, Hull, and other towns, put an end to his government, and re-established their own.

Blacksmith Lincoln thought the time had come when the people of

Massachusetts should no longer be dependent on England for iron. There was an abundant supply of ore in the bogs and meadows of Scituate and Hingham. Through his efforts a furnace was constructed, and the ore dug from a bog and smelted. It was the beginning of an industry which lasted many years. His enterprise went further. He built a mill on Bound Brook, where the water tumbled over the rocks on its way to the sea. The brook at the falls was the boundary



THE MEADOWS OF NORFOLK.

between the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts. It was of great service for a large section of the country in both colonies. (°)

Mordecai Lincoln helped build the Hingham meeting-house. The elders decided just what seats people should occupy, and they assigned an honorable seat to him in the front gallery.

He wanted his grandchildren to be well educated, and in his will bequeathed £10 to aid them in Harvard College. (°) We do not know in what year the blacksmith's oldest son, Mordecai, junior, married; neither is the maiden name of his wife to be found on any record. We only know that after the birth of a son the husband became a widower.

Although Massachusetts was sparsely settled, people were emigrating from the province. Mordecai Lincoln, with his son John, made his way to Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J. The citizens of that county regarded him as being worthy of their esteem. Hannah Salter, daughter of Richard and Sarah Bowne Salter, gave him her hand in marriage. Mr. Salter was a lawyer, judge, and member of the Provincial Assembly. Hannah's uncle, Captain John Bowne, was rich. He remembered Hannah Salter Lincoln in his will, giving her £250. Her husband was so greatly esteemed that in title-deeds he was styled "gentleman." He was thrifty, and purchased several hundred acres

of land. (') He wanted more, and visited the valley of the Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania, to see for himself whether or not the lands there were as fertile and beautiful as reported. He was so well pleased that he resolved to become a citizen of Pennsylvania, and removed to Amity township.

It seems conclusive that John did not go with his father, but remained in Freehold, and married there. We shall see him, together with his sons, further on. (°)

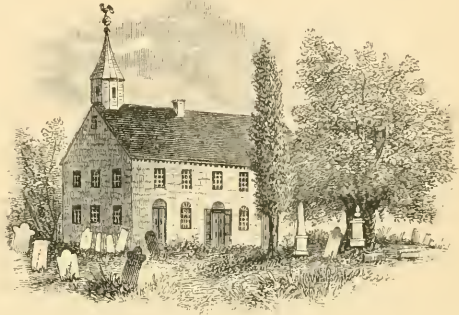
Mordecai Lincoln became near neighbor to George Boone, who came from England with eleven children. He had such pleasant memories
 1717. of his old home in the valley of the Exe that he named his new home Exeter, after the old town whose cathedral bells had charmed him with their music. He found that many of his neighbors were Germans who could not speak the English language. Farther down the valley of the Schuylkill the settlers were mostly from Wales, who gave Welsh names to the towns. In Gwynedd were four brothers—Thomas, Robert, Owen, and Cadwallader Evans. They could trace their ancestral line back to Ludd, King of Britain, who fought the Romans when Julius Cæsar was Emperor of Rome. (°) Cadwallader was the youngest of the brothers. He became a preacher after joining the Friends. Before leaving England he married Ellen Morris, of Bryn Gwyn, which means White Hill. They had a beautiful and queenly daughter, Sarah. We need not think it strange that John



HINGHAM MEETING-HOUSE.

Hanks, of Whitemarsh, found pleasure in her society and asked her to be his wife.

The autumn leaves were changing, and there was glory on the hills, October 12, 1711, when John Hanks and Sarah Evans stood before the congregation of Friends, in Gwynedd, he promising to love and honor her as a husband, she to be a true and faithful wife. The clerk who recorded the marriage put John down as "yeoman," and Sarah as "spinster."⁽¹⁰⁾ Their home was in Whitemarsh. Children made it musical with their prattle—John, William, Samuel, Jane, and Elizabeth. The eldest reaches manhood, marries—whom we do not know; but he finds a home in Union township, on the west bank of the Schuylkill. His neighbor is John Lincoln, from Freehold. Across the river are the homes of Mordecai Lincoln and George Boone, and that of his son, Squire Boone.



FREEHOLD MEETING-HOUSE.

Settlers were building their homes in the surrounding country, but there were still vast reaches of forest abounding with game. One of Squire Boone's sons—Daniel—found great pleasure in listening to the singing of the birds, the chattering of squirrels. He loved hunting, and before he was ten years old could bring down a deer when it was upon the run. His parents allowed him to go out alone, for on dark and cloudy days he could keep the points of compass, and was never in danger of being lost. One night he did not return. The second night came, and Daniel was still absent. His father and the neighbors searched the woods, and found that he had built a camp, killed a deer, kindled a fire, and was broiling venison for his dinner.⁽¹¹⁾

A warm friendship sprang up between the Boone, Lincoln, and Hanks families. They were on the frontier; many of the settlers around them could not speak English. It does not appear that Mordecai or John Lincoln ever joined the Friends, and it is not certain that George Boone was a member of the society; but they attended the meetings, and all lived together in brotherly love. Mordecai Lincoln, in his last will and testament, appointed George Boone to assist in settling the estate. He

He

had many hundred acres of land. He bequeathed 1000 acres to be divided between Mordecai, junior, Thomas, and Abraham; 100 to Ann and Sarah, the children of Hannah Salter Lincoln; and 300 acres to John, the eldest son, born in Massachusetts. (¹²)

A fever of unrest was upon the people of Pennsylvania, causing them to move southward, through Maryland, across the Potomac, into the valley of the Shenandoah, and settling upon lands which ^{1759.} George Washington had surveyed. John Hanks, junior, and John and Thomas Lincoln sold their farms in Union, made their way across the Potomac River, and settled near Harrisonburg, Va. Squire Boone, with his family, went farther south, and settled at Holman's Ford, on the Yadkin River, not far from Wilkesborough, N. C.

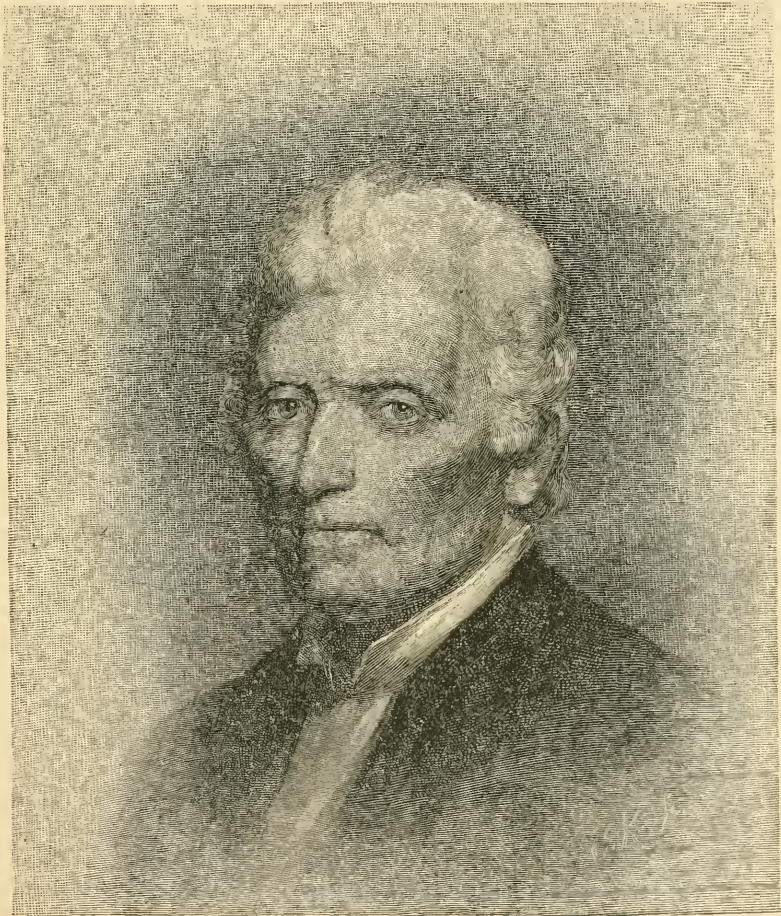
It was a memorable year in the history of America; for while these families were seeking new homes, the flag of France was giving place to England's banner at Quebec. The settlers along the frontier who had been disturbed by the Indians could lie down at night and sleep in peace.

When John Lincoln's eldest son, Abraham, born in Pennsylvania, became of age, he left the Harrisonburg home to visit his friends, the Boones, in North Carolina, where he made the acquaintance of Mary Shipley, who became his wife. (¹³) He built a cabin, and opened a farm on the banks of the Yadkin.

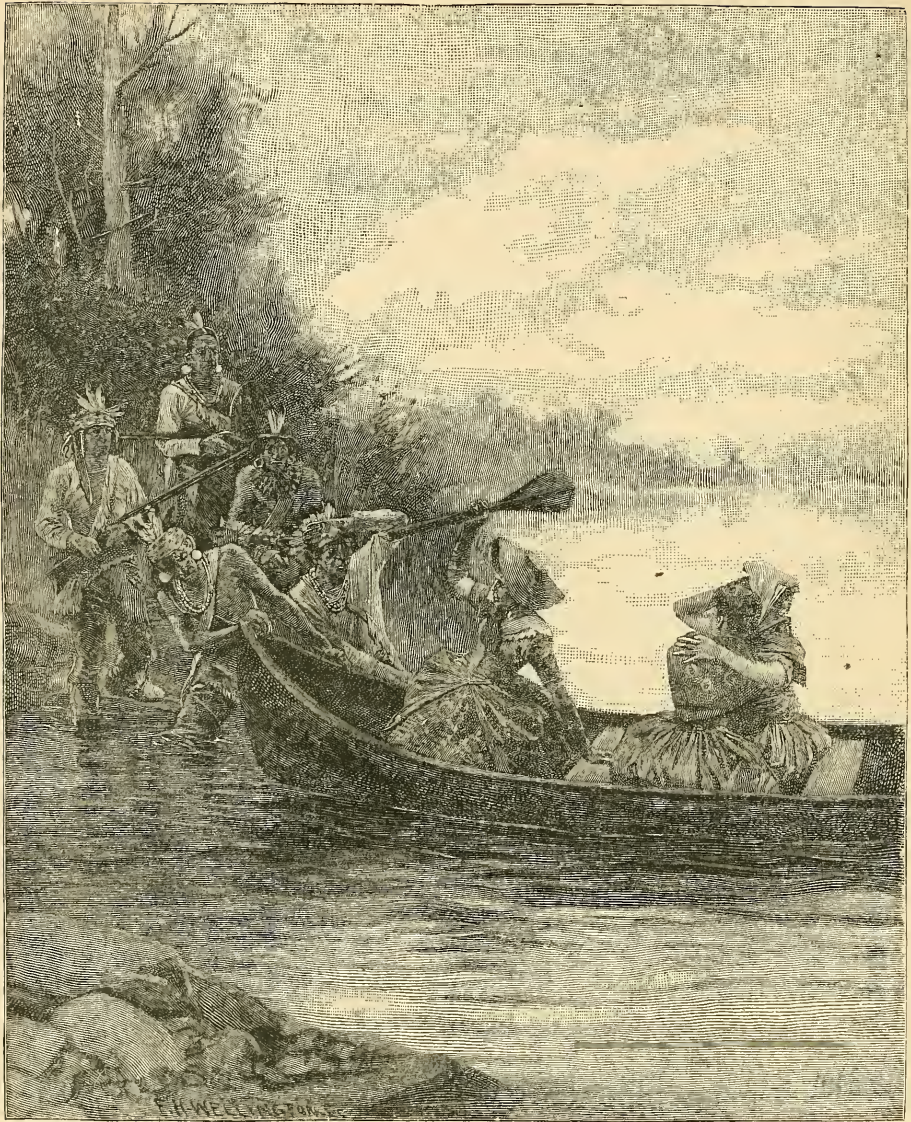
Daniel Boone knew there was a beautiful country beyond the mountains westward. In 1748 Thomas Walker and three others had discovered a remarkable gateway in the mountains, which they ^{1769.} called Cumberland Gap, in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, Prime-minister to King George. They beheld a beautiful region, abounding with game. It is not surprising that Daniel Boone resolved to explore it. With four companions he passed through Cumberland Gap and travelled many miles beyond, finding meadows waving with grass, the haunt of buffalo and deer. He and one of his companions were captured by the Indians, but made their escape. When they returned to their camp the other two men were gone. They never knew what became of them. Boone remained so long that his family became alarmed. His younger brother, accompanied by another man, came in search of him. Daniel, instead of returning, sent him back to tell his friends that he was safe; he was to return with powder and bullets. Three months went by before the younger brother came. Daniel was alone the while. He knew the Indians would be glad to capture him;

but he knew their wiles, and eluded them. After being absent nearly a year, he returned to his home.

People were crossing the mountains to make their homes in Kentucky. Daniel Boone organized a company of fifty, who made a settlement at Boonsborough. The Revolutionary War had begun, and
1775. the Indians were being supplied with arms and ammunition by the British at Detroit. The settlers built a fort, which was often beset by the Indians. They captured Jemima Boone, and Elizabeth and Frances Callaway, who were seized while in a canoe on the Kentucky River. The people in the fort heard their cries and started in pursuit of the Indians,



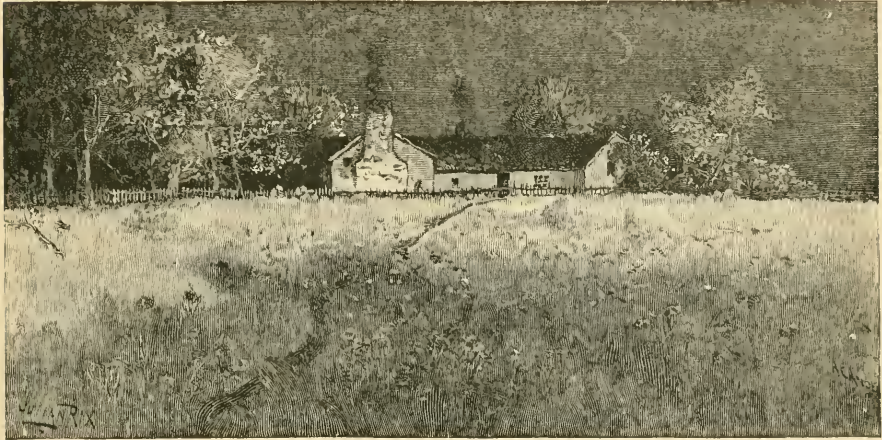
DANIEL BOONE.



CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS.

who were hurrying their captives towards the Ohio River. Boone, with several others, followed in pursuit. When night came they were obliged to halt, but at daylight were pressing on once more. Boone had roamed the forest so long that he could easily keep the trail. When the sun

went down the second day he knew the Indians were not far in advance. With the first flush of daylight on the third day the pursuers were hastening on. Noiselessly, no one speaking above a whisper, they glided through the woods. Suddenly, at a sign from Boone, they drop upon the ground, for just ahead a fire is blazing, and the Indians are broiling their breakfast of venison. Four of the pursuers are to fire when Boone gives the signal; the other three, with himself, are to be ready to encounter the remaining Indians. Four rifles flash, and then



THE SITE OF BRYANT'S FORT.

with gleaming knives all rush forward. Four of the Indians have fallen; the others are fleeing, leaving the three girls unharmed and overwhelmed with joy at their rescue.

The tide of emigration to Kentucky was increasing. A second fort was constructed near Lexington; a third was built by Joseph Bryant and his companions five miles distant. They made a mistake in not enclosing a spring of water. No well had been dug, when the place was suddenly besieged by several hundred Indians. The settlers had plenty of food, but no water. They knew the Indians were secreted in the bushes near the spring, and if a man were to go for water he would be killed. It was thought if the women and girls were to go with buckets, the Indians would think they had not been discovered, and would not harm them. The brave-hearted wives and daughters went down the path chattering and laughing, filled their buckets, and returned to the fort unharmed. Two men mounted on fleet horses

dashed out from the gateway, and rode so swiftly that before the Indians could recover from their surprise they were beyond the reach of their rifles, riding to Lexington to give the alarm. The Indians began the attack; the settlers' rifles flashed in return. The women were as brave as the men; they moulded bullets, cared for the wounded, encouraged their husbands, and assisted in every possible way in maintaining the defence till reinforcements came and compelled the Indians to flee.

The hardships of a journey of 500 miles on horseback did not deter Abraham and Mary Shipley Lincoln from leaving their home on the Yadkin to establish a new home in Kentucky. They had ^{1778.} three children, Mordecai, Josiah, and Thomas, the last a babe in the arms of the mother. They settled near Bear-grass Fort, a short distance from what is now the City of Louisville.⁽¹⁴⁾

The war with England was over, but the Indians were angry because the settlers were taking possession of their hunting-grounds. It was a ^{1784.} pleasure to them to creep stealthily through the forest, come upon the unsuspecting white man, bring him down with a bullet, and take his scalp. Abraham Lincoln was at work in the clearing with his three boys—Mordecai, ten years old; Josiah, eight; and Thomas, six. A bullet fired by an Indian pierced his heart. The scene is one for a painter: Mordecai running towards the cabin, animated by a great resolve; Josiah fleeing towards the fort; and the Indian who had fired the fatal bullet seizing Thomas by the arm to lead him away. Suddenly a rifle flashes and the savage falls, shot dead by Mordecai.⁽¹⁵⁾

Such was the tragedy in the life of Mary Shipley Lincoln. She was a widow with five young children, for two daughters had come to the cabin home. She did all that she could for them. No schools had been established in Kentucky, and her children grew to manhood and womanhood without any opportunity to obtain an education.

The Lincoln family through all the generations had been on the frontier of civilization. Few of the ancestors of Thomas had ever attended school. Their education was not from books, but from the hardships of life. They had lived righteous lives, and transmitted to their children successively the inheritance of the manly character and Puritan faith bequeathed by the weaver apprentice. Under the law of entail in Kentucky the eldest son inherited the estate of a father, and so Mordecai Lincoln came into possession of the farm, and Josiah and Thomas must begin life in poverty.

We have seen John Lincoln and John Hanks settling side by side in the Shenandoah Valley. The children of Abraham Lincoln were in



DEFENDING THE FORT.

Kentucky. It is not strange that the descendants of John Hanks should also be there. Joseph Hanks had emigrated to Kentucky. He was a carpenter of Elizabethtown. Shall we think it strange that Thom-
 1806. as Lincoln, who was working with him, found pleasure in the society of his nieces—Lucy, Elizabeth, Polly, and Nancy Hanks? Nancy was tall, dark-haired, comely, dignified, and winsome by her grace and kindness. She seemed at times as if looking far away—seeing what others did not see. She had attended school in Virginia, and stood upon a higher intellectual plane than most of those around her. The Bible was read morning and evening, and her conduct was in accordance with its precepts. She was on the frontier, where few books were to be had to satisfy her thirst for knowledge, and where there was little intellectual culture. Through the summer days she heard the mournful cooing of the ring-doves, the mimicry of the mocking-bird, and the tender notes of the hermit-thrush in the forest. In winter the voices were harsh and discordant—the barking of foxes and the howling of wolves. Her eyes, so sad at times, looked into an uncongenial present and unpromising future.

Thomas Lincoln was twenty-eight years old and Nancy Hanks twenty-three when they were united in marriage by Rev. Jesse Head. Their first home was a cabin in Elizabethtown.⁽¹⁸⁾ They had but few articles for house-keeping, but Thomas Lincoln was a kind and loving husband, and she a helpful wife, ever regardful of his happiness and welfare. A daughter was born to them in this uncongenial home. As their ancestors had done, they turned to the Bible for a name, and selected Sarah—the princess.⁽¹⁷⁾

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

(1) "History of Lincolnshire."

(2) "The Original List of Persons of Quality—Emigrants from Great Britain to the American Plantations, 1600–1700," edited by John Camden Hutton, p. 290.

(3) Samuel Barnard Eliot, in "Cincinnati Gazette," October 6, 1882.

(4) George Lincoln, in "Boston Transcript," January, 1892.

(5) *Ibid.*

(6) Will of Mordecai Lincoln, Plymouth, Mass., "Records."

(7) Samuel Shackford, in "Chicago Tribune," April 14, 1883.

(8) *Ibid.*

(9) H. M. Jenkins, "Historical Collections of Gwynedd," p. 143.

(10) *Ibid.*, p. 110.

(11) Cecil B. Hartley, "Life of Daniel Boone."

(12) Samuel Shackford, in "Chicago Tribune," April 14, 1883.

(13) *Ibid.*

(¹⁴) Ibid.

(¹⁵) Nicolay and Hay, "Abraham Lincoln: A History," "Century Magazine," November, 1886.

(¹⁶) Ibid.

(¹⁷) President Lincoln knew very little about his ancestry. In a letter written in 1848, he said: "My grandfather went from Rockingham County, Va., to Kentucky, about 1782, and two years afterwards was killed by the Indians. We have a vague tradition that my grandfather went from Pennsylvania to Virginia; that he was a Quaker. Further than that I have never heard anything."

It has long been known that the first emigrants from England bearing the name of Lincoln came from Hingham, England, and settled in Hingham, Mass. Recent investigations show that Thomas Lincoln became an emigrant in 1633; that his younger brother, Samuel, apprenticed to Francis Lawes, landed at Salem, Mass., 1637; that he was eighteen years of age, and subsequently settled in Hingham, and was the ancestor of the President. The maiden name of his wife was Martha, but her family name is not known.

Their children were:

1. Samuel, born August 25, 1650.
2. Daniel, born January 2, 1653.
3. Mordecai, born June 19, 1655; died in infancy.
4. Mordecai, born June 14, 1657.
5. Mary, born March 27, 1662.
6. Thomas, born August 20, 1664.
7. Martha, born December 11, 1667.
8. A daughter, born August 3, 1669; died in infancy.
9. Sarah, born June 17, 1671.
10. Rebecca, born March 16, 1674.

The fourth son, Mordecai, born in 1657, became a blacksmith. He married Sarah Jones, of Hull, daughter of Abraham Jones, of whom he learned his trade. The shop was on a point of land which projects into Boston harbor. It seems probable that the settlers in that vicinity may have been fishermen rather than farmers. He subsequently lived in Hingham, and with his elder brother Samuel was employed, in 1679, in building the meeting-house, still standing (1892) in Hingham. His father, Samuel, and himself paid taxes in that town in 1680, and the blacksmith was assigned a seat in the front gallery. It is probable that he moved into Cohasset, the adjoining town, about 1700, and with his neighbors established iron-works and built a mill. He died in 1727. His grave is in the cemetery in North Scituate.

Children of Mordecai and Sarah Jones Lincoln:

1. Mordecai, born April 24, 1686.
2. Abraham, born January 13, 1689.
3. Isaac, born October 21, 1691.
4. Sarah, born July 27, 1694.
5. Elizabeth.
6. Jacob.

It seems that the two last-named were children of a second wife. The will of the iron-founder was made in 1727, and Jacob was sixteen years of age at the time.

Mordecai Lincoln, junior, born 1686, was the ancestor of President Lincoln. No record of his marriage has been found. We only know that he emigrated to Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J., accompanied by his brother Abraham, and that he had one son, John. He was married to Hannah Salter, of Freehold, before 1714—the date of his uncle's will, which bequeathed to Hannah Salter Lincoln £250. It appears that he moved to Amity township, Pa., and became near neighbor to George Boone. His will bears

date February 22, 1735-36, providing for John, Mordecai, Ann, Sarah, and a posthumous child which was named Abraham.

John Lincoln, born in Massachusetts, ancestor of the President, married and resided in Freehold, but moved to Union, Pa., in 1758, where he was assessed for taxes. His children were Thomas, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It is probable that all his children were born at Union, and that he moved to Virginia in 1759.

Abraham, his second son, joined the family of Squire Boone at Holman's Ford, eight miles from Wilkesborough, N. C., where he married Mary Shipley. Their children were Mordecai, Josiah, Thomas, born in North Carolina, and Mary and Sarah, born at Beargrass Fort, Ky. The paternal line of descent is: 1. Samuel; 2. Mordecai; 3. Mordecai; 4. John; 5. Abraham; 6. Thomas; 7. Abraham—President.

The maternal ancestry of President Lincoln cannot to a certainty be traced continuously from his mother, Nancy Hanks, back to John Hanks, who married Sarah Evans, of Gwynedd, in 1711. It is very probable that the mother of the President was a descendant of their son John, who settled in Union township, Pa., and who probably moved to Rockingham County, Va., in 1759. Presumably Nancy Hanks was his granddaughter. It appears that John Hanks, who lived in Whitmarsh, made his will December 12, 1730. It was admitted to probate in May, 1731. His wife was executrix, and he mentions seven children. From the records of marriages among the Friends of Gwynedd, it seems that Sarah Evans Hanks, widow, married Thomas Williams, widower, of Montgomery township, Pa. The witnesses of the marriage were her seven children. — "Historical Collections of Gwynedd," p. 116.

Mrs. William Parker Faulke, in "Historical Collections of Gwynedd," informs us that Sarah Evans was the daughter of Cadwallader Evans, who, with three brothers, emigrated from Merioneth County, in Wales, which, together with Montgomery, Flint, Denbig, Carnavon, and Anglesey constituted the ancient Gwynedd. The Evans family occupied an exalted position. Their ownership of land extends back to the twelfth century. The genealogical line has been traced to Mervyn Vrych, King of Man, who married Essylt, daughter of the King of Wales, in 820, both of whom traced their ancestral line to Lludd, King of Britain, who resisted the Roman invasion.

It does not appear that any of the paternal ancestors of President Lincoln in Pennsylvania belonged to the Society of Friends, but rather that they attended the religious meetings of the Friends, and lived in harmonious relations with them. It seems probable that John Hanks, of Whitmarsh, joined the society, and that his son John remained a Friend; but his nieces, who emigrated to Kentucky, were not Friends. On the paternal and maternal side it was a religious ancestry.—Author.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY YEARS.

THOMAS LINCOLN selected a quarter-section of land situated on Nolin's Creek, near Hodgenville, for a farm. The site chosen for his home was near an ever-flowing spring of pure, cool, refreshing water, issuing from a cleft in a rock shaded by forest trees. Asters, columbines, and other flowers bloomed around it, drawing their moisture from the crystal fountain.

1809.

We may justly infer that the carpenter could not earn much money by working at his trade. Not many mills had been built for sawing

lumber, and consequently the time had not come for erecting frame-houses.

A log-cabin could be easily constructed by the settler himself felling the trees and notching the logs. His neighbors would manifest their friendship by coming to the "rolling," lifting the logs that were to form the cabin walls, and partaking freely of the whiskey provided for the occasion. The owner of the house could lay the stones for the fireplace and hew the timbers for the floor.

The cabin built by Thomas Lincoln had but one

room. The floor was not laid, no glass had been purchased for a window, or boards provided for a door, when it became the home of the family.



THE SPOT ONCE OCCUPIED BY THE CABIN IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.

[From a photograph taken by the author, 1890. The stones at the foot of the pear-tree mark the locality of the fireplace.]

The wife had not many utensils for house-keeping — probably a Dutch-oven, frying-pan, a few tin dishes, wooden plates, and a bucket. None of his ancestors could have ever lived in a home more destitute of needed articles or one more cheerless. Perchance the cabin of his father on the Yadkin or that at Bear-grass Fort may have been but little better; but the home of Mordecai, the iron-founder of Scituate, and that of Mordecai, the land proprietor of Freehold and Amity, were palaces in comparison with this habitation. Shall we conclude that inability to acquire wealth or that intellectual decadence are the natural outcome of the adverse circumstances of life on the picket-line of civilization? It is not probable that the grandfather or father of Thomas Lincoln had much opportunity to attend school. Theirs was a limited education. The owner of the home on Nolin's Creek did not know the letters of the alphabet until taught them by his devoted wife. How shall we account for the gradual waning of intellectual endowment in the generations between the active and energetic "gentleman," the landed proprietor of Freehold, and the unambitious carpenter of Hodgenville? Though the roots of the husband's ancestral tree reached down to Puritan England, and, on the part of the wife, to the days when a King of Britain confronted imperial Rome, nature gave no intimation, through hereditary descent, of the coming of one who should be a redeemer to millions of his fellow-men. The evolution had been downward rather than upward. No prophetic voice whispered of coming greatness; no sign appeared; no star rested above the cheerless cabin by Rock Spring, in which, February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln, son of Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, was born.

To keep out the snow and rain possibly the skin of a bear may have hung across the doorway of the cabin, or that of a deer over the opening left for a window; but the wintry winds had free access through the unplastered crevices between the logs. Here the mother folds in her



A DUTCH-OVEN.

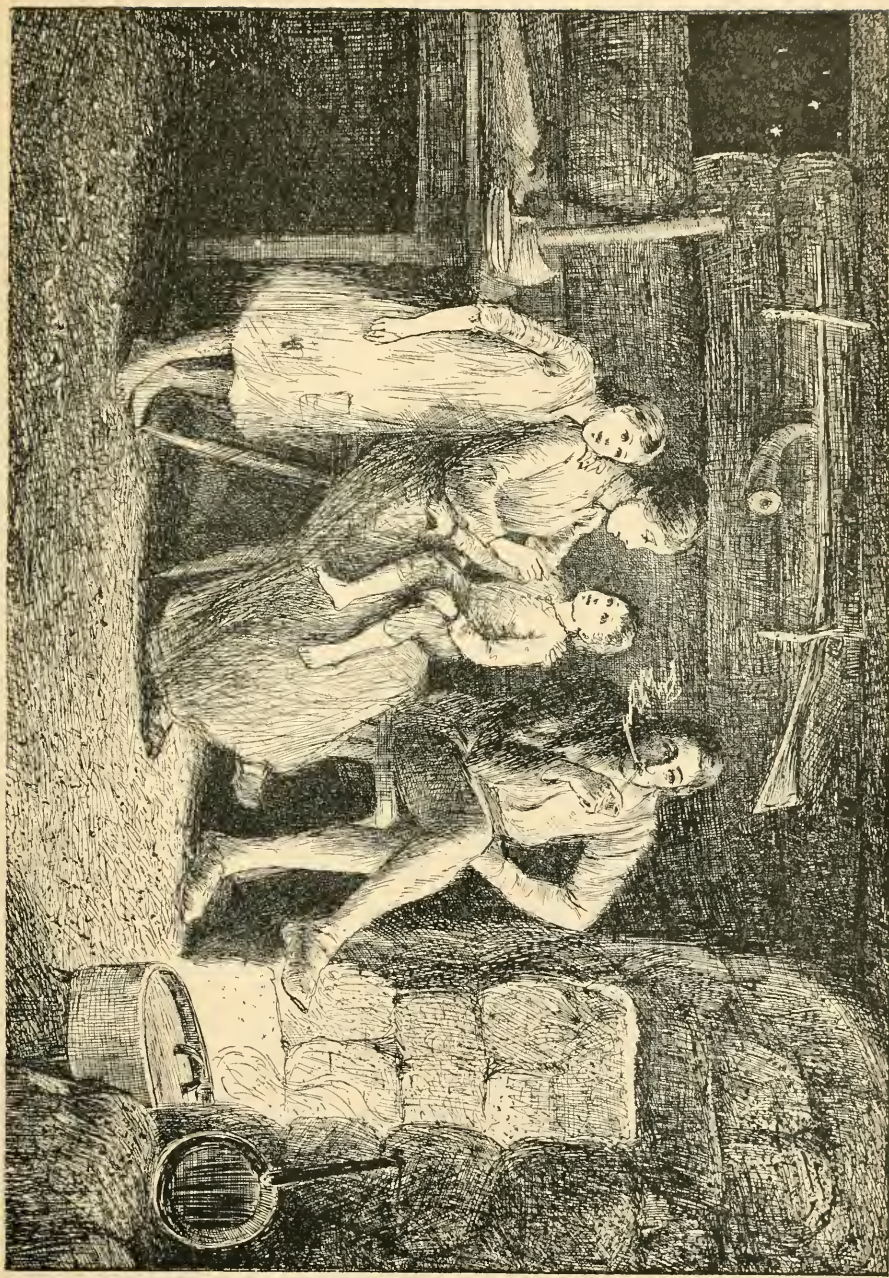
[From a photograph taken by the author. Nolin's Creek, Ky., October, 1891.]

arms her infant son. Here she attends to her household duties—living the routine of drudgery, baking the corn-bread, frying the bacon, dressing the skins of the deer brought down by her husband's rifle, making his clothing, carding cotton and wool to obtain a dress for herself and garments for her children.

It was not a difficult matter for Thomas Lincoln to obtain meat for his family, as the woods abounded with deer and wild turkeys. It was more of a task to obtain corn. When obtained, it must be taken to Mr. Hodgen's mill for grinding. What other home surpasses this in exhibition of pathetic scenes? Another child came, to live only a few hours. Nancy Hanks Lincoln—queenly in personal appearance, imperial in her aspirations—attends to her wifely duties. The day begins and ends with religious service. The cultured wife reads the Bible to the uncultured husband. His lips utter the prayer. The Puritan instinct in the husband has come down through the successive generations from the Hingham straw-thatched cottage in old England, and in the wife from the Friends' home on the white hills of Wales. In the gloaming, when work for the day is done, the mother tells the stories of Abraham, Moses, David, and the Child of Nazareth. The horizon of her life was wider than the walls of her home. That her kind-hearted husband might be more than he was to her, himself, and his fellow-men, she taught him the alphabet; but he never was able to construct sentences. She showed him how to write his name, but his proficiency with the pen ended with that attainment. The iron which had given vigor to his ancestors seems to have been wanting in his blood. Little did this mother know how deeply her lessons of truth and virtue went down into the heart of her listening son; how in the fulness of time the germs would put forth their tender shoots; how her own spirit would reappear in his, and the beauty of her soul glorify his life.

She had few opportunities to gratify her longings or enlarge her sphere of usefulness. Occasionally a preacher came to the log meeting-house at Little Mound to hold services on Sunday. Like her own home, it had no floor. Logs split in halves served for seats. Public spirit in Hodgenville had erected the building, but had not provided glass for the windows. To this meeting-house, located three miles from the Lincoln home, settlers came from far and near—parents and children, on foot or on horseback. It was not only a place for religious service, but the news exchange, where, before and after the sermon, they could hear what was going on in the community and in the world outside of Nolin's Creek. At Little Mound young men could look into the faces of the

THE LISTENING BOY HEARS THE WONDERFUL STORY.



maidens, thinking possibly quite as much of their charming countenances as of the heads of the preacher's sermon.

Abraham Lincoln, five years old, was not unmindful of what he saw and heard in Little Mound meeting-house, for usually, after reaching home, he mounted a stool and preached a sermon of his own, shouting in imitation of the minister, and pounding the table with his little fist. He especially liked the Rev. David Elkin. The preacher may have seen something in Thomas Lincoln's boy that attracted his particular attention. It may have been the purity, earnestness, and sadness of the mother's countenance reproduced in the face of the son; perchance the boy asked him questions when he stepped down from the pulpit to shake hands with the father and mother. Whatever the mutual attraction may have been, David Elkin and Abraham Lincoln became fast friends.

It is plain that the settlers of Hodgenville had no very exalted ideas concerning the education of their children. No school-house had been provided when Zachariah Riney proposed to open a school. He was a Roman Catholic priest, who travelled through the settlements teaching a few weeks in a place. The people were too poor to pay him much money, nor was it much that he could teach. The children of Hodgenville and along Nolin's Creek, those living at Little Mound, boys and girls verging upon manhood and womanhood, flocked to the cabin which served for a school-house. The teacher had only a spelling-book containing easy lessons for reading. Quite likely the young men were somewhat chagrined when Abraham Lincoln, five years old, marched to the head of the class. His mother had been his teacher.

Thomas Lincoln made no headway in paying for his farm. He tried to better his fortune by bargaining for 200 acres of land on Knob Creek, seven miles from Nolin's. He built a cabin, but it was little better than the one he abandoned.⁽¹⁾ Another teacher came—George Hazel—who, like Riney, had only a spelling-book. When the most advanced pupils finished it, he started them once more in words of one syllable.⁽²⁾ No other book was studied. He did not teach writing.

We have seen Thomas Lincoln's oldest brother inheriting all the property of their father's estate. The law of entail was no longer in force, but the titles of land which had been granted by Virginia to individuals before Kentucky became a State were not always clear. Settlers, after building their houses and improving the land, frequently found they were not the legal owners of the property. Under such a condition of affairs people were moving to Indiana, where they could buy land for \$2 an acre, and obtain an unclouded title from the United States. Slavery

existed in Kentucky. Poor men were conscious of an assumed superiority on the part of those who owned slaves. The lands in Indiana were fertile. It was a free State, in which rich and poor alike were respected. Thomas Lincoln, in common with many others in Ken-



LITTLE MOUND MEETING-HOUSE, HODGENSVILLE, KY.

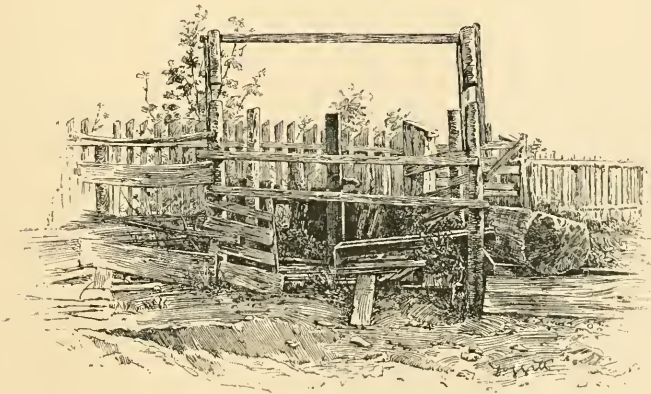
[From a photograph taken by the author, October, 1891.]

tucky, resolved to live where there would be no distinction between rich and poor, and where he would have a better chance to get on in the world. He had bargained for the Knob Creek farm, built a cabin, dug a well, and cleared a portion of the land. He was fortunate enough to find a settler who would purchase the improvements. He took in payment 400 gallons of whiskey, which was everywhere a marketable commodity.⁽³⁾ Nearly everybody drank spirituous liquors, in accordance with the custom of the times. Instead of being disreputable to drink, it was regarded as ungracious not to drink, especially when invited to do so. Only when people became senseless or quarrelsome was the drinking regarded as harmful. Next to silver coin, whiskey came nearest to being legal tender in business.

At the junction of Knob Creek with Rolling Fork, Mr. Lincoln constructed a boat. The barrels of liquor were placed on board, togeth-

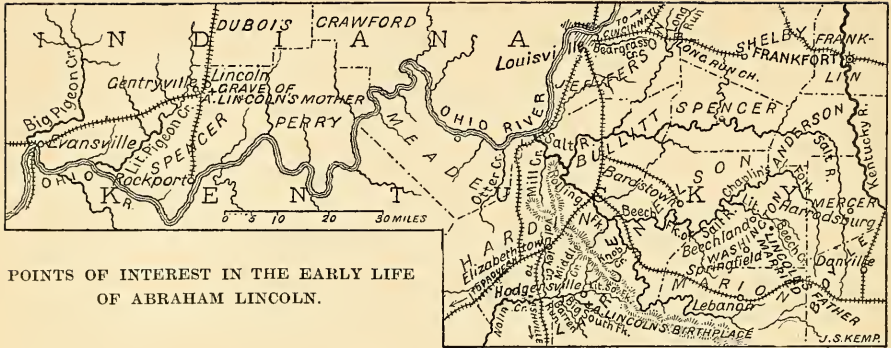
er with his carpenter's tools. Without any mishap he floated down Rolling Fork to Salt River, and with the current of that stream to the Ohio, which had overflowed its banks. Suddenly his frail craft was cap-sized in the swirling water, and whiskey and tools went to the bottom of the river. He swam to the shore and stood penniless upon the bank; but when the water receded, a few days later, he regained his property, obtained another boat, and floated down the Ohio to Thompson's Landing. Leaving his property in a storehouse, he went northward twenty miles through the forest to Pigeon Creek. He was charmed with the country. The soil was fertile. Mr. Gentry had built a cabin; other settlers were selecting lands. He made choice of a quarter-section, and travelled seventy miles to Vincennes to enter his claim, and returned to Kentucky.

The November winds were rattling the acorns and walnuts to the ground, and the ripened leaves were falling, when the family moved to Indiana. The nights were cold. No shelter had been provided.
 1817. The late autumn rains were setting in. It was only a "camp" that the carpenter could build, one side of which was open to the weather.⁽⁴⁾ The hard-working wife, as in the floorless cabin at Nolin's Creek, baked the corn-bread and went on with the making and mending. It seems probable that while occupying this camp she taught writing to Abraham. We know that George Hazel did not teach it, but further on we shall see Abraham writing a letter to a friend in Kentucky.



SITE OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S HOME ON KNOB CREEK.

[From a photograph taken by the author, October, 1891. The well dug by Thomas Lincoln is seen in the centre of the picture.]



POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE EARLY LIFE
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

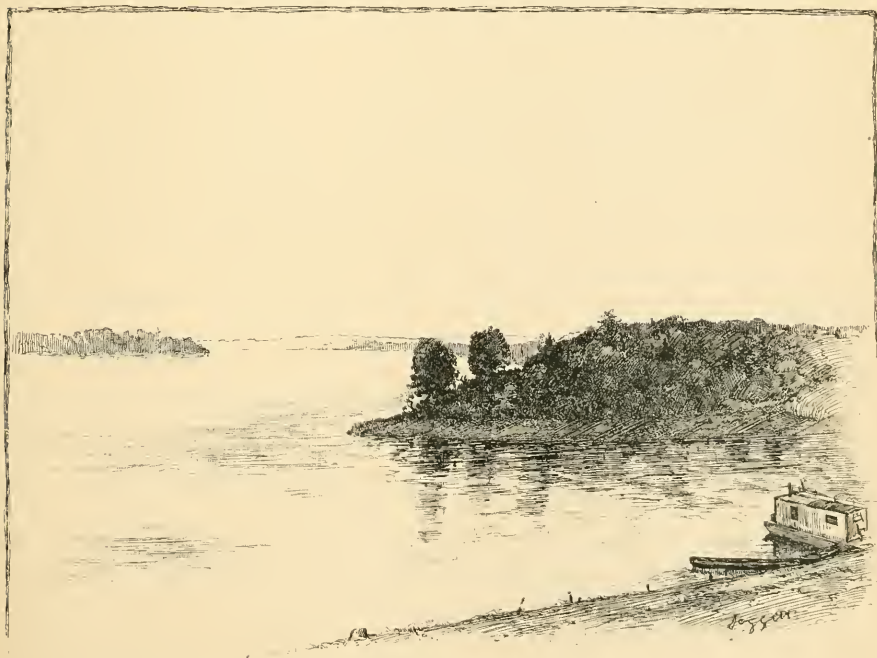
Through the winter carpenter Lincoln was hewing timber for his future home, which was to be something more than a cabin. Although there would be but one room on the ground, he would build the walls high enough for a loft, which would give sleeping accommodations to Sarah and Abraham. Built of hewn logs, it would be palatial in comparison with his former homes. Picture it as we may, we shall not be able to portray the desolateness of the winter passed in the Pigeon Creek camp, and the weariness of spirit on the part of one endowed as was the mother to adorn a palace. We are not to think that Thomas Lincoln was idle, nor that he was altogether shiftless. He was in poverty. The family must have food. A home must be built. The ground must be cleared for planting corn. There is no evidence that he was idle. Other settlers, more industrious than he, could not accumulate much property in a section of country covered by a dense forest. Many sturdy blows must be given with the axe before he could complete his house and clear the ground for raising corn.

The new home was not finished when the family moved into it—the floor not laid, no boards provided for a door. The moving was hastened by the arrival of Thomas Sparrow, whose wife was Mrs. Lincoln's
1818. sister. Dennis Hanks, a nephew, came with them. Without doubt it was a glad day when they arrived, but the joy was quickly changed to mourning. A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were borne to their graves. Sickness, which became epidemic, appeared throughout southern Indiana, attacking cattle and human beings alike, caused, as is supposed, by herbs which poisoned the milk of the cows. The physician had no counteracting medicine. The illness was brief; the result, in most cases, fatal.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln was thirty-three years old. Life as found by

her had presented few attractions. It seems probable that not much sunshine fell across her path, even during her girlhood, in Virginia. She had been dependent upon friends for a home. By circumstances beyond her control she had been compelled to accept uncongenial life on the frontier. Her aspirations were far different from those of her kind-hearted husband. She heard voices which he could not hear. Her discerning eyes beheld what he never would be able to see. Shall we wonder that the sadness deepened upon her countenance? Seemingly it was not much she could do to lift her offspring to a better life than her own had been; but human vision does not reach down to the springs which underlie character. The world never will know the greatness of its debt to her for doing what she could in stamping her own lofty conception of duty and obligation upon the hearts and consciences of her children.

October had come. The forest was arrayed in glory. The harvest was at hand. There had ever been loving intimacy and sympathy be-



JUNCTION OF SALT RIVER WITH THE OHIO, WHERE THOMAS LINCOLN'S BOAT WAS CAPSIZED.

[From a photograph taken by the author, 1890.]



GRAVE OF NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, PIGEON CREEK, IND.

[From a photograph taken by the author, October, 1890. The marble slab and surrounding fence were erected by P. E. Studebaker, of South Bend, Ind. The stone bears the following inscription: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of President Lincoln, died October 5, A. D. 1818, aged 35 years. Erected by a friend of her martyred son, 1879."]

to live as I have taught you, and to love your Heavenly Father." Through life he will hear her last words. In the full vigor of manhood he will not think it unmanly to say, with tearful eyes, "All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."⁽⁵⁾ Death came. The husband made the coffin. No preacher was near, but sympathizing neighbors bore all that was mortal of her to the summit of a hill that overlooked the unfinished home—the site selected for her resting-place.

That his mother had been buried without a religious service cut Abraham Lincoln to the heart. In the lonesomeness and desolation of the winter's camp she had trained his hand in holding the pen. Is it probable that there was any other boy only ten years old in the State of Indiana—or in the country—who would have set himself to write a letter inviting a minister 100 miles distant to come and preach a funeral sermon? But Rev. David Elkin, at Little Mound, received such a letter.⁽⁶⁾ Abraham Lincoln! That must be Nancy Hanks Lincoln's boy. Yes, he would go, although it was so many miles to

tween Mrs. Lincoln and her children. She had discerned what the father had not seen in their boy—a nature rich and rare: kindness of heart, sympathy with suffering, regard for what was right, impatience with wrong. She had watched the unfolding of his intellect. He had asked questions which others of his age did not ask. She knows that her work for this life is ended. Her boy stands by her bedside.

"I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you

Pigeon Creek. The appointment was made. From far and near the settlers gathered round the newly-made grave. The hymn was sung, the sermon preached, the prayer offered. So the departed mother was committed to God's keeping.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

(¹) In several of the biographies of Abraham Lincoln it is stated that the land selected on Nolin's Creek by Thomas Lincoln was worthless.

"The ground had nothing attractive about it but its cheapness. It was hardly more grateful than the rocky hill-sides of New England. It required full as earnest and intelligent industry to persuade a living out of those barren hillocks and weedy hollows, covered with stunted and scrubby underbrush, as it would amid the sands on the Northern coast."—Nicolay and Hay, vol. i.

"The land he occupied was sterile and broken—a mere barren glade, and destitute of timber. It required a persistent effort to coax a living out of it, and to one of his easy-going disposition life was a never-ending struggle."—Herndon, vol. i., p. 18.

Having visited the spot where Abraham Lincoln was born, the farm on Nolin's Creek, and also the farm on Knob Creek, I do not coincide with these estimates of the quality of the land. That on Nolin's Creek is a fair representative section of the land in the immediate region. It was under cultivation (1890), yielding an average crop. The farm on Knob Creek, while embracing a rocky hill, has many acres which are very fertile. It would seem that his selections of land cannot with justice be cited as evidence of inefficiency or want of judgment.—Author.

(²) Austin Gollaher, schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln, to Author.

(³) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 19 (edition 1889).

(⁴) Nicolay and Hay, "Century Magazine," November, 1886.

(⁵) Joshua F. Speed, Lecture on Abraham Lincoln.

(⁶) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 29.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN INDIANA.

THE unfinished cabin of Thomas Lincoln was a cheerless home. He had not found time to hew "puncheons" for a floor, saw boards for a door, make a sash for the window, or plaster the crevices between the timbers to exclude the driving rain or drifting snow.⁽¹⁾ Sarah Lincoln, twelve years old, baked the corn-bread, fried the bacon, and did what she could to make the cabin cheerful; but no fire, be it ever so bright, during the winter days and nights could dissipate the cheerlessness of such a home. In the evening the shadows of the father, Sarah, Abraham, and that of Dennis Hanks danced on the walls in the flickering light, but the mother's was not there. The nearest neighbors were so far away that voices other than their own seldom broke the silence.

It is not strange that Abraham Lincoln became grave and thoughtful, or that a sadness like that seen in the countenance of his mother appeared on his face at times. Dennis Hanks found pleasure in treeing raccoons, but Abraham did not care much for 'coon hunting. Most of the boys in Pigeon Creek delighted to trap wild turkeys or bring down a deer with the rifle. Abraham once shot a turkey with his father's gun by firing through the crevice between the timbers, for he did not like to see any animal put to death. He was growing rapidly, and was so strong that he could throw an iron bar farther than any other boy in Pigeon Creek.

It was a delightful book that came to his hands—"Æsop's Fables;" also an arithmetic. Where he obtained them we do not know. For want of a slate and pencil he used a wooden shovel and a charred stick. When the shovel was covered with figures he wiped them off and began again.⁽²⁾

Sarah and Abraham were outgrowing their clothing. They needed some one to care for them. A year had gone since the death of their mother. Their father was silent and thoughtful. Suddenly he left

home. He did not say whither he was going; possibly he had some misgivings as to the outcome of his journey, and thought it wise to say nothing. He reached Elizabethtown, Kentucky, where he had
 1820. learned to be a carpenter. He called upon Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow with three children—John, Sarah, and Matilda. Mrs. Johnston had been his playmate in his boyhood. When he became a young man he asked her to marry him; but she had accepted Mr. Johnston instead. It was evening when Mr. Lincoln entered her home.

“Do you remember me, Mrs. Johnston?”

“Oh yes; you are Tommy Lincoln. It is long since you moved from Elizabethtown—fourteen years or more.”

“Yes; but I have come, Mrs. Johnston, to see if you will be my wife. You and I are old friends. My children need a mother, and I would like to have you go home with me.”

It was an unexpected request.

“Why, Mr. Lincoln! I could not go at once. I am owing some debts, and I could not go till they are paid.”

Such in substance was the conversation, according to the story that has come to us. Mr. Lincoln found she owed about \$12, and he called upon the creditors and paid them. In the morning a marriage-license was obtained, and they became husband and wife during the day.⁽³⁾

Ralph Krume, who married Mr. Lincoln's sister, kindly offered to take the whole family to Indiana in his four-horse wagon. They reached the Ohio River, were ferried across in a flat-boat, and then made their way through the woods to Pigeon Creek. Just what Sarah and Abraham Lincoln thought when they saw a wagon drawn by four horses, in which was a new mother, a new brother, and two new sisters, a bureau, feather-beds, and chairs, we do not know; neither do we know the



SITE OF THOMAS LINCOLN'S INDIANA HOME.

thoughts that flashed through the mind of Sarah Bush Lincoln as she entered the uncompleted cabin, and beheld her newly-acquired daughter and son, their clothes worn to tatters. But her coming brought about a new order of things. A door was hung, a floor laid, a window provided, and neatness and order established.

With eight in the family—three romping girls and three rollicking boys, for Dennis Hanks was there—the cabin was no longer a place of gloom, but a home ringing with merry voices. It was Abraham who told funny stories and asked puzzling questions.

The time had come for Pigeon Creek to have a school-house. The settlers felled the trees, cut the trunks into suitable lengths, notched the logs, and rolled them into place. Having no glass, thin strips
1822. of wood were fastened across the opening left for a window, on which greased paper was pasted. Azel Dorsey was employed as teacher. Reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic were taught. The ambition of the boys of Pigeon Creek was not to stand at the head of the class, but to be champions in wrestling, throw a weight farthest, and, in a fight, strike the hardest blow.

Abraham Lincoln was ready to try his strength with them in wrestling, and if any fun was going on he could do his part in making things lively. He began no quarrel, but allowed no one to pick upon him. Somehow, if there was any dispute, the other boys appealed to him to say what was right and fair.

There is humor in the lines which he wrote in his arithmetic :

“ Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen ;
He will be good,
But God knows when.” (4)

After a few weeks with Dorsey, two years went by before the settlers felt able to employ another teacher. Abraham Lincoln, the while, was
1824. reading Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Weems' "Life of Washington." (5) He borrowed the last-named book of Josiah Crawford, and unfortunately laid it where the rain wet the leaves. Mr. Crawford charged him 75 cents for the damage done the volume. Having no money, he paid the bill by working three days in Crawford's cornfield. (6) He was growing strong enough to swing an axe, and help clear the land and hoe corn. His father wanted him to be a carpenter, and was teaching him to use the saw and chisel.



LEARNING ARITHMETIC UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

With eight in the family, a bag of meal quickly disappeared. It was fifteen miles or more to the nearest corn-mill, which was not driven by water, but by a horse attached to a sweep and going round in a circle. The customer furnished the horse for the grinding. Abraham went to the mill with a bag of corn, harnessed the mare, and struck her with a stick. He was going to say, "Get up, you old hussy!" The words "get up" fell from his lips, and then he became unconscious, caused by a kick from the mare. Hours passed. Suddenly those who stood around him heard the rest of the sentence—"you old hussy." In after-years he thus explained it: "Probably the muscles of my tongue had been set to speak the words when the animal's heels knocked me down, and my mind, like a gun, stopped half-cocked, and only went off when consciousness returned."⁽⁷⁾

People in Pigeon Creek had few opportunities of hearing what was going on in the world. Once in a while a newspaper found its way into the settlement. By going to Gentry's Landing, on the Ohio River, they could have a talk with boatmen from Cincinnati and Louisville. Occasionally a traveller passed a night at Gentryville, and talked with those who spent their evenings in Jones's store. Abraham Lincoln was the one who usually asked questions.⁽⁸⁾ He made everybody good-natured by what he himself had to say. People were talking of the "hard times." At Pittsburg flour would bring only \$1 a barrel. Whiskey could be had for 15 cents a gallon. Tea cost \$1 a pound. Twelve barrels of flour would purchase one yard of "broad" cloth.⁽⁹⁾ Times were hard in the Eastern as well as the Western States. People had doleful stories to tell of privation and suffering: how the sheriffs of Pennsylvania and other States were turning men and women out of doors because they could not pay their debts. The jails were filled with poor debtors.⁽¹⁰⁾ But good news came from Washington. Congress had passed a law reducing the price of land to \$1.25 per acre.

With whiskey costing only 15 cents a gallon, we need not wonder that men drank more than was good for them. Abraham Lincoln did not drink intoxicating liquor.⁽¹¹⁾ On a bitter cold night, as he and others were on their way home from Jones's store, they came upon a drunken man. The others went on, but Abraham, sixteen years old, strong and kind-hearted, shouldered the man and carried him to a cabin, doubtless saving the poor fellow from freezing.⁽¹²⁾

Thomas Lincoln thought that his son had been to school long enough. He could read, write, and cipher, and was ahead of any other boy in Pigeon Creek. Was not that sufficient? He wanted him to help

grub the ground for the next year's crop of corn.⁽¹³⁾ An affectionate intimacy the while had sprung up between the stepmother and Abraham. He was ever ready to help her, and she ever solicitous for his welfare.⁽¹⁴⁾ Through her influence the three boys and three girls from the Lincoln cabin made their way to the school taught by Andrew Crawford. Some of the boys found pleasure in tormenting dogs and



SARAH BUSH LINCOLN.

[From a photograph in possession of Mrs. Harriet Chapman, Charleston, Ill.]

cats. Abraham wrote a composition upon cruelty to animals, in which he maintained that to give pain to a dumb animal was contemptible, cruel, and wicked.

A few weeks at school, and he was once more at work. It was irksome to swing an axe and grub with a hoe. Without doubt Mr. Lin-

coln had his patience sorely tried by three boys who loved fun, and who had rollicking times when he was not with them. They had "spoken pieces" at school, and it was far more agreeable to Abraham to mount a stump and rehearse what he had learned from the "American Preceptor," or make an impromptu political speech than to work. His audience—John Johnston, Dennis Hanks, and the three girls—were ever ready to clap their hands at his performance.⁽¹⁵⁾

Abraham was hungry for intellectual food. He walked twelve miles to David



SITE OF JONES'S STORE AT GENTRYVILLE, IND.

[From a photograph taken by the author, 1890.]

Turnham's home to obtain a copy of the laws of Indiana. A man accused of committing murder was arraigned at Booneville, the county seat, fifteen miles distant. Abraham attended the trial. He had great respect for the judge, who represented the majesty of the law. He listened with intense interest to the argument of Mr. Breckenridge, the lawyer who defended the accused man. When the argument was finished there occurred a scene for an artist. Abraham Lincoln, tall, slim, with bare feet, wearing buckskin trousers and a jean coat, walked across the room and shook hands with him. "That is the best speech I ever heard," he said.⁽¹⁶⁾

Once more Abraham was in school—one taught by Master Swaney. He helped Katy Roby in spelling. Several scholars in the class had failed in their attempts to spell the word "defied." "D-e-f," said Katy, and stopped. Should she say *i* or *y*? She saw the tall young
^{1825.} man raise a finger and touch his eye, and, comprehending the meaning of the action, spelled the word correctly. When the term closed his school-days were over. Putting all the weeks together,

they were less than a twelvemonth. He had not seen a geography or grammar.

The time had come when he must earn money. He was employed by James Taylor to ferry people across the Ohio River at Gentry's Landing. His wages were \$2.50 a week. His earnings were for his father, and not for his own personal benefit. It was a memorable event when two strangers came to the landing and were taken out to a passing steamboat. Each gentleman tossed him a shining half-dollar. One

dollar for a few minutes labor! As he rowed back to the shore his world was larger, and the possibilities of life far greater than he had supposed them to be. (17)

Katy Roby lived near by, and made time fly more swiftly by chatting with him while he was waiting for travellers. It was a pleasure to take her up-stream on a moonlight evening, and float down with the current to the landing. They see the moon and Venus sinking towards the western horizon.

"We say the moon goes down," said Abraham, "and the stars rise and set; but they do not come up and go down. It is we who do the rising and setting."

"You are a fool, Abe. Don't you see that the moon and Venus are going down?"

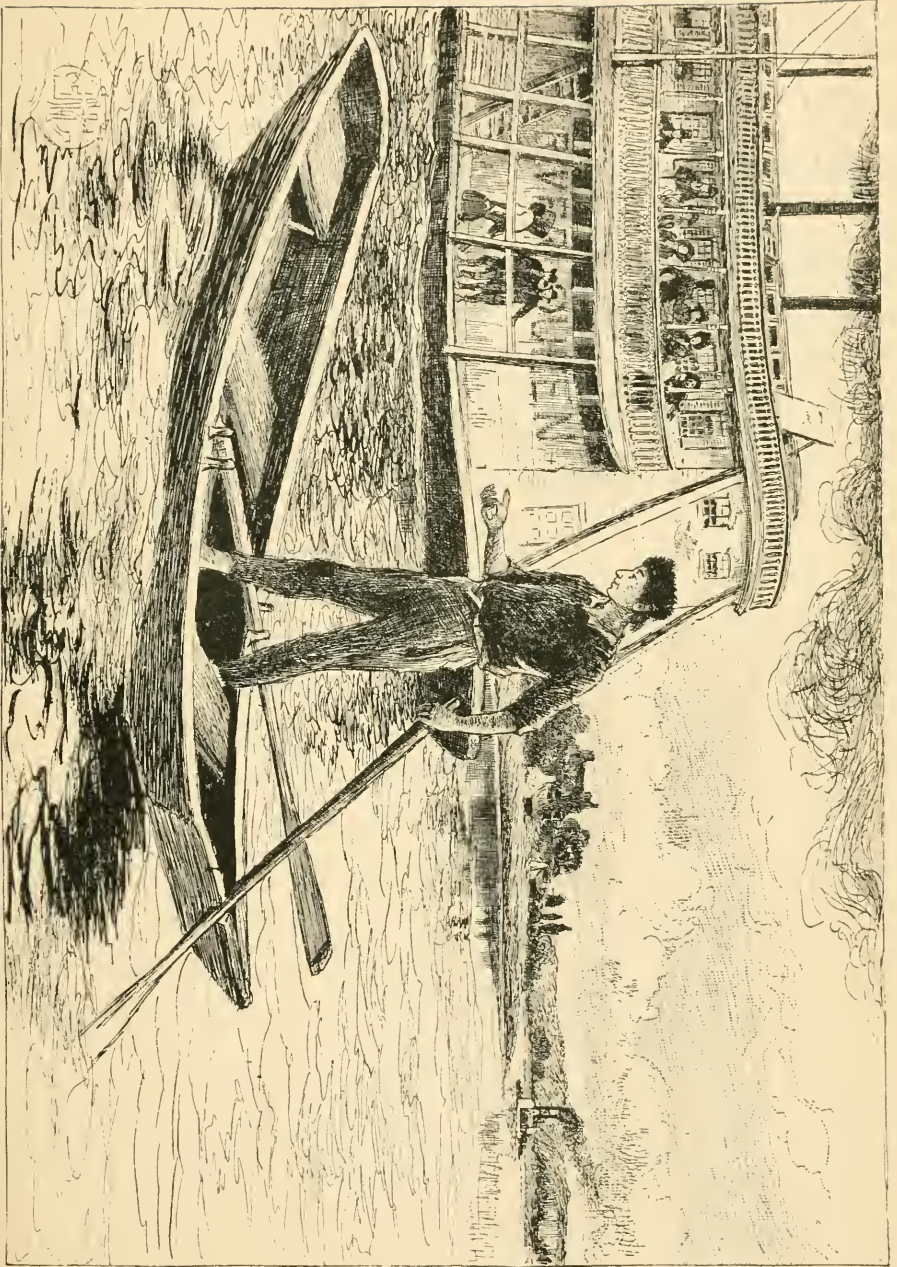
"No, they are not. The earth turns over every twenty-four hours; it is that which makes them seem to rise and set. It is only an illusion, Katy." He went on and explained it so clearly that she gazed with increasing admiration at the young man who previously had helped her in spelling. (18)



DENNIS HANKS.

[From a photograph taken in 1889.]

TWO SHINING HALF-DOLLARS.



Possibly Judge Pitcher, who lived near the landing, saw something unusually attractive in the boy who, while waiting for travellers, came into his office and asked if he might look at the books on his shelves. The ferry-boy saw people make fools of themselves by drinking too



PLANTER'S HOME.

much whiskey. He could not discover that any good came from drinking liquor. On the contrary, it made men silly, or cross and ugly, and brought misery to themselves and their families. He wrote a composition on the foolishness of drinking, and the evils that come from the habit. The judge was pleased with it, and handed it to Rev. Mr. Farmer; he in turn sent it to an editor, who gladly printed it. So Abraham Lincoln, five years before the beginning of a great temperance reformation which swept over the country, did what he could to bring it about.⁽¹⁹⁾

The ferry-boy probably never had seen a geography. Possibly he may have seen a map of the United States. He knew the passing steamboats made their way to New Orleans or St. Louis. He may have heard of the journey of exploration by Captain Lewis and George Rogers Clarke, of Kentucky, up the Missouri and down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean. He knew the United States was a vast country. He was thinking about its form of government—the Constitution and the Union. He wrote out his thoughts several years before Daniel Webster uttered the words, “The Constitution and the Union now and forever: one and inseparable.”

Winter came, and there were so few travellers that Mr. Taylor no longer needed him. He returned to Pigeon Creek to attend the wedding of his sister Sarah, who married Mr. Grigsby.

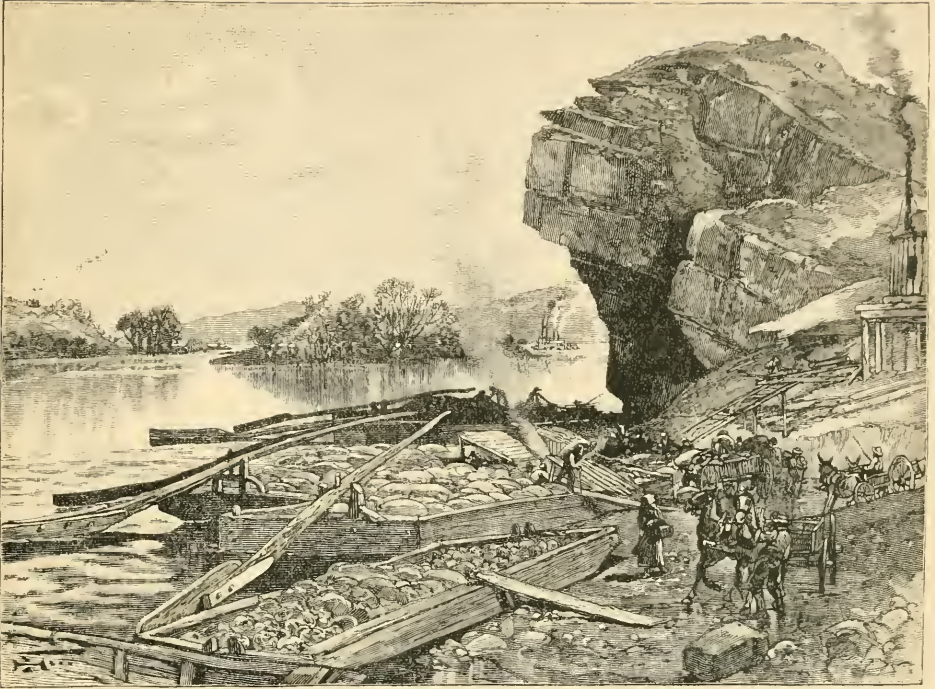
Mr. Gentry had purchased a large quantity of corn, pork, and other produce, which he determined to send to New Orleans. He had seen
1828. enough of Abraham Lincoln to know that he was honest and faithful, so engaged him to take charge of the flat-boat which he was loading for that market. Allan Gentry was to accompany him. The boat was wide and flat; the steamboat men called it a "broad horn." It had a little caboose, in which they could sleep. Clay several inches in depth was spread upon the bottom of the boat, upon which they could kindle a fire, bake their corn-bread, and fry their meat.

Abraham Lincoln, captain of the craft, was nineteen years old. For pulling an oar and assuming responsibility in marketing the produce he was to receive \$8.50 a month.

The two boatmen did not see many settlements along the river. Here and there they beheld a clearing and a solitary cabin. In spring-time the Mississippi overflowed its banks, and all the lowlands were flooded. The settlements, consequently, were mostly inland, upon higher ground. Memphis was only a collection of huts. The country behind it was still the hunting-ground of the Cherokee Indians. It was a lonely voyage. At times they met a steamboat. After passing the mouth



HOMES OF THE SLAVES.



FLAT-BOATS.

of the Arkansas River they saw alligators sunning themselves along the banks. Farther down they beheld live-oaks with festoons of moss trailing from the wide-spreading branches.

At Baton Rouge the two boatmen had an opportunity to show of what stuff they were made. Their boat was moored for the night at the landing. They were awakened by a gang of negroes, who leaped on board, intending to help themselves to plunder. The negroes were slaves. White men had stolen them—their manhood, their natural rights, their labor. Why should they not help themselves to whatever they could find? The boatmen leap from their bunks and rush out from the caboose. They have no weapons, but Captain Lincoln pitches two into the river, a third is felled by Gentry, and the others, seeing the fate of their companions, take to their heels.

They had reached a section of the country where the people used the French language. Natchez was a very old town. The French settled it when they took possession of Louisiana. The people, language, houses, manners, and customs—all were different from what Lincoln and

his fellow-boatman had ever seen. At intervals they beheld large plantations with collections of cabins—the homes of the slaves.

The two young men beheld strange sights at New Orleans. Hundreds of flat-boats were moored along the levees; steamboats were coming and going; ships were anchored in the river. They heard languages which they could not understand—French and Spanish—and saw sailors from all parts of the world. In the old part of the city—that settled by the French—they felt themselves, as it were, in a foreign land. Having disposed of the cargo, they returned to Indiana. Mr. Gentry was well satisfied with the result of his venture.

Abraham Lincoln had reached a period in life which many another boy has reached—the period of restlessness and discontent. His father wanted him to be a carpenter, but he would like to do something more than push the plane and use a saw all his days. His world is larger than it was before he floated down the great river and saw vessels that had come from foreign lands. The money which he had earned is not his own, but his father's. It is lonesome in Pigeon Creek. Why stay at home? Why not strike out for himself? But before going he will talk about it with his good friend William Wood, at Gentry's Landing.

“No, Abraham, you must not go; you must stay at home till you are of age and can leave rightfully. It is a duty which you owe to yourself and to your parents.”⁽²⁰⁾

The question is settled—duty! obligation! On Sunday evenings, in the old Kentucky home, when he was a little boy, his mother talked about doing right. He hears once more the words that fell from her lips as he stood by her side for the last time—“Be kind to your father!” With new strength and resolution he goes back to the Pigeon Creek home as went the Child of Nazareth—to be obedient to his parents.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III.

(1) William H. Herndon, “Lincoln,” p. 23 (edition 1889).

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 28.

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 29. “Letters of Samuel Haycraft.”

(4) *Ibid.*, p. 40.

(5) J. G. Holland, “Life of Abraham Lincoln,” p. 31.

(6) *Ibid.*, p. 32.

(7) William H. Herndon, “Lincoln,” p. 59 (edition 1889).

(8) Joseph Gentry, of Gentryville, to Author, September, 1890.

(9) “Annals of North America,” edited by Edward Howland.

(10) *Ibid.*

- (¹¹) Joseph Gentry to Author, September, 1890.
 - (¹²) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 33.
 - (¹³) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 36 (edition 1859).
 - (¹⁴) *Ibid.*, p. 31.
 - (¹⁵) *Ibid.*, p. 44.
 - (¹⁶) *Ibid.*, p. 58.
 - (¹⁷) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 34.
 - (¹⁸) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 39 (edition 1859).
 - (¹⁹) *Ibid.*, p. 61.
 - (²⁰) *Ibid.*, p. 62.
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CHAPTER IV.

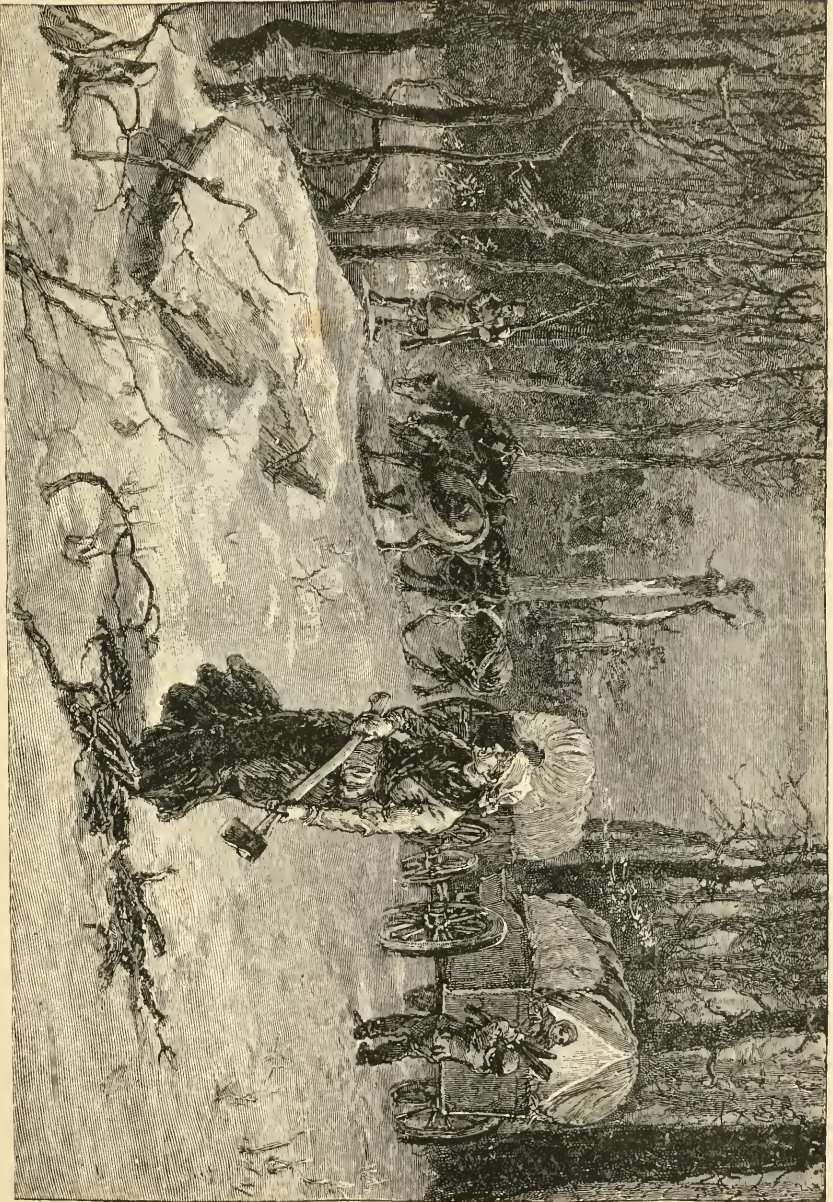
A CITIZEN OF ILLINOIS.

A LETTER came to Thomas Lincoln, postmarked Decatur, Ill., written by John Hanks, formerly of E abethtown, Ky. He said that Illinois was a beautiful State: there were vast reaches of prairie; the soil was rich; there were winding rivers and creeks, and ^{1830.} groves of oak, maple, elm, and gum trees. Settlers were pouring in, many from Kentucky. If Thomas Lincoln would come, he would select a quarter-section of land for him, and have logs cut for a cabin.⁽¹⁾ The prospect was inviting. The disease which carried the first Mrs. Lincoln to her grave reappeared every autumn. There was no particular reason why the family should remain at Pigeon Creek. One of the step-daughters had married Levi Hall, and the other Dennis Hanks. They were ready to go. His own daughter Sarah, who married Aaron Grigsby, had died. There were no tender ties to be severed. Abraham was twenty-one years old, but ready to cast his lot with the rest. It would be a long and tedious journey, but by starting in March they would reach the Sangamon country with the beginning of spring. So the farm was sold and preparations made for the journey.

They were eight in all, besides beds, bedding, frying-pan, skillet, Dutch-oven, bags of meal, hams, and sides of bacon, in wagons drawn by oxen. It was in March—the month of snow, sleet, rain, mud, chilling winds. The rivers were filled with floating ice or overflowing their banks. If they could not find shelter in a cabin at night, they must build a camp in the woods or sleep in the wagons.

Abraham Lincoln is free to go where he will, but the fever and restlessness of former days have passed away. He has been a dutiful son, and will see his parents in their new home before he strikes out for himself. He drives the oxen, or takes his turn in swinging the axe to build a camp or a bridge across a creek. When the wagon sinks hub-deep in the mire he puts his shoulder to the wheel and lifts it out. A little dog trots by the side of the teamster. They come to a river

MARKING A CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.



with ice upon its banks and in its surging current. The reluctant cattle wallow the stream with all hands in the wagons. Unwittingly the puppy has been left behind; they hear it yelping. It is a worthless cur, but Abraham Lincoln has not the heart to leave it. He will not have the shivering cattle wade the stream again, but barefooted he recrosses the water, takes the dog in his arms, and returns to the wagons. "I cannot bear to see even a puppy in distress," he says, as he brings the cur up the bank. (*)

Before they reached Decatur two weeks went by—days of hardship and suffering, the severest weather of the winter. John Hanks had been true to his promise; the logs had been made ready, and, with all hands to help, a cabin was quickly constructed.

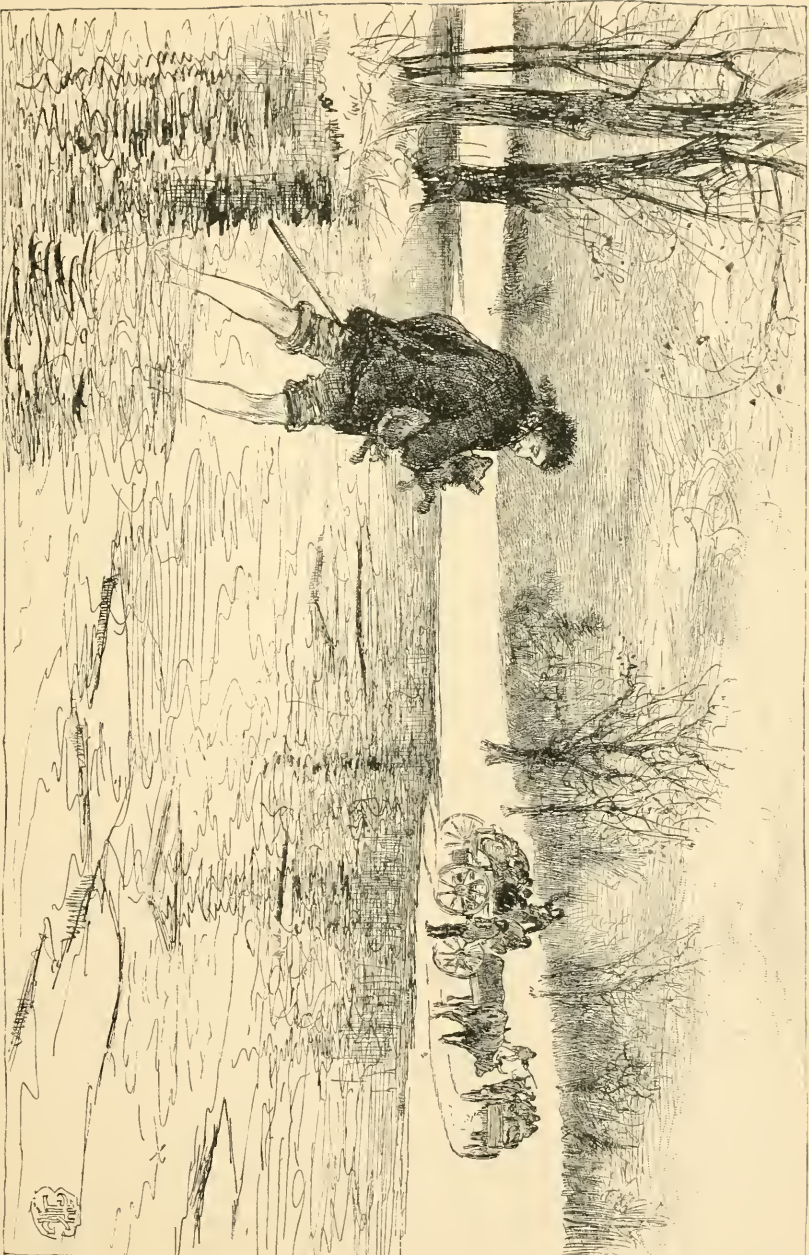
At the age of twenty-one, Abraham Lincoln, wearing a jean jacket, shrunken buckskin trousers, and coon-skin cap, driving an ox-team, entered Illinois, to be thenceforth a citizen of that State. He had reached the years of manhood. What would he do with himself? For what was he fitted? He was so strong of muscle that he could sink an axe into a hickory log deeper than any other man in Pigeon Creek; he could pull an oar on a flat-boat; he could take charge of the cargo and successfully dispose of it in New Orleans. He did not like manual labor; it was vastly easier and more delightful to read books. He could not teach school for a living, for he did not know enough. What probability was there that he would ever do anything beyond chopping, rowing, or driving a team? There was nothing before him except to help his father plough fifteen acres of land and split enough rails to fence it, and then help plough fifty acres for another settler. His clothes were wearing out so fast that he was ashamed to appear in decent society. He had no money, but bargained with Nancy Miller to make him a pair of trousers, he to split 400 fence rails for each yard of cloth required—1400 rails in all. It was three miles from his father's cabin to her wood-lot, where he made the forest ring through the long summer day with his chopping.

Of the 150,000 people in the State of Illinois in that summer, was there one lower down in poverty than he? Was there an individual whose outlook for the future was more cheerless? Would he ever be able to make headway against the adverse tides of life? For what could he hope?

The year 1830, which marked his arrival to manhood, may be taken as the initial of a new era—the beginning of the development of material forces and a corresponding advancement of moral ideas. The Erie Canal,

connecting the Hudson River with the great lakes, had been opened five years, and the country was beginning to feel the impetus of that achievement. While he was splitting fence rails, workmen in Massachusetts were laying the iron for a railroad between Boston and Lowell—the first to be completed in the country. The invention of the machine for cleaning cotton, separating the fibre from the seed, greatly cheapening the cost of cotton cloth and creating a demand for it the world over, was setting mill-wheels in motion, and Lowell and other towns were becoming busy places of industry. Inventors were making spindles and shuttles do the work formerly done by hands. The stage-coach was giving place to the locomotive engine. People from Europe were crossing the Atlantic to find homes in the United States. Twenty thousand emigrants came in 1820; in 1830 no less than 80,000 arrived; and by an instinct as true as that of the honey-bee winging its way to sweet flowers, they selected their homes in those States where there were no slaves. With the rivers of New England setting machinery in motion for the manufacture of cloth more cotton was called for, and more ships were needed to transport it from Charleston and New Orleans and other southern ports to Boston. The cotton planters wanted more slaves to work in the cotton-fields. As the plant could not be grown in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, and as slaves were called for to cultivate it in the more southern States, the slave-holders in the border States began to raise slaves for the Southern markets. Traders set up their marts in Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, Richmond, Louisville, and St. Louis. Gangs of negroes in chains were taken from Baltimore across the country, or shipped on vessels to southern ports. Steamboats descending the Mississippi River transported other gangs from Missouri and Kentucky to the greatest of all markets—New Orleans.

During the days when Abraham Lincoln was floating down the Mississippi on a flat-boat, Congress passed a law imposing a duty on cotton goods manufactured in other countries. The law was opposed by the slave-holders of South Carolina. They regarded it as damaging to their interests, for England manufactured far more cotton cloth and yarn than was produced by Massachusetts and Rhode Island. More ships sailed from Charleston for Liverpool loaded with cotton than for Boston. The planters of that State determined to pay no attention to the law, but to do as they pleased. Under the clause in the Constitution of the United States which counted slaves in the basis of representation in Congress, and through the rapid increase of slaves, the institution had



"I CANNOT BEAR TO SEE EVEN A PUPPY IN DISTRESS."



become a great political power, controlling the Government. Good men—doctors of divinity, judges, senators, members of Congress—men honored and respected, saw no moral wrong in holding negroes as slaves. There always had been slaves. In Bible times, Moses, who gave laws to the children of Israel, established statutes relating to bondmen. Abraham had bond-servants. There were slaves in the time of Christ and the apostles. Paul told the slaves of his time that they must be obedient to their masters. If it was right to hold slaves in those days, where was the wrong in holding them in the United States in the year 1830? Was it not a beneficent institution, divinely ordained by Almighty God for the best welfare of the human race? So reasoned men renowned for learning.

A young man, born in Newburyport, Mass., was setting type in a newspaper office in Baltimore. He did not agree with the general sentiment in regard to slavery. He saw a gang of slaves taken from jail, where they had been placed under lock and key to prevent their running away, and put on board a ship which was owned and commanded by a sea-captain from his native town. Congress had prohibited the bringing of slaves from Africa to the United States, and any person violating the law was to be regarded as a pirate. The young printer, William Lloyd Garrison, could not see why it was not just as much a crime to ship slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans, or anywhere else in the country, as to bring them from Africa to Baltimore. He printed an article which denounced the act of his fellow-townsmen as piracy, for doing which he was arrested for libel, tried before the court, found guilty, and, because he had no money to pay the fine, was put in prison.

A large-hearted merchant in New York, Arthur Tappan, heard what had taken place and paid the money, securing his liberty. We are not to conclude that the printer was the first person in the United States who saw the iniquity of slave-holding. Forty years before this occurrence Dr. George Buchanan delivered an address before a society which had been organized in Baltimore to bring about the abolition of slavery. He said that Africans were born free and independent, and that to keep them in slavery was an infringement of the laws of God. Other anti-slavery societies had been formed before the year 1800—one in Virginia; but at that time slavery was not regarded as profitable, and it had not become a great political power, as in 1830.

The young printer went to Boston to give lectures upon the iniquity of the slave-traffic. He found, to his amazement, that people were not



SANGAMON RIVER NEAR NEW SALEM.

[From a photograph taken by the author in 1890. The view looks down the river towards Petersburg. The mill stood at the left. The village of New Salem was amid the trees at the top of the hill.]

the bank of the river, in which they slept and ate their meals. Abraham, besides being the head-carpenter, took charge of the cooking. An axe, saw, chisel, and auger were the only tools needed. Two great trees were felled and hewn for the sides, upon which the planking was pinned; the seams were calked and smeared with pitch. Offut and a large number of his friends came out from Springfield to the launching, bringing a supply of whiskey. Speeches were made—some upholding Jackson, others supporting Henry Clay. The cook told funny stories and declared himself in favor of Clay. A sleight-of-hand performer was along, and, among other tricks performed, eggs were fried in the cook's hat.⁽⁴⁾

On April 19th, with the barrels of pork and beef on board, the three boatmen bade good-bye to Sangamon town, and floated down the river to New Salem. Mr. Rutledge had built a dam at a bend in the river and erected a mill on the western bank. The boat, instead of gliding over the dam, hung fast upon it. Abraham thought a while, and showed John the way out of the difficulty. They must take to the

shore some of the barrels at the forward end. The seams had not been made tight, and the boat was partly filled with water. He would bore a hole in the bottom at the end projecting over the dam, which would let the water out and lighten the craft. Then he would plug up the hole, roll the barrels to the bow, and the boat would slide over. When below the dam they could put more oakum in the seams, daub on more pitch, and be in good shape for their trip. It was done, with the people of New Salem looking on and admiring the ingenuity of the young man who devised the plan.

At Blue Banks a herd of pigs which Offut had purchased of Squire Godbey were to be taken on board. The animals were determined not to embark on such a craft. The more the three boatmen and Squire Godbey tried to drive them, the more they would not go. They munched the corn strewn on the ground, but showed no disposition to eat that on the boat.

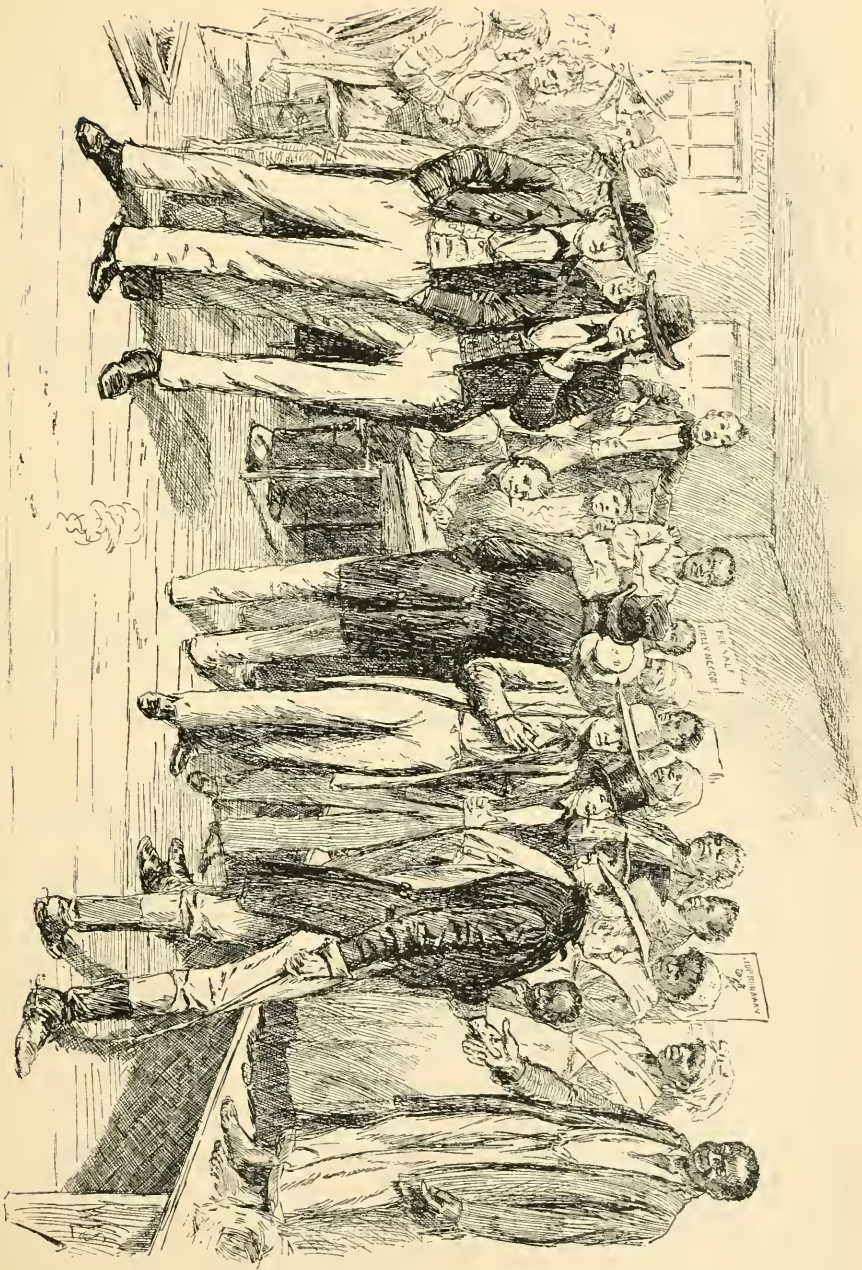
“We might sew up their eyes, and then they would have to go it blind,” said Abraham. (°)

As the pigs would not be coaxed, he carried them one by one in his arms down the bank and put them on board. (°) Once more they were floating with the stream down the Sangamon to the Illinois, where final preparations were made for the trip to New Orleans.

They set up a mast, and, having no canvas, rigged a wooden sail. People at Beardstown, Alton, and St. Louis laughed when they beheld the contrivance; the pilots of steamboats, when they saw it, wondered what was coming; but their wooden sail helped them on when the wind was in the right direction to use it.

They reached New Orleans without special adventure. Abraham Lincoln, with no responsibility upon him in disposing of the cargo, as when upon the first trip, wandered about the city. He visited the section settled by the Spaniards, and also the quarter occupied by the French and Creole population. He saw gangs of slaves which had come from Kentucky and Tennessee marched to the sugar-cane and cotton plantations. He stood in the auction-room where they were sold, and saw women and girls stripped to the waist, men handling them as they handled cows and calves: making them run to see if they were lame, looking into their mouths to ascertain if their teeth were sound, calculating their age, and whether they would bear children. He hears the auctioneer telling their good points: how much work they can do, what they are fitted for, how good and kind and religious they are. He hears the bidding, and beholds maidens shrinking from men

"HE STOOD IN THE AUCTION-ROOM WHERE THEY WERE SOLD."



who look them over with leering eyes. He hears the wailing and sees the weeping, as husbands, wives, and children are separated, never to meet again.

The boatman turns away with something rising in his throat, and goes out with John Hanks into the sunshine. His lips are quivering, for his soul is on fire.

“John, if I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I’ll hit it hard, by the Eternal God!” (’)

Who is he, to hit the institution of slavery a blow? He is only a boatman, a wood-chopper, teamster, backwoodsman — nothing more. What position of influence is he likely to attain to enable him to strike at slavery? His school-days have been less than a year. He is unknown, except to a few people. Slavery is incorporated into the framework of society and legalized in half of the States of the Republic. It is intrenched in Church and State alike; pronounced by doctors of divinity and statesmen to be divinely established for the good of the human race. It is a political force, recognized by the Constitution of the United States; it enters into the organization of Congress, and dictates as to the affairs of government and the election of Presidents. Is there the remotest probability that he will ever be able to strike a blow at such an institution? Why does he speak the words? Why lift his right hand to heaven and swear a solemn oath? Is it that those eyes, looking as his mother’s looked, far away, catch some dim vision of what may be by-and-by? Does the thought come that in the unfolding years an all-directing Providence in human affairs has something especially marked out for him to accomplish? Is it an illumination by some spirit-force of a coming conflict in which he is to take a conspicuous part—the whispering of some messenger from an unseen realm that he is the one chosen to give freedom to millions of slaves? Be that as it may, certainly no words ever spoken by the prophets of Israel have had a larger fulfilment than those uttered by Abraham Lincoln in the streets of New Orleans.

As we thus go over the events in the life of this carpenter’s son, we think of the Son of another carpenter, and recall his words: “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”

The three boatmen returned to St. Louis, accompanied by their employer, who was intending to open a store in New Salem, where Abraham Lincoln had exhibited his ingenuity in getting the flat-boat over Rutledge’s mill-dam. Offut remained at St. Louis to purchase goods, and the three boatmen made their way on foot across the country to

Farmington, near the eastern boundary of Illinois, where Thomas Lincoln was preparing to build a new house. On an appointed day Abraham was to meet Offut at New Salem, and begin business with him as clerk and salesman.

Reaching Farmington, he assisted his father in building a cabin containing two rooms. It was of hewn logs, and much superior to any of the former dwellings.

We have seen that the recreations and pleasures of people on the frontier were exhibitions of physical strength. Daniel Needham, champion wrestler of Coles County, had put many men on their backs, and boasted loudly of his powers. Having heard that there was a strong young flat-boatman in Farmington, he sent him a special challenge, which the boatman accepted. Abraham Lincoln found his highest pleasure in reading, but he was by no means indifferent to the pleasure that comes from putting forth physical strength. The match was held at Wabash Point. Needham soon found himself on the ground. Chagrined at his discomfiture, he demanded a second trial, to be again vanquished. The boatman, in consequence of his victory, became very popular with the young men of Coles County. (*)

On the day appointed, the clerk engaged by Offut stepped from a canoe at Rutledge's mill. He had paddled down the river from Decatur. New Salem was a collection of log-houses overlooking the beautiful valley of the Sangamon. Offut was there to welcome him, but the goods had not arrived. The future clerk had time, therefore, to make the acquaintance of the people. The day for the annual election came. Mentor Graham was clerk, but the assistant clerk was not present. Mr. Graham noticed a tall young man loitering about the village, and ventured to ask him if he could write. "I can make a few rabbit-tracks," was the reply; whereupon he was installed in office. The voters were not long in discovering that the assistant clerk was honest and fair, and performed his duties faithfully. More than that, he entertained them with stories. (°)

One of the citizens of New Salem was departing for Texas with his family. It was not far to the Illinois River, and the most expeditious way of reaching Beardstown, where he could take a steamboat for St. Louis, would be by flat-boat down the Sangamon. The assistant clerk of elections engaged to convey the family to the Illinois, and once more was pulling an oar. The water was low, and the boat often grounded on the sand-bars; but all obstacles were surmounted, and the trip successfully accomplished.



A CREOLE HOME IN NEW ORLEANS.

Upon the arrival of Offut's goods, the boatman became clerk and salesman. It was a country store, and the articles for sale were such as a newly-settled agricultural community on the frontier would especially need. Women wanted pins, needles, thread; they asked if the calico which they examined would "wash;" they "chinked" the crockery to discover a possible crack. Their presence, in comparison with the men whom he met on flat-boats, made the air sweet and pure. He greeted them with a pleasant smile, and was so truthful in what he said about the goods, and gave such just weight, that they soon had implicit confidence in him. In keeping accounts he was careful to reckon the half and quarter cents. We are to remember that the mint at Philadelphia for coining money had been in operation but little more than thirty years: not many dimes and twenty-five cent pieces were in circulation, but fourpence, sixpence, ninepence, and shilling pieces of English coinage, together with many Spanish coins, were in use. A silver fourpence coin was valued at six and one-fourth cents. A ninepence coin was worth twelve and one-half cents. If Abraham Lincoln made a mistake in reckoning or weighing he was quick to rectify it the moment he discovered the error. He was closing the store one evening when a woman came for a half-pound of tea. In the morning he saw from the weight in the scale that he had given her only one-quarter of a pound. Leaving everything else he weighed out the other ounces and carried them to her. Another customer paid him six and one-quarter cents more than was his due, and when the store was closed at night he hastened to correct the mistake, although she lived two miles away.⁽¹⁰⁾

Denton Offut's store was the social exchange for a wide extent of country along the Sangamon—the place where people could hear from his clerk what was going on in the world. After the arrival of the mail (which brought his newspaper, the "Louisville Journal"), he could tell them what Congress was doing, and what was occurring throughout the country and on the other side of the Atlantic. They discovered that he could talk intelligently upon a great many questions. Some of the fellows who made the store a lounging-place while their corn was grinding at Rutledge's mill used profane language. One of them had so little sense of what was decent that he used vile words when women were present.

"Don't use such language here," said Lincoln.

"Who are you? I'll swear when and where I please. I can lick you," said the fellow.

"When the ladies are gone I'll let you have a chance to do so."

The women departed, and the bully dared Lincoln to touch him. Little did the ruffian comprehend the strength and resolution of the man whom he had incensed. Suddenly he found himself lying on the ground and blows falling upon him like the strokes of a hammer. He begged for mercy, and Lincoln bathed the fellow's face with water to relieve the pain.⁽¹⁾

"He can lift more than any other man in Sangamon County; and when it comes to wrestling, he can throw the whole crowd," said Offut.

The "Clary Grove boys," as they were called, heard of it. They were a wild and lawless set of fellows, who lived seven or eight miles from New Salem. Jack Armstrong was their champion wrestler and leader. They found pleasure in picking upon a stranger, and having fun with any one weaker than themselves. It was delightful sport to put a man into a cask and set it rolling down a hill. They rode through the settlements at night whooping, swearing, frightening women and children. They cared nothing for law or order, and were a terror to the country.

"Jack Armstrong will put Offut's clerk on his back in a twinkling," said one of the gang.

"I'll bet that Lincoln will use him to wipe his feet on," said Offut.

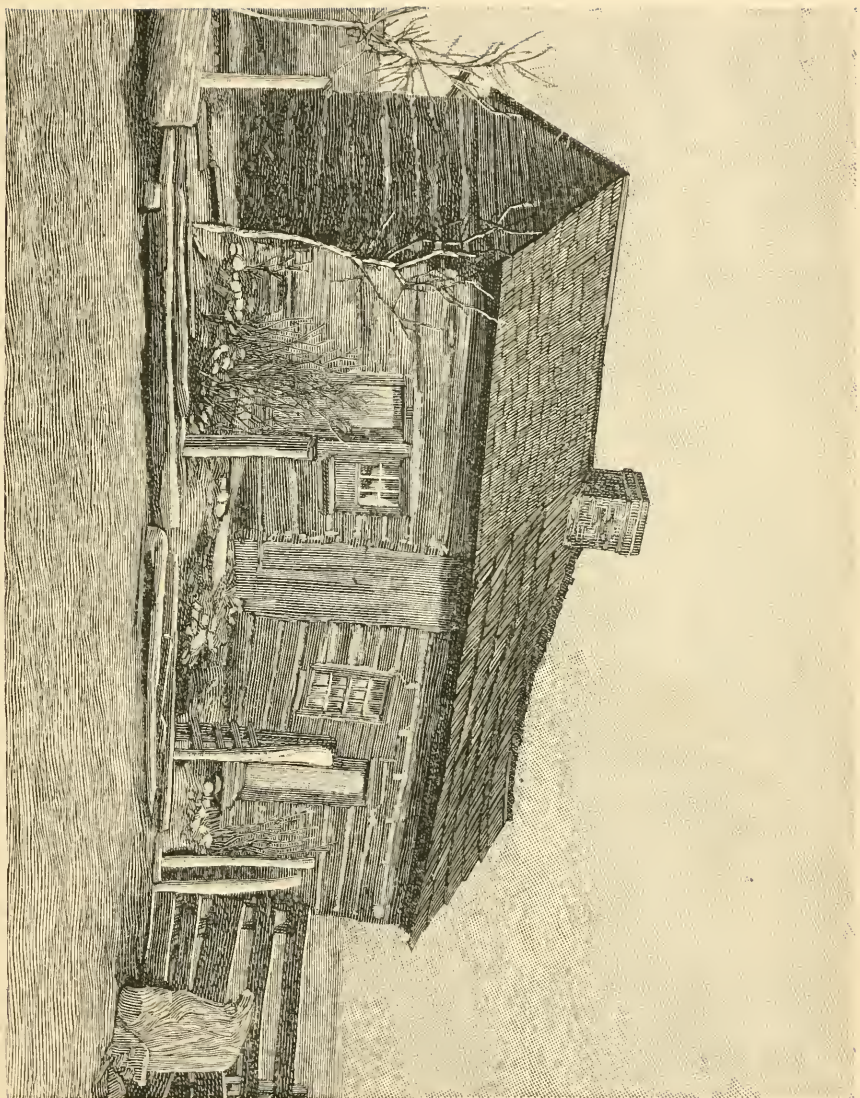
"I'll bet \$10 that Jack is the better man," responded Bill Clary.

"I'll take that bet, and as much more as you and your gang will put up."

"I do not want to wrestle," said Lincoln, when Offut asked him to engage in a contest with Jack Armstrong. He was no longer a boatman; he was drifting away from former things. There was something in life better than wrestling. He looked every day into the faces of noble women and pure-hearted girls as they examined the goods which he placed before them. What would they think of him if he found his greatest pleasure in wrestling with Jack?

"I want you to teach those fellows a lesson," said Offut. "They are a set of bullies, and I want you to take them down."

Quite likely Abraham Lincoln was not averse to teaching them a lesson, and there would be some satisfaction in putting their champion upon the ground. The match was arranged, and the day fixed. All the Clary Grove fellows, and others up and down the Sangamon, heard of it, and laid their plans to be present, some staking their money on Armstrong, others on Offut's clerk. The day arrives; New Salem is astir. The spectators tie their horses beneath the trees and take a drink of whiskey. The ring is formed. There is a friendly hand-shaking as



THE LINCOLN HOME, FARMINGTON, ILL.

[From a photograph taken in 1890. Abraham Lincoln assisted his father in building this home after his return from the second trip to New Orleans, and here saw his father for the last time.]

the contestants enter it ; then comes the grappling, turning, the straining of muscles. If Jack Armstrong imagined it would be an easy victory, he found himself mistaken. He tries his peculiar tricks, which have given him victory over other wrestlers ; but somehow this clerk of Offut's, who spends so much time in reading, does not go down. He seems to be playing with Jack, and biding his time. Jack's friends do not like the looks of things ; if he is vanquished they will lose their bets, and it will be humiliating. One of the gang attempts to interfere in behalf of Armstrong.

“Fair play!” “Stand back!” “Let them alone!” were the cries from the excited crowd. Lincoln sees that the Clary Grove fellows intend to help Jack gain an advantage ; like another Samson he puts forth his strength, and the hitherto champion of Sangamon goes to the ground.

Armstrong's friends are amazed and angry. But there is good stuff in Jack. He knows that he has been fairly thrown, and exhibits his manhood by rising and shaking hands with Lincoln. From that moment through life he will be a steadfast friend. The Clary Grove boys have lost their bets, but forget their anger in their admiration for the man who does not crow over what he has done.⁽¹²⁾

Abraham Lincoln was champion ; but instead of wrestling, he wanted to study grammar. Mentor Graham thought that Mr. Vaner might possibly have a text-book. Although it was several miles, he walked to Vaner's house, and returned with a copy of “Kirkham's Grammar.” Customers who came to trade the next day found him lying on the counter with the book in hand, his head pillowed on a pile of cotton goods. He knew that his language was not grammatical. He wanted to express himself clearly and correctly. It was a pleasure to read the editorial articles in the “Louisville Journal,” because they were so well written. He would like to be able to write so that people would understand just what he intended to say. With that object in view, he determined to know the parts of speech and the rules which govern the construction of language. He had no one to teach him, but went on as best he could.⁽¹³⁾

While the clerk was waiting upon customers, keeping exact accounts, and getting on with his grammar, Offut was buying produce, trading horses, and speculating generally ; giving his notes, which were not paid when due. He transacted business in such a lucky-go-easy way that the day came when the sheriff took possession of the store.

Abraham Lincoln was adrift once more. Good news came. Captain Bogue, of Springfield, had gone to Cincinnati to obtain a steamboat

which was to navigate the Sangamon. Meetings were held in Springfield, New Salem, and other towns, to help on the enterprise. The merchants at Springfield informed their customers that their goods were to be brought direct from Cincinnati by the steamboat "Talisman," which would ascend the Illinois and the Sangamon rivers. It was April, and the spring floods enabled Captain Bogue to make the upward trip without much difficulty. Some work must be done, however, in cutting away trees to enable the boat to reach New Salem. Abraham Lincoln was one of the first to volunteer his services as a wood-chopper. At the Springfield landing the people welcomed him with speeches and plenty of liquor. A young lawyer wrote a "poem:"

"Now we are up the Sangamon,
And here we'll have a grand hurrah;
So fill your glasses to the brim
With whiskey, brandy, wine, and gin." (14)

The "Talisman" went on to Decatur. But the water was falling, and the captain despaired of ever getting back, on account of the sand-bars and drift-wood embedded in the mud; so he wisely employed the two boatmen, who had navigated the Mississippi to New Orleans, to take the craft down to the Illinois. They had much difficulty to get past the mill-dam at New Salem, but Beardstown was finally reached, and the boatmen received \$40 each for their labor.

The Sac and Fox Indians of Wisconsin, who had given up their lands to the United States and moved to Iowa, determined to return to their old hunting-grounds. Their chief, Black Hawk, began war by committing outrages upon the settlers of that section. The Governor of Illinois called for soldiers. Abraham Lincoln enlisted. The young men along the Sangamon volunteered in sufficient numbers to form a company. They elected him captain. He knew nothing of military tactics, and his soldiers were equally ignorant. With rifle, powder-horn, knapsack, and canteen the march was begun to Yellow Bank, on the Mississippi River. The company is marching battalion front, and comes to a fence which has a narrow opening. Captain Lincoln does not know what order he ought to give to get them into single file, and were he to give it correctly the company might not know how to execute it. He sees that something must be done: his soldiers will laugh at him if they are brought to a stand-still by a rail-fence. There is one order which they will comprehend.

“Halt!” he shouts. “This company is dismissed for two minutes: it will reassemble on the other side of the fence. Break ranks!”⁽¹⁵⁾

The dignity of Captain Lincoln was maintained, and possibly most of his soldiers thought it the proper order to be given.

The steamboats which were to take the soldiers up the Mississippi were not at the appointed landing. The troops had nothing to do. They marched, countermarched, wheeled, and performed other evolutions; but time dragged. They were impatient of military restraint and became quarrelsome. They had little respect for their superior officers, and it required much tact on the part of Abraham Lincoln to preserve order; but with the arrival of the steamboats and a supply of food harmony was restored.

We are not to suppose that such a motley set of young men could be brought under strict military discipline in two or three weeks; neither should we conclude that Captain Lincoln could assume military dignity in the same space of time. On the contrary, the captain thought it not undignified to take part in wrestling-matches. Possibly he won respect and honor by putting his soldiers one after another on their backs; one only was his equal in strength. Though he took part in the games, he did not lose his authority as their commander. An old Indian came into camp, bringing a letter written by General Lewis Cass, who stated that the bearer was entitled to protection; that he was friendly, and had taken no part in the uprising.

The soldiers discredited the letter. “It is a forgery,” said one, who did not think of the absurdity of what he was saying. The soldiers had come to fight Indians; they thought there were no friendly Indians.

“Shoot him!” they shouted.

“No, you will not shoot him—I shall protect him! I’ll shoot the first man who lays hands on him!” was the calm but resolute reply of their captain.

The company was part of a regiment commanded by Colonel Samuel Thompson, which marched northward to Dixon. The troops halted to await the arrival of United States soldiers. Two battalions of horsemen, under Majors Stillman and Bailey, were eager to encounter the Indians—perhaps thinking it would be fun to chase them across the prairies. The horsemen advanced and reached Old Man’s Creek, where they suddenly found themselves confronted by Black Hawk and a large number of Indians. The soldiers became panic-stricken and fled to Dixon, the Indians pursuing and killing several. In the morning not an Indian was to be seen.

The time expired for which the soldiers from Sangamon had enlisted. They had not fought a battle, but were weary of military life. All the company, with the exception of Captain Lincoln and one private, returned to Sangamon. The captain was without a command, but he could become a private, and accordingly enlisted in a company of cavalry commanded by Captain Elijah Iles. It was known as the "Independent Spy Battalion." It was a holiday service, lasting three weeks. The Indians were defeated in a battle at Bad Axe, and Black Hawk taken prisoner. The "Independent Spy Battalion" was not present to take part in the engagement. Private Lincoln saw no fighting, and was mustered out of service June 16th by young Lieutenant Robert Anderson.

From Fox River Lincoln and his fellow-soldier, Harrison, made their way to the Illinois River at Peoria, where they obtained a canoe and paddled to Havana, and from that town walked to New Salem.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV.

(¹) Nicolay and Hay, "Abraham Lincoln: A History," vol. i., p. 45.

(²) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 68 (edition 1889).

(³) Herndon speaks of the plank as being sawed at Kirkpatrick's mill. J. G. Holland, visiting Illinois immediately after the death of President Lincoln, 1865, says: "Every plank of it was sawed by hand with a whip-saw."—"Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 42.

(⁴) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 73 (edition 1889).

(⁵) *Ibid.*, p. 75.

(⁶) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 42.

(⁷) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 76 (edition 1889).

(⁸) *Ibid.*

(⁹) Mrs. Lizzie H. Bell's letter quoted in Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln: A History," vol. i., p. 78, note.

(¹⁰) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 43.

(¹¹) *Ibid.*, p. 44.

(¹²) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 43 (edition 1889).

(¹³) *Ibid.*, p. 84.

(¹⁴) *Ibid.*, p. 88.

(¹⁵) *Ibid.*, p. 93, note.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT NEW SALEM.

IN a community where every man casts a vote there will ever be a large number of people who will desire to hold office or represent their fellow-citizens in making laws. In Illinois those who desired political distinction might aspire to be candidates for any position and enter the list independent of nomination by a convention of electors. Before volunteering as a soldier, Abraham Lincoln had announced that he would be a candidate for the Legislature. It was only ten days before the election when he reached New Salem. His friends welcomed his return. Those who had served under him as soldiers were ready to persuade their friends to cast their ballots for him. He had shown his patriotism by being one of the first to enlist, and had re-enlisted when others, wearied of the restraints of camp-life, returned to their homes. He was brave, resolute, kind-hearted, and had a mind of his own; in wrestling he had put the best men of the regiment on their backs—all save one. Though most of them were Democrats and he a Whig, they were ready to vote for him. A majority of the people in Illinois accepted the political principles held by President Andrew Jackson. Abraham Lincoln supported the principles held by Henry Clay, who believed the nation ought to improve the rivers, make them navigable, and pass laws which would protect the industries of the country by imposing a tariff on goods made in other countries. He thought a national bank would be a good thing for the country. Candidates better known to the people than he were making speeches in the villages throughout the county.

There was to be an auction of horses, cattle, and pigs at Pappsville, twelve miles from Springfield, where all the candidates would speak. The people for miles around would be there to hear them, and help themselves to free whiskey. The day arrives, and Pappsville is alive. A stand for the speakers had been erected. Those who gather around it see a very tall young man, wearing a blue jean clawhammer, bobtail

coat, tow-and-wool trousers, cowhide boots, and a straw hat, laughing and telling stories to those around him. It is Captain Lincoln, and those who served under him in the war with the Indians are grasping his brawny hand. His face is bronzed from exposure to the sun and winds upon the prairies. The other candidates speak. He is a young man of twenty-three years, and respectfully waits his turn. Whiskey has flowed so freely that some ruffians in the crowd are quarrelsome. Captain Lincoln sees one of his friends sorely beset by a bully. He jumps from the platform, gives the fellow a threshing, tosses him aside as if he were but a boy, returns to the platform, and listens to the other candidates just as if nothing had happened. It is a brief speech which he makes:

“Fellow-citizens, I presume you would like to know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman’s dance. I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and principles. If elected I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same.”⁽¹⁾

Another meeting was held at Springfield, where he made a longer speech. One who was present has described his appearance on that occasion:

“He was tall, gawky, and a rough-looking fellow. His pantaloons didn’t meet his shoes by six inches; but after he began speaking I became much interested in him. He made a very sensible speech.”⁽²⁾

Four representatives were to be elected. There were twelve candidates. Abraham Lincoln was not chosen. He could not go to Vandalia, the capital of the State, as a representative. What should he do? He did not want to be a boatman or wood-chopper. Would it not be well for him to become a blacksmith? He turned the matter over,⁽³⁾ but suddenly found himself again keeping store in an unexpected way. Rowan and James Herndon, after the failure of Offut, opened a store at New Salem. James sold his interest to Mr. Berry, who induced Lincoln to purchase the interest held by Rowan Herndon. Lincoln had no money, but Herndon was ready to take his note. Another store was opened by Reuben Radford about the same time.

“You had better get on good terms with the Clary Grove boys,” said Radford’s father, “or they will trouble you.”

Radford stayed at the store several evenings, expecting a visit from the gang; but as they did not come, and wishing to spend a night a few

miles distant, he left the store in charge of a younger brother—Jack, sixteen years old.

“You may give the boys, if they come, two drinks all round, but no more,” he said.

It was the evening chosen by the fellows for a lark in New Salem.

“Well, boy, aren’t you going to give us a treat?” they asked.

“Oh yes,” and they were each given a generous drink.

“It is about time for another snifter, isn’t it, sonny?” they said, after a while.

“Yes;” and Jack served them once more.

They lounged about the store, sang songs, danced, and made themselves at home.

“Well, Jack, we reckon that it is time for another nipper,” they said.

“You can’t have any more. Rube said I might give you two drinks, but no more.”

“Oh ho! he said so, did he? We will see!” And each one of the crew went to the whiskey-barrel, took a big drink, and filled his bottle. The whiskey was doing its work—they danced and whooped like Indians.

“I’ll bet the drinks I can beat you in hitting those jars,” said one, seizing a weight and smashing a glass jar. Each in turn brought the jars and crockery crashing to the floor; then frying-pans, skillets, Dutch-ovens, coffee-pots, tin basins, milk-pans, saucers, plates and platters, molasses-jugs, went flying through the air. The glass in the windows rattled to the ground, and the door was torn from its hinges. A little past midnight they rode whooping homeward, with cow-bells tied to their saddles.

The sun was just rising when Reuben Radford was awakened by the cow-bells and whooping, as the gang rode past the house where he was spending the night. Suspecting there might be trouble, he mounted his horse and galloped towards New Salem, passing on the way a boy of sixteen, William G. Green, who had started early in the morning with a bag of corn to be ground at Mr. Rutledge’s mill. Radford reached the store, beheld the wreck and ruin, and heard Jack’s story. He had no particular desire to be a merchant any longer, and was ready to sell out.

“I’ll sell this store to the first person who makes me an offer,” said he, as Green rode up; and added, “What will you give for it?”

The boy looked through the window and surveyed the interior—the shattered glass and crockery, the helter-skelter of frying-pans and

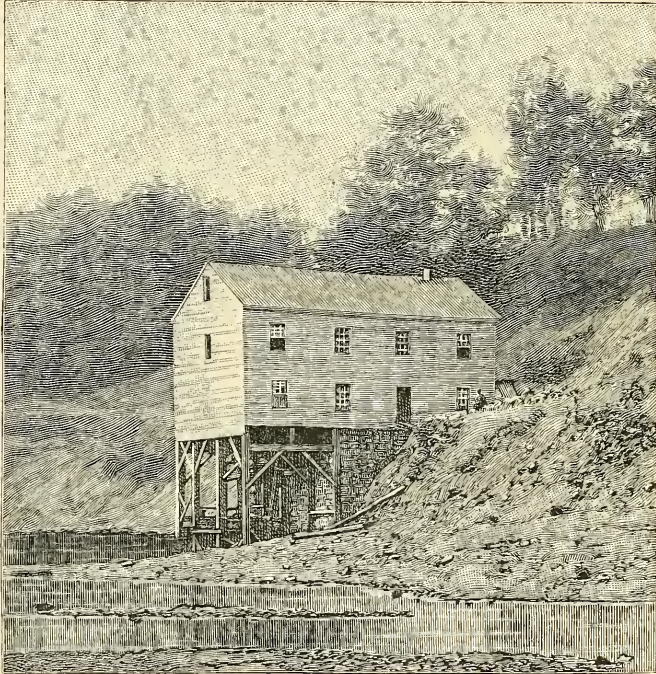
broken jugs. He noticed many of the most valuable articles had not been disturbed, and without much thought, and in fun rather than in earnest, said, "I'll give you \$400."

"It is a bargain."

"But I haven't any money."

"No matter; I'll take your note."

Green dismounted, entered the store, and signed a note promising to pay \$400 after a specified number of days. A little later Abraham



RUTLEDGE'S MILL.

[From a photograph by C. S. McCullough, Petersburg, Ill. Lincoln & Berry's store stood near the trees at the right of the view.]

Lincoln came, beheld the broken crockery and general confusion, and laughed as he listened to Jack Radford's account of how the Clary Grove boys danced, yelled, and smashed things. Green told the story of the purchase.

"Billy," said Lincoln, "I shouldn't be surprised if you had made a good bargain. I'll help you take an inventory."⁽⁴⁾

Young Green, whose education had been limited, did not know just

what an inventory might be. If it was a further smashing, he said he did not care for it. Lincoln explained it was an estimate of the value of each article. "You will need it, to be able to fix prices."

The man who said this was part owner in a rival store; but he was ready to help the boy who thoughtlessly had begun as a trader. They hung the door on its hinges and nailed boards over the window. Green took his corn to the mill and Lincoln left for his breakfast. Through the day he went over the inventory with Green. The broken glass and crockery were swept out and things put in place.

"Billy, it figures up more than \$1200 at St. Louis prices," said Lincoln, when the inventory was completed. Customers came, listened to the story, laughed over it, and purchased articles. During the day Green sold goods to the amount of \$15.

Mr. Lincoln's partner, Berry, thought it would be a good business operation to buy out Green.

"What will you take for your bargain?" he asked.

Berry owned a good horse, which Green thought he would like to obtain. Although he was only sixteen years old, he had an eye to business, and was ready to quit being a store-keeper. Besides, he was not quite sure how his father would look upon what he was doing.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will let me have your horse, saddle, and bridle, \$200 cash, and you and Lincoln will give your joint notes for \$200, I'll call it a bargain."

Lincoln had made the inventory, and found the property was worth \$1200. Berry having \$200 in silver on hand, the offer was accepted, the notes signed, and the transfer completed. With the goods of both stores put into one building, Berry and Lincoln began business on a larger scale, having a monopoly of trade in New Salem.

It was nearly midnight when Green, riding the horse obtained from Berry, and leading the other with the bag of meal on its back, reached home. Having put the horses in the stable, he lifted the latch and entered the house. His father and mother were in bed. They had heard what had been going on at New Salem: the wreck done by the Clary Grove boys, and the purchase by their son.

"Well, boy," said his father, "you think you can be a store-keeper, do you? I'll teach you a lesson not to buy a store when I send you to mill. Go to bed, you rascal, and be prepared for a threshing in the morning!"

"Hold on, father!" said the son, raking open the coals in the fireplace and throwing on a stick of wood. He seated himself on the floor

and began to toss shillings, quarters, and half dollars on the hearth, which rang as they fell. The father heard the jingling, and sat up in bed, gazing with astonishment at the growing pile.

"Wife, give me a chaw of tobacco," he said. He took the quid, sat more erect, spat at the fire, and gazed at the shining pieces of silver.

"There is \$215.12½. Besides this, I have got Berry's horse, saddle, and bridle in the stable, and his and Lincoln's notes for \$200," said the son.

"Wife, get up! Billy must have some supper—the best you can get. Billy, I won't thresh you in the morning. You are a good boy—good boy!"^(*)

It was a dull winter for trade. Although Berry and Lincoln were the only store-keepers in New Salem, they were not making much headway in business. The farmers had little produce to sell, consequently could not purchase many goods. Berry, the while, was drinking whiskey, and Lincoln was thinking of what was going on in South Carolina and in Congress rather than how to increase trade. South Carolina was proposing to pass a law to nullify the acts of Congress, because a tariff was to be collected on goods brought from other countries. In Congress Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, made a speech on the Constitution and the Union which electrified the country; President Jackson uttered a solemn oath that the Union should be preserved. All of which was interesting reading to Lincoln.

The partners thought they might make money by keeping a tavern, and took out a license, which prescribed the prices they might charge per pint for liquors: French brandy, 25 cents; peach brandy, 18¾ cents; apple brandy, 12 cents; Holland gin, 18¾ cents; wine, 25 cents; rum, 18¾ cents; whiskey, 12½ cents. Meals, 25 cents each; lodging, 12½ cents. Horse for the night, 25 cents. Breakfast, dinner, or supper for passengers in the stage, 37½ cents.

The project of keeping a tavern was not carried out. The store was sold to Trent Brothers. They had no money, but gave their notes. Lincoln and Berry had given their own notes—first to the Herndons, then to Green. From the beginning the transactions were pretty much in notes. No one seemed to look forward to the time when they would become due, or made any preparation for such an event. The Trents probably had no thought of ever paying. They would get what they could for the goods and leave town. Berry became a loathsome sot and died. Abraham Lincoln found himself held on the joint notes which had been given to the Herndons and to Green. He could not

pay them, but did not repudiate them. He had put in no capital. If the creditors would not harass him he would do his best to pay them.

Years went by, the debts hanging like a millstone about his neck, but were paid finally, principal and interest, to the last cent. He would not have been true to himself, would not have been Abraham Lincoln, had he not done so.

The little money he had when the Trents took the store was soon gone. His board bill at Rutledge's tavern was due. He would like to spend his time in reading; but there was no chafing of spirit as he shouldered his axe and went down the hill-side to the woods along the river, chopping down trees in order to obtain splints, which he carried to a shanty, where his evenings were spent reseating chairs.

He was twenty-four years old, without an occupation, and did not know for what he was fitted. He would like to be a lawyer. He had not forgotten the plea of lawyer Breckenridge in Indiana. He had come in contact with the prominent lawyers of Springfield: Stephen T. Logan and Major John T. Stuart. The last named served with him in the war with the Indians. His old comrade was very kind, and loaned him a law-book. The people of New Salem sometimes saw him stretched upon the ground beneath an oak-tree studying it. Russell Godby wanted a hand to help harvest his corn and gave him work. He was astonished to see his new hand, when resting, seated on a stump reading a book. Never before had he beheld a fellow with a book in the field.

“What are you reading, Abe?”

“I am not reading; I am studying.”



OAK-TREES STANDING NEAR THE SITE OF BERRY & LINCOLN'S STORE.

[From a photograph by C. S. McCullough, Petersburg, Ill.]

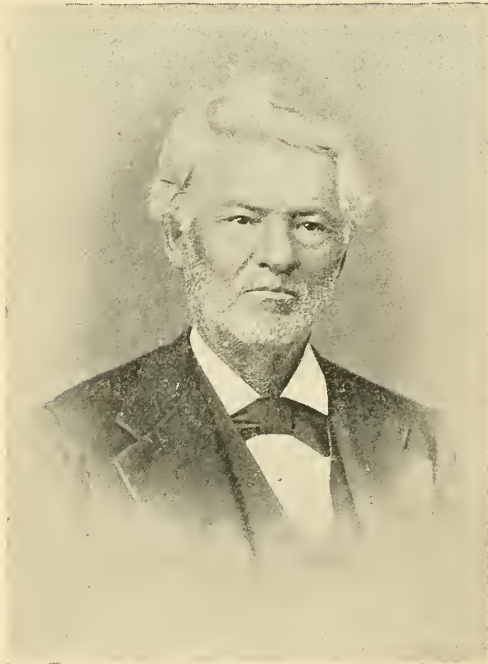
“Studying! What, I should like to know?”

“Law, sir.”

“Great God Almighty!” exclaimed Godby. It was not a profane expression, but one of astonishment.

When the book was finished, the farm hand walked to Springfield and obtained another from his friend. He earned money enough to pay his board by assisting Mr. Ellis, who had opened a store. When a customer came he put his book aside, but took it up again the moment he was at leisure.

Just how it happened is not known, but he was appointed postmaster. President Jackson was a Democrat, and did not appoint many Whigs to office; for he had given utterance to the expression, “To the victors belong the spoils.” Lincoln was in a Democratic community, but was popular with Whigs and Democrats alike. So few letters came to New Salem that the revenue would hardly pay him for the trouble of receiving and sending the weekly mail. His hat was the post-office. He thrust the letters into it, and kindly carried them to the people in the village to whom they were addressed.



WILLIAM G. GREEN OCTOBER, 1890.

The young postmaster at New Salem greatly admired Henry Clay, of Kentucky, who had been Senator, and also member of President John Quincy Adams's Cabinet. In 1829 a young man, George D. Prentice, who was born in Connecticut, established a newspaper, the “New England Review,” at Hartford, in that State. He had graduated at Brown University, and was a very able and witty writer. His poems were appearing in the newspapers. Mr. Clay was a candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. Prentice was employed to write his life. So it came about that John G. Whittier, whom the world has since heard of, became editor of



GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

the "Review," and Mr. Prentice went to Kentucky and prepared a life of Mr. Clay, a copy of which fell into the hands of the young postmaster at New Salem, who read it with great care, and who accepted the political principles of the Kentucky statesman. Mr. Clay needed a newspaper to set forth his principles, and Mr. Prentice accordingly estab-

lished the "Louisville Journal," for which the postmaster at New Salem had subscribed. He found great pleasure in reading its witty and pungent paragraphs to the loungers in Mr. Hill's store, such as the following :

"An editor in Indiana threatens to handle us without gloves. We certainly would never think of handling him without three pair, and thick ones at that."

"What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?"

"Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

"Strange that a dinner to which a man has not been invited is generally the one that sits hardest on the stomach."

It is certain that he must have laughed heartily over Mr. Prentice's account of what happened in Louisville :

"Mr. Trotter, without provocation, attempted to shoot Mr. Clark in the street. Mr. O'Hara, friend of Trotter, made an attack upon Mr. Bryant, associate of Clark. Bryant gave O'Hara an effectual cudgelling, and then laid his cane over the head and shoulders of Mr. Trotter till the latter cried for quarter. There the matter ended. Mr. Clark retired to reload his pistols, Mr. Bryant to purchase a new cane, and Mr. Trotter and Mr. O'Hara to get their heads mended."

Mr. Trotter was editor of the "Louisville Gazette," and said in his paper: "The infamy of George D. Prentice is notorious. He is shunned by all honorable men. The mark of Cain is on his brow."

"Mr. George Trotter," wrote Prentice, in reply, "says that the mark of Cain is on our brow. We don't know about that; but we do know that the mark of cane is on his back."

It seems probable that Mr. Prentice greatly influenced Abraham Lincoln in forming his political opinions. The paper which came to New Salem—its able editorials upon the questions of the day and the measures before Congress—were read with as keen a zest as its witty and sarcastic lines.

People from the Eastern States brought books, which the postmaster borrowed. He read Baldwin's History, Gibbon's works, and the novels of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. (⁶)

The civilization of New Salem was still of the frontier type. The Clary Grove ruffians and many others delighted in cock-fights. Mr. McNab had a rooster which he boasted could whip any other cock in Sangamon. Another fellow was sure his chicken was the best bird. Bets were made, the day fixed, and the cocks tossed into the ring. McNab's, instead of fighting, flew to the fence, clapped its wings, and gave a lusty crow. "You are mighty fine on dress parade, but not much at fighting," said McNab, who paid his bet amid the laughter of

the spectators. Such was the sport, the delight, the civilization, surrounding the young man who wanted to become a lawyer.

Board bills must be paid, and Abraham Lincoln, while studying the law-books loaned by friends in Springfield, was obliged to take his axe in hand once more. He split rails for James Short. He was working on the bank of the Sangamon when Pollard Simmons came along.

“Good news for you,” said Simmons.

“What is it?”

“Haven’t you heard of your appointment?”

“What appointment?”

“Why, John Calhoun, who has been appointed by President Jackson surveyor of public land, has selected you for his assistant.”

Calhoun was an ardent Democrat. Possibly he did not know any other person whom he thought competent to do the work. He knew Lincoln was to be trusted in everything that he would be willing to undertake.

“If I can be free to carry out my political principles I will accept; otherwise I will not take it,” said Lincoln, and went on swinging his axe. (7)

He never had studied surveying; but Mentor Graham, the school-master, kindly offered to assist him, and he soon comprehended the meaning of sines, cosines, and traverse tables. He obtained a compass and chain, and was ready to begin work. The Government surveyors, many years before, had erected the bounds of the quarter sections of land, but many of the monuments had disappeared and new ones must be established. A party planned a new town two miles down the Sangamon from New Salem, which they named Petersburg, and he was called upon to lay out the streets and lots. He resurveyed Russell Godby’s land, and received for pay two buckskins, which Hannah Armstrong, wife of Jack the wrestler, sewed upon his linsey-woolsey trousers to protect them from the brambles. He was wanted in different parts of the county, and purchased a horse and saddle, also a pair of saddle-bags, in which he carried the compass, chain, survey-books, and other instruments. But the sheriff one day confronted him with a writ, and seized his horse and other property, demanding payment of the note which Berry and Lincoln had given for Radford’s goods. The note had been sold to a man who was determined to collect it, although Berry was in his grave, and Lincoln was having hard work to pay his board and keep himself in decent clothes. James Short kindly purchased the horse and equipments, and turned them once more over to Lincoln, who

never forgot the great service rendered at a moment when he needed a true friend. People liked to help him, possibly because he liked to help others. He was riding towards Springfield, and was overtaken by a man who had ridden fast and far that he might make an entry of a tract of land in advance of a rich neighbor. He was poor, but his friends had contributed \$100 to help him. "If I get there first I can secure it," he said. "See here," said Lincoln, "your horse is tired out; mine is fresh. I am in no hurry; take mine and go ahead. Put him up at Herndon's stable. I'll take yours and get there by-and-by." The man with a fresh horse reached Springfield, and secured the land a few minutes in advance of the other's arrival. Abraham Lincoln was ever ready to help those who needed help.

Once more Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for the Legislature, and the people were ready to vote for him. He had become acquainted with men in all sections of the county. There was no need for him to make speeches. Of the four persons elected, only one had more votes than he. When the time came for the Legislature to assemble a friend loaned him money enough to buy a new suit of clothes, and he made his way to Vandalia. When he entered the building in which the representatives met he crossed one of the dividing lines of his life. The future was to be far different from the past. He was associated with the foremost men of the State, who had been selected by their fellow-citizens to represent them in the Legislature. In the past he had compared himself with men who chopped wood, with boatmen, and the Clary Grove gang. As a legislator he was to measure himself with men who had enjoyed the advantages of academies and colleges, who had won reputations and the respect and esteem of their fellow-men. He heard their speeches, but said little himself.

He met in the lobby Stephen Arnold Douglas, born amid the Green Mountains of Vermont. His father died when he was only fifteen months old, but his mother tenderly cared for him. He attended the public-school, and usually stood at the head of his class. On the playground he was leader in the games. He wanted to go to college, but could not for lack of money.

"I will earn my own living," he resolutely said.

When fifteen years old he made furniture, obtaining enough money to attend an academy in Vermont one year. By teaching school he was able to attend a second year the academy at Canandaigua, N. Y. He studied law. With only 37½ cents in his pocket he entered the town of Winchester, not far from Jacksonville, Ill., where he taught

school and began the practice of law. He was affable and made many friends. He was ambitious to succeed in his profession and in political life. He was in Vandalia for the purpose of persuading the Democratic members of the Legislature to turn out Colonel John J. Hardin from the office of District Attorney and elect him instead. He was successful.

The session lasted but a few weeks, and Abraham Lincoln went back to his surveying. He was not the same man he had been. The grasp of his hand, when he met Jack Armstrong, was as hearty as ever, but he had advanced to a higher plane of life. He had been considering questions which affected the welfare of his fellow-men and the prosperity of a great and growing State.

The young men of New Salem were attracted to the sitting-room of Rutledge's tavern because they desired to be where they could enjoy the society of the landlord's daughter; there was not a girl in ^{1835.} all the country round who had such winsome ways, such grace of manner and kindness of heart. If sickness came to a household, it was she who hastened to the bedside of the sufferer. It was her lullaby that soothed the fretting child. There was something so pure and holy about her that men were ashamed to utter an oath if she were near. She had attended school at Jacksonville; not many of her mates had enjoyed such advantages. Of her many admirers she accepted the special attentions of John McNeil, a young man from the State of New York, who had left home to make his fortune in the growing West. He had accumulated several thousand dollars. He planned to go to New York, bring his father and mother to New Salem, and then he would claim her for his bride. On the evening preceding his departure he informed her that his real name was not McNeil but McNamur. He had left home determined to make his fortune, and did not desire his friends to know where he was till he had attained his object. The explanation was accepted, and he took his departure. He would write to her, and she to him; he would not be gone many months.

The weeks went by, but no letter came for Ann Rutledge; the summer waned, and still no message. Friends whispered their suspicions. Was not the revelation he had made in regard to his name to his discredit? If a true man, why change his name? If upright and honorable, why not keep his promise? A letter came at last. On his homeward journey he had been seized with fever and delirium. Strangers kindly cared for him, but months went by before he was able to resume his journey. He had reached home, but it would take time to settle affairs. The troubled heart of Ann Rutledge was at peace once more.

Other months passed, but brought no letter. Why did he not write? Was he again down with fever? If so, would not some one inform her? Was business crowding out all thoughts of herself? Is it a wonder that her friends once more said he was fickle-minded; that he cared little for her; that he had found some one with a fairer face? It was no secret in New Salem that he did not write; that a great disappointment had come to her. She found comfort and consolation in attending religious meetings. There was unwonted pathos in her voice as she joined in the singing. Something had gone out of her life. Her once rippling laughter was not so joyous as it had been, and there was a shade of sadness in her winsome smile.

The heart of Abraham Lincoln goes out to her. To him there never was a blossom so fragrant, sweet, and fair as this flower of the prairie. Wherever he beholds her, whether in her home, in the religious meeting, or by the bedside of the sick, her presence glorifies the place. We may be sure that he who once waded the ice-cold stream to care for a dog would love Ann Rutledge with all the intensity and greatness of his soul. He had nothing but himself to offer her; himself—an ungainly, uncultivated wood-chopper, boatman, teamster, store-keeper, surveyor—a piece of driftwood, thus far floating on the stream of time. He was poor, almost in poverty. Would she accept his love?

But the true love of Ann Rutledge has been awaiting, is awaiting, unanswered letters. She will write once more to him to whom she gave her love. The letter is written. Weeks pass, no answer comes, and the wounded heart, chastened by disappointment, accepts the sympathy and affection of Abraham Lincoln.

It is pleasure to labor, because Ann Rutledge has come into his life. Never before have the spring birds been so joyful, the days so bright, the nights so calm and peaceful, the vault of heaven so lit with stars, or the air so perfumed with flowers.

He returns to New Salem from his surveying, to look once more upon the face of her for whom he would lay down his life, if need be. He sits by her side in the gloaming. She sings a hymn which she has often sung in the religious meetings:

“ Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh.
Death, at the farthest, can't be far,
Oh think before thou die !”⁽⁹⁾

The hymn to which he listens was written by one who in early life wrote a book upon the “Unreasonableness of Religion” (Joseph

Hart, of London, England), but who saw his mistake, and who became an earnest preacher of the Gospel. (10)

Abraham Lincoln had entered upon a period of doubt in religion. Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" and Volney's "Ruins" led him to question generally accepted religious beliefs. (11)

Little does he think, as he listens to the enchanting voice, that a great sorrow, like the shadow of an eclipse, is about to darken his life. He does not mistrust the unwonted bloom upon her cheek that, brightening her beauty, heralds the approach of life's closing scene. He does not dream the cup of joy brimming over with blessedness at that evening hour never again will come to his lips—that Calvary is not far away.

A few hours, and her blood is on fire—the fever burning out her life. Watchers stand by her bedside—all others are excluded by order of the physician. (12)

"But I must see him," her pitiful appeal. He enters the room alone, stands by her side, gazes once more into her loving eyes. No ears other than their own hear the parting words. August 25, 1835, Ann Rutledge enters the life eternal, and all that is mortal of her is borne to its resting-place. He is stunned by the loss and walks as in a dream. He spends the night beside her grave, heeding not the chilling wind or driving storm.

"I cannot bear to have the rain fall upon her!" the moan of the stricken heart. A great hope has gone down—a joy forever departed. In the daytime he wanders aimlessly. If he sits beneath the trees on the bank of the river, the fallen leaves borne away by its current remind him of his loss. The faded flowers bring before him the fairer blossom cut down by death. He is overwhelmed by grief. Reason totters. His friends are alarmed, and seek to divert his thoughts. A friend sends him the poem written by William Knox, of Scotland:

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

"Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;

And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Shall follow each other like surge upon surge.

“ 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the bloom of health to the paleness of death ;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ? ”



GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE.

[From a photograph by C. S. McCullough, Petersburg, Ill.]

The poem emphasizes the evanescence of earthly things. That which has come to him is the common lot of man, and so he will be resigned under the great affliction. Through life, whenever he is bowed with grief, he will find comfort and consolation in the lines.

Little does Bolin Green know what service he is rendering to the world when he takes Abraham Lincoln to his home. It is only a log-cabin, but within its walls kindness and sympathy are tenderly given till reason is once more enthroned. Years pass, but the kindness is never forgotten. When at last this benefactor passes away, and Abra-

ham Lincoln, crowned with honor, stands by the burial casket, he cannot give utterance to the words he fain would speak in commemoration of his friend. His eyes fill with tears; with tremulous lips he turns away, unable to control his emotion.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V.

(¹) A. Y. Ellis's letter in William H. Herndon's "Lincoln," p. 104 (edition 1889).

(²) Judge Stephen A. Logan, quoted in Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln: A History," vol. i., p. 108.

(³) Nicolay and Hay, "Abraham Lincoln: A History," vol. i., p. 109.

(⁴) W. G. Green to Author, October, 1890.

(⁵) *Ibid.*

(⁶) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 113 (edition 1889).

(⁷) *Ibid.*, p. 118.

(⁸) *Ibid.*, p. 120; also, Nicolay and Hay, "Abraham Lincoln: A History," vol. i., p. 115.

(⁹) John M. Rutledge's letter in William H. Herndon's "Lincoln," p. 138, note (edition 1889).

(¹⁰) S. W. Duffield, in "English Hymns," p. 100.

(¹¹) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 439 (edition 1889).

(¹²) *Ibid.*, p. 138, note.

CHAPTER VI.

IN PUBLIC LIFE.

ALTHOUGH Abraham Lincoln had once been to Vandalia as a representative, he had not taken an active part in public affairs. Once more he was a candidate. A great meeting was held at Springfield, where Whigs and Democrats addressed their fellow-citizens from the same platform. Lincoln was the leading candidate of the Whigs.

“He carried the crowd with him and swayed them as he pleased,” are the words of one who heard him. (‘)

George Forquar, who had been a Whig, but who had changed his politics, and was holding an office at a salary of \$3000 a year, was the next speaker. Mr. Forquar had built a new house—one of the most expensive in Springfield. Lincoln, as he rode into the city the night before, noticed the elegant residence, and was particularly interested in the lightning-rod attached to the building. He had heard about lightning-rods, but had never seen one. Many good people thought that such a contrivance to ward off a thunder-storm was an attempt to circumvent Almighty God, and therefore audacious and wicked.

Mr. Forquar thought himself of considerable importance in the community. “I see,” he said, with an air of superiority, “that I shall have to take this young man down a little.”

His speech abounded with sarcasm and ridicule.

Abraham Lincoln has left the platform and stands a listener in the audience. He hears the loud-spoken words, the guffaws of the crowd, but does not interrupt the speaker.

When Forquar is through, Mr. Lincoln makes a speech which electrifies the audience—not of sarcasm, but argument. Not till the close does he indulge in ridicule.

“The gentleman began his speech by saying that this young man would have to be taken down, and he was sorry that the task devolved

upon him. I am not so young in years as I am in the tricks and trades of a politician; but live long or die young, I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, change my politics, and, simultaneously with the change, receive an office worth \$3000 per year, and then have to erect a lightning-rod over my house to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

Laughter and cheers rend the air, and his friends lift him upon their shoulders and bear him from the court-house as an expression of their admiration. (2)

We are not to think that Lincoln shared the opinions of the people who said that to put up a lightning-rod was to "tempt God," but rather that he saw an opportunity to employ his opponent's weapon (ridicule) with telling effect. The discomfited Democratic office-holder could make no reply, and was compelled to endure the raillery that greeted him.

Abraham Lincoln frankly responded to the call for a statement of his political principles.

"I go," he said, "for all sharing the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens; consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms, *by no means excluding females.*" (3)

Very few people in the United States in 1836 had entertained the thought that women as well as men were entitled to exercise the right of suffrage. It was not a question in the political canvass; he was stating what to him was a fundamental principle.

"All questions of social and moral reform," he said a few years later, "find lodgement first with enlightened souls, who stamp them with their approval. In God's own time they will be organized into law, and thus woven into the fabric of our institutions." (4)

In the election Lincoln led the ticket, and nine Whigs were sent to the Legislature from a county which before had been Democratic. They were all very tall in stature, and were called the "Long Nine of Sangamon."

Six years had passed since his soul was stirred within him at witnessing men, women, and children sold at auction in New Orleans; six years since William Lloyd Garrison had been put in prison at Baltimore for printing that trade in slaves was piracy. During the period petitions had been presented to Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories over which Congress had jurisdiction. Antislavery societies had been formed in many places

throughout the Northern States advocating the doing away with slavery, so far as it could be done by the Government of the United States. The publication of the "Liberator" and other antislavery papers made the people of the Southern States very angry. In Charleston, S. C., the mail-bags were seized by a Vigilance Committee, and the few obnoxious papers found in them were burned in the public square. A grand-jury in Alabama indicted R. J. Williams, editor of the "Emancipator," living in New York; and the Governor of Alabama sent a requisition to the Governor of that State demanding that Mr. Williams should be given up to him to be dealt with by the courts of Alabama. The slave-holders of Louisiana offered \$50,000 for the head of Arthur Tappan, of New York, who had paid the fine of Garrison. The President, in his message to Congress, asked for the passage of a law which would exclude such papers as the "Emancipator" and "Liberator" from the mails. A bill was introduced, but it did not become a law. There was much excitement throughout the country. People who joined the antislavery societies were called fanatics. They were accused of disturbing the peace of the country, and of desiring that the slaves should cut the throats of their masters. A benevolent young woman, Prudence Crandall, was teaching school in Canterbury, Conn. A colored girl attended, which gave great offence to the people of the town, who withdrew their children, whereupon she opened a school for colored children, which so enraged the people that they held a town meeting, and passed resolutions condemning the school. They were not willing colored children should obtain an education. They were so bitter that it was difficult for Miss Crandall to obtain food for herself or her pupils. The selectmen of the town informed her she must pay \$1.60 a week for any pupil not an inhabitant of the town, and if the colored girls from other towns did not leave within ten days they would be tied up to the whipping-post and flogged. Ruffians filled up the well in Miss Crandall's dooryard. The sheriff seized one of the pupils, and was about to tie her up to the whipping-post, but did not do it. Possibly he thought it would be cruel, as the girl had not done anything wrong; it may be he came to the conclusion it would not read well in history. Instead of whipping the children, the people secured the passage of a law which prohibited the teaching in a school for colored children by any one without first obtaining the consent of a majority of the people and of the selectmen of a town. Church bells, which on Sunday called people to worship God and do good to their fellow-men, were rung, and cannon fired, when the Gov-

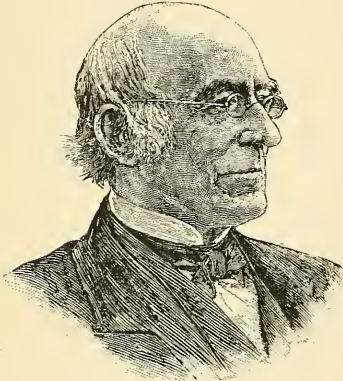
ernor signed the bill. The sheriff put Miss Crandall in jail—into a cell from which a man accused of murdering his wife had just been taken. Her alleged crime was teaching colored children. There were men on the jury who did not think that she had committed any crime, and she was set at liberty. Once more the school began, which made some of the people of Canterbury so angry that they set her house on fire, but she extinguished the flames. A mob threw stones through the windows and broke down the doors, so that she could no longer keep school.

The people of Canterbury, however, were not any more prejudiced against the colored people than those living in other towns throughout the Northern States. In Pittsfield, N. H., the Rev. Mr. Storrs was offering a prayer at an antislavery meeting, when the sheriff entered the pulpit and dragged him down the steps and out-of-doors. He had committed no crime, and was doing what he had a right to do under the constitution and laws of the State. James G. Birney, who lived in Kentucky, was a lawyer and also a minister, arguing cases in court during the week and preaching on Sunday. He was a slave-holder, but did not think it right to hold slaves, and so moved to Ohio and gave his slaves their freedom. He established the "Philanthropist," a newspaper which advocated the abolition of slavery. It so stirred up the people of Cincinnati that they held a public meeting. Jacob Bennett, one of the judges of the Superior Court and Senator in Congress, presided. It was not a meeting of ruffians, but of men who called themselves gentlemen. Many of them, doubtless, thought they were doing right, and what would be for the welfare of the community, by going to the office of the "Philanthropist" and throwing the type into the street and the printing-press into the river. They tried to find Mr. Birney, with the intention of giving him a coat of tar and feathers. Having destroyed the printing-office, they broke the windows and doors of the houses occupied by colored people; not that the negroes had done anything wrong, but because they were negroes.

The colored people of Philadelphia fared worse than those in Cincinnati. A mob killed one, beat others with clubs, treated women and girls indecently, broke down the doors and smashed the windows of fifty-four houses, and threw the furniture into the street, just because they had African blood in their veins.

Some of the women of Boston formed an antislavery society. The young printer, Mr. Garrison, was present at one of their meetings. Mary Parker was reading a chapter in the Bible and offering prayer

when a mob gathered about the building. The mayor of the city, Mr. Lyman, rushed in. "I entreat you to dissolve the meeting," he said. "We demand protection," the reply. "I cannot protect you." The mob seized Garrison, put a rope about his neck, and dragged him into the street. "Hang him!" they shouted. But the police hustled him



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

into a carriage and took him to the jail to save him from the excited crowd; not altogether from men whose homes were in narrow alleys, but who had ships on the sea bringing cotton from Southern cities—men who went from their counting-rooms to well-furnished houses, and who sat in cushioned pews on Sunday.

While this was going on in Boston, another mob was breaking up a meeting in Philadelphia and burning the building in which it was held. Many of the ministers in the Northern States, instead of being foremost in joining the antislavery societies, thought that slavery was sanctioned

by the Bible, and was ordained for the welfare of the human race.

We are to keep in mind the fact that Southern and Central Illinois was largely settled by people from Kentucky; that Abraham Lincoln was from that State, as were all his fellow-members in the Legislature from Sangamon County. By the ordinance of 1787, passed by Congress, slavery had been prohibited in the North-west Territory, which included Illinois; but in 1823 an amendment to the Constitution admitting slavery had been submitted to the people, which was rejected by a majority of only 1800 votes in a total of nearly 11,000.

On the last day of the session of 1836 a member of the Legislature introduced a series of resolutions which deprecated any discussion of slavery by the people, and which bitterly denounced the Abolitionists. Abraham Lincoln was very far from being an Abolitionist, but he did not like the spirit of the resolutions. He believed that the people had a right to discuss any question. He thought the institution of slavery was founded on injustice; that it was not good for any community; that Congress had the right to abolish it in the District of Columbia and in the Territories, but ought not to exercise the right except when the people in the District and Territories asked for its abolition. He wrote a protest against the resolutions, but could get only Dan Stone

to sign it. His Whig friends were fearful that if they were to sign they might lose some votes when the next election came round. The protest was Abraham Lincoln's first public expression in regard to slavery.

It was a time when everybody was intending to get rich—the period of grand schemes and great expectations. The multiplying of steamboats on the rivers and lakes, the opening of the Erie Canal, the fertility of the land in Illinois, together with other things, brought a great many people into the State. The prairies were dotted with white-topped wagons of emigrants; towns and villages were springing up; people who bought land from the Government and divided it into village lots expected to obtain several hundred dollars for an acre; those who obtained their farms from the Government for \$1.25 per acre expected that they would ere long be worth \$10 or \$15 per acre. Chicago, which in 1830 was only a little collection of houses, had become an important point. Vessels were coming and going. A canal which was to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois River had been surveyed, and the Legislature, of which Abraham Lincoln was a member, had appropriated \$500,000 to carry on the construction. So much land was taken by settlers that there was a surplus of more than \$40,000,000 in the Treasury of the United States. The land-offices were crowded with people—many of whom were not settlers—paying for land which was rapidly to increase in value. Everybody wanted railroads constructed. Each member had his pet scheme. The people of Alton wanted roads leading northward and eastward from that town, which would make it the rival of St. Louis. The men who were mining lead at Galena wanted a road which would run the entire length of that State to the Ohio River. There were to be roads east and west, north and south—in all, more than 1400 miles. No surveys had been made; neither did any one make an estimate of their cost; but the Legislature voted \$8,000,000 for the various schemes, and \$4,000,000 to help on the canal, besides \$200,000 to improve the rivers. No one thought of raising the money by taxation. It was said it could be had by the sale of bonds to people in the Eastern States. The State would have no difficulty in raising money to pay the interest on the bonds, which the rich men in New York and across the Atlantic would be eager to purchase. Such the reasoning. Towns were laid out, which, it was believed, would soon become bustling cities.

The members from Sangamon County determined to make Springfield the capital of the State. Other towns were equally determined to

secure the prize. Lincoln's fellow-members placed the bill for the removal of the capital in his hands. He was so kind and genial, and had so many stories for the entertainment of the members, that those who did not accept his political opinions were ready to listen to what he had to say in regard to the matter. His statements were so clear and arguments so conclusive that he brought about the passage of the bill.

The members from Sangamon and Morgan counties were greatly elated over what they had accomplished. At Macoupin's Point, where they passed a night on their homeward journey, they made the tavern ring with merriment — all except Lincoln, who was depressed in spirits.

“What is the trouble?” asked Mr. Butler.

“Well, I have no particular interest in having Springfield the capital,” he said. “I am more concerned in getting some capital for myself. I have been trying to get started in life, but haven't made much headway. I am in debt, and all the money I have received at Vandalia will go to pay it.”

“What do you intend to do for a living?” Butler asked.

“I would like to leave New Salem, make my home in Springfield, and study law.”

“Make my house your home as long as you please,” said Mr. Butler, who comprehended how greatly they were indebted to him in securing the passage of the bill.⁽⁶⁾

A banquet was provided by the people of Springfield upon their arrival, at which the following sentiment complimenting Lincoln was given: “He has fulfilled the expectations of his friends and disappointed the hopes of his enemies.”

It is a great point gained when a young man finds out for what he is best fitted in life. During the two sessions of the Legislature at

^{1837.} Vandalia, Abraham Lincoln had met lawyers in debate. He saw their qualifications and natural ability, and had measured himself with them. He had been studying the few law-books which his friends had loaned him, and had been drifting almost insensibly towards the law as an occupation; but if he was to be a lawyer he must begin in earnest to prepare himself. He was twenty-eight years old. He was no longer postmaster; no longer surveyor for the Government. He was in poverty, with the unpaid notes signed by himself and Berry hanging over him. He was poorer than on that day when Nancy Miller made him a pair of jean trousers. Every village had its lawyer; in Springfield there were several gentlemen who were well educated.

What chance was there for him? Yet the decision was made calmly and resolutely.

The song birds were building their nests and the forest trees putting forth their leaves, when the young man who had secured the passage of the bill which made Springfield the capital entered the store of Joshua Speed and threw his saddle-bags upon the counter. He intended to make Springfield his home. Thenceforth he was to be a lawyer.

"I want to get a room, and must have a bedstead and some bedding. How much shall I have to pay?" he said.

Mr. Speed took up his slate and jotted down the items: the cost of the bedstead, bed-tick, sheets, blankets, and wash-basin. "Seventeen dollars," said the store-keeper.

"I have no doubt it is cheap, but I haven't the money to pay for the articles. If you can trust me till Christmas, and if I succeed in my experiment of being a lawyer, I will pay you then; if I fail, probably I never shall be able to pay you."

No ripple of laughter came from his lips, no smile illumined the countenance, and the sad eyes were looking far away. Mr. Speed was his friend, but never before had he seen him so dejected.

"I can fix things better than that," said the store-keeper. "I have a large room and a double bed up-stairs, and you are welcome to occupy the room and share the bed with me."

With his spare clothing and two law-books in his saddle-bags he ascends the stairs. "I am moved!" his exclamation. He comes down with a beaming face, the sadness all gone. (°)

Major John T. Stuart, who had been a fellow-soldier in the campaign against the Indians, was ready to receive him as a partner. We are not to conclude that a crowd of people came flocking to the office of Stuart & Lincoln with cases for the court; on the contrary, not many clients darkened their doors during the summer.

There came a gentleman, one day, who announced himself as agent of the Post-office Department at Washington.

"You were at one time, two or three years ago, postmaster at New Salem, I think?" said the stranger.

"Yes, I believe so."

"I think your account has never been settled."

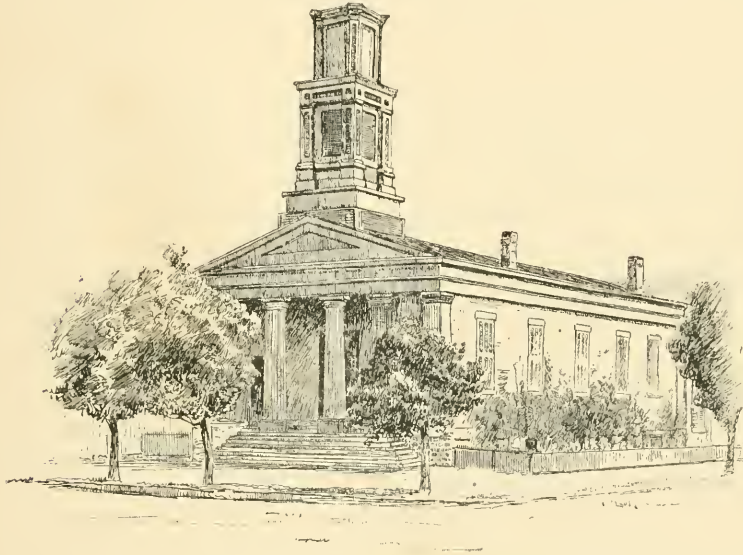
"No, it has not. I have been wondering why somebody did not come round to square up things. I have been keeping the money." He goes up-stairs, returns with an old stocking, and counts out half-dollars,

shillings, and sixpences—the exact amount due the United States.(?) In his poverty it has been held sacred. Long ago it was written, “He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.”

Events were taking place which set Abraham Lincoln thinking about the value of free institutions under a government of the people. A negro in St. Louis who had committed a terrible crime was taken from jail by a mob before he had been tried by the court, chained to a stake, and burned to death. After the poor wretch was dead, men and boys amused themselves by throwing stones at the skeleton. Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, editor of a religious paper, published an article in which he said that while the negro deserved to die, such conduct was no better than that of savages who burned prisoners of war at the stake, and who danced around their victims while the fire was doing its work. The men who burned the negro did not like such plain talk, and organized another mob, which entered the printing-office, destroyed the types, and threw the press into the river. Mr. Lovejoy left St. Louis and set up a new office in Alton, Ill., thinking the people of that town would respect the freedom of the Press; but when the new printing-press arrived from Cincinnati, ruffians broke it in pieces and destroyed the types. Another press was purchased in Cincinnati. The mayor was notified, and a request made for its protection. He appointed Mr. Lovejoy and a large number of citizens special policemen to protect the property. The press arrived, and was put into a stone warehouse. “It is our determination to protect our property,” said Mr. Lovejoy and the others, as they assembled in the building in the evening with their guns. “You are acting in accordance with the law,” said the mayor. A howling mob beset the building and fired into it. Those within returned the fire, killing one and wounding another. “Burn them out!” shouted the ruffians, raising a ladder and kindling a fire on the roof. Mr. Lovejoy and others stepped out-of-doors to fire at those on the ladder; but several of the mob fired upon them, and he fell mortally wounded. The other citizens, knowing if they remained they would be burned to death, fled from the building, the mob firing at them as they ran. Having gained possession, they broke the press and threw it into the river.(*)

The men who committed the murder little thought that instead of suppressing agitation they were helping it on. In many places throughout the Northern States public meetings were held denouncing the outrage. Mr. Lovejoy had written articles against slavery, but men who were not in sympathy with the Abolitionists saw that the freedom of the Press was the great question to be considered.

The young men of Springfield formed a lyceum for the consideration of questions affecting the interests of the people. The discussions were carried on around the great fireplace in Mr. Speed's store, with the hickory logs blazing on the hearth, and the audience sitting on nail-casks and benches. Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were so able in argument and keen at repartee that the store could not accommodate those who came to hear them, and the meetings were held in



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD.

the Presbyterian church. They took up the affair at Alton. It came to the lot of Lincoln to deliver an address. He chose for his theme "The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions." He was twenty-eight years of age. Seven years had passed since he entered the State driving an ox-team. He had pulled an oar on the Mississippi, navigated the Sangamon, been a soldier in the Black Hawk War, store-keeper, land-surveyor, and legislator. The people listened wonderingly to the opening sentences :

"In the great journal of things happening under the sun, the American people find our account running under date of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. We find ourselves in peaceful possession of the fairest portion of the earth as regards extent of territory, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate. We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil

and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We find ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or the establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed to us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed, race of ancestors."

The words that fall from his lips are the utterances of a statesman—of one who is looking into the future, who comprehends in some degree the mighty forces that are shaping the future of the country. He speaks of the action of the mob which a few weeks before had burned a negro in St. Louis, and of the peril of the country. What sentences are these!

"There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law.

"Many great and good men, sufficiently qualified for any task they should undertake, may ever be found whose ambition would aspire to nothing but a seat in Congress, a gubernatorial or a presidential chair; but such belong not to the family of the lion or the brood of the eagle. What! Think you these places would satisfy an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon? Never!

"Towering genius disdains a beaten path. It seeks regions hitherto unexplored. It does not add story to story upon the monuments of fame erected to the memory of others. It denies that it is glory enough to serve under any chief. It scorns to tread in the footsteps of any predecessor, however illustrious. *It thirsts and burns for distinction, and, if possible, will have it, whether at the expense of emancipating slaves or enslaving free men.* Is it unreasonable, then, to expect that some man possessed with the loftiest genius, coupled with ambition sufficient to push it to its utmost stretch, will at some time spring up among us? And when such an one does, it will require the people to be united, attached to the Government and laws, and generally intelligent, to successfully frustrate the design." (9)

Is this prophecy? Is there some unseen intelligence of another realm whispering to him of the part he is to play in the drama of his country's history? Why did he, six years before, raise his right hand to heaven, as he came from the heart-rending scene in the slave-market of New Orleans, swear a solemn oath that, if the opportunity ever came to him, he would hit the institution of slavery a staggering blow? Is it that his own spirit is already thirsting and burning for the emancipation of 3,000,000 slaves? Interpret the words as we may, they will ever stand as remarkable utterances—seemingly prophetic when read in connection with the events of his subsequent life.

In the election of members for the Legislature, Mr. Lincoln was again a candidate. His opponent, Colonel Taylor, said the Whig party was
 1838. composed of aristocrats, who wore broadcloth and rode in fine carriages, whereas the Democrats were poor men, who worked hard to get a living. The rich Whigs lived in luxurious homes, while the Democrats were found in log-cabins.

“My opponent,” said Lincoln, in reply, “accuses the Whigs of riding in fine carriages and wearing ruffled shirts, kid-gloves, and gold watch-chains. Well, I was once a poor boy, and worked hard on a flat-boat for \$8 a month, and had only a pair of buckskin breeches. You know that buckskin after being wet is apt to shrink in drying, and as my breeches were often wet, the shrinking went on, the breeches getting shorter and shorter, till there were several inches of bare ankle between my stockings and the lower ends of the breeches. They were so tight that they left a blue streak around my shins. Now, if you call that aristocracy, I plead to the charge.”⁽¹⁰⁾

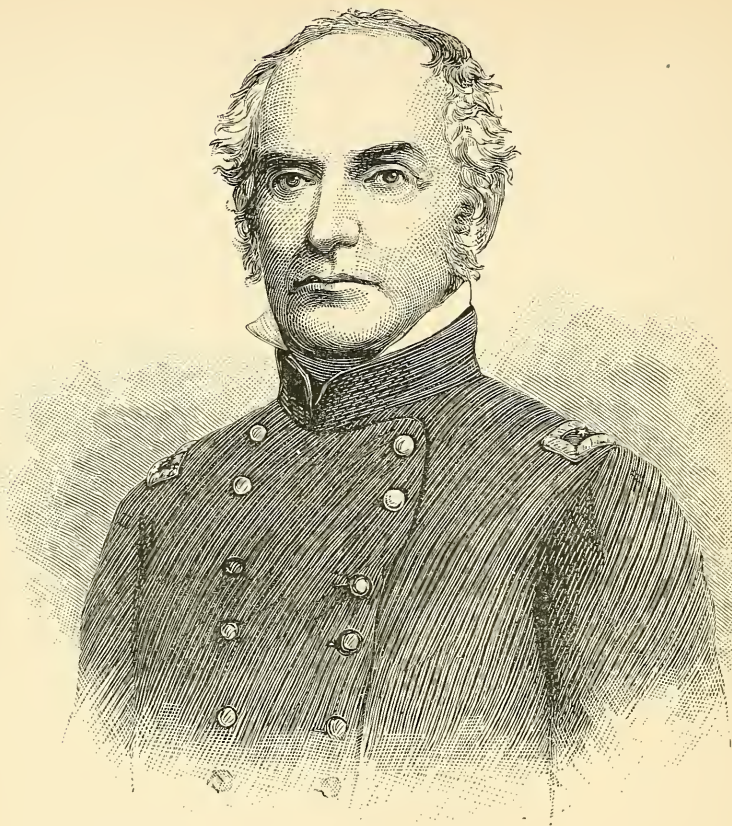
His opponent was a demagogue who, when making political speeches to obtain an office, liked to wear fine clothes and a showy watch-chain, but who, when trying to obtain votes, was careful to cover up his ruffled shirt and chain. Lincoln knew that he was deceiving the people, and by a sweep of his arm gave the fellow's vest a jerk, exposing the ruffle of his shirt and gold chain. The people roared with laughter, and the fellow left the platform, very red in the face. By the sweep of his arm he had upset all of Taylor's plans.

Edward Dickinson Baker was born in London, England. He was two years younger than Abraham Lincoln, and came to America early in life. He made Springfield his home. He was a young lawyer, and, like Lincoln, an ardent Whig. His voice was musical. He could play the piano, sing songs, and write poetry. He was an earnest advocate for the election of Harrison as President, and made a speech in the court-house to a great crowd. Many of those who gathered to hear him were Democrats. They were rough men; they chewed tobacco, drank whiskey, and became angry at what Baker was saying.

The office of Stuart & Lincoln was over the court-room. A trap-door for ventilation, above the platform of the court-room, opened into their office. Lincoln, desiring to hear what Baker was saying, lifted the door, stretched himself upon the floor, and looked down upon the swaying crowd. Baker was talking about the stealings of the Democratic officials in the land-offices.

“Wherever there is a land-office there you will find a Democratic newspaper defending its corruptions,” said Baker.

“Pull him down! Put him out! It is a lie!” the cry from a fellow in the crowd, whose brother was editor of a Democratic paper. There was a rush for the platform. Great the astonishment of the crowd at seeing a pair of long legs dangle from the scuttle, and then the body, shoulders, and head of Abraham Lincoln, who let himself down to the



EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER

platform. He lifted his hand, but the fellows did not heed his gesture. They saw him grasp a stone-ware water-pitcher and heard him say, "I'll break it over the head of the first man who lays a hand on Baker! Hold on, gentlemen! This is a free country—a land for free speech. Mr. Baker has a right to speak; let him be heard. I am here to protect him, and no man shall take him from this platform if I can prevent it."⁽¹⁾

It was as if he had said—as was said once before—"Peace, be still." The people knew how champion wrestlers had gone down before him; but it was not that which hushed the crowd to silence and stilled the storm. They knew his goodness—how kind-hearted, just, honest, and

true he was; that he stands ever for what is right. Baker goes on, no one daring to disturb him so long as Abraham Lincoln is there.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI.

- (¹) Joshua F. Speed, *Lecture on Abraham Lincoln*, p. 17.
(²) *Ibid.*, p. 18.
(³) "Sangamon Journal," June, 1836, quoted in "Herndon's Lincoln," p. 166 (edition 1889).
(⁴) W. H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 167 (edition 1889).
(⁵) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 71.
(⁶) W. H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 185 (edition 1889).
(⁷) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 55.
(⁸) "Life of Rev. E. P. Lovejoy."
(⁹) "Sangamon Journal."
(¹⁰) W. H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 195 (edition 1889).
(¹¹) *Ibid.*, p. 196.

CHAPTER VII.

RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

THE judicial districts of Illinois comprised several counties, in which the judge for the district held court, going from county to county; he was called "Circuit Judge." The leading lawyers in the district usually accompanied him to the different county seats—all on horseback. It was called "riding the circuit." The judge might be very grave and dignified when representing the majesty of the law in the court-room, but when mounted on his horse, with his law-books and an extra shirt in his saddle-bags, riding across the prairie, accompanied by a dozen or more jolly lawyers, his laugh was as loud as theirs. In the evenings judge and lawyer alike gathered in the bar-room of the tavern, and there was ever an admiring audience to listen to their stories. The coming of the Court was looked forward to by the people of the county as one of the most important events of the year.

Abraham Lincoln was a young lawyer. He could not be called a leading member of the bar, for he had been only a few months with his partner when he began to ride the circuit. He had very few cases in court, but hoped that somebody would want to employ him at the different county seats.

The census taken by the United States in 1840 showed that there were slaves in Illinois, although it was a free State. Settlers from Kentucky had brought them across the Ohio River. Unexpectedly a case came to Mr. Lincoln which greatly enlisted his sympathy and energy. Mr. Crowell sold his slave Nancy to Mr. Bailey, who, not having the money to pay for her, gave his note, which was not paid when due. Mr. Crowell did not want to lose his money, and brought suit in the Circuit Court. The judge decided that the note must be paid. An appeal was made to the Supreme Court. We do not know just how it came about, but possibly somebody had discovered that Abraham Lincoln was very kind-hearted, that he loved justice and right, and so employed him in behalf of the slave. He was thirty-two years old. He

had not had many cases; possibly this was his first in the Supreme Court. The lawyer opposed to him was one of the ablest in Illinois—Stephen T. Logan, who later became his law partner, and subsequently a judge.

“May it please the Court,” said Lincoln, in his argument, “the Ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery in the North-west Territory, would give Nancy her freedom. The Constitution of the State prohibits the holding of slaves. She cannot, therefore, be held as a slave; she cannot be sold as a slave. A note given for the sale of a slave in a free State can have no value. Neither Crowell nor Bailey can hold Nancy; she is entitled to her freedom, and Crowell is not entitled to the money which Bailey promised to pay.”

The argument was so plain that the Court decided in his favor. The decision put an end to the holding of slaves in Illinois.

The court-house, when the court was in session, was an attractive place. It might not be much better than a barn, but it was where people revered the majesty of law; where the brightest men in the county might be seen and heard. The judge sat on a platform behind a desk, with the clerk in front of him upon a lower platform. The members of the bar usually were tipped back in chairs, with their feet on other chairs, chewing tobacco and spitting at a box filled with sawdust. Abraham Lincoln did not chew nor smoke tobacco. In presenting a case he often admitted so much that was favorable to his opponent, the lawyers were accustomed to say he had given himself away; but he believed one lost nothing by being fair.

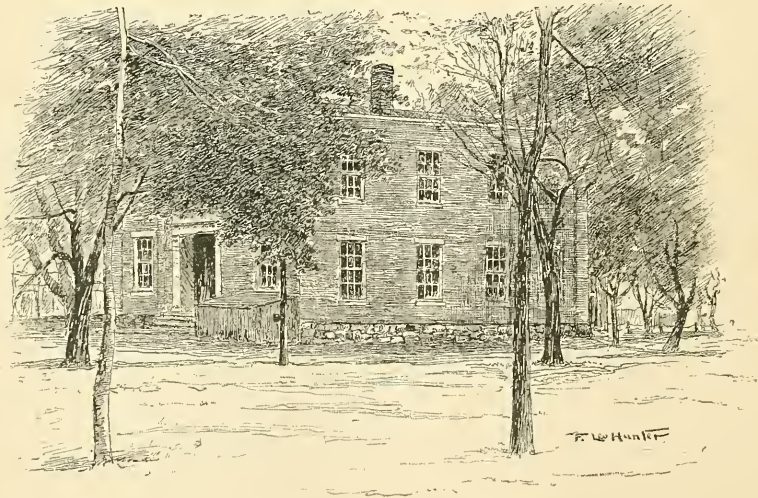
He was employed in a very interesting case. Two farmers went to law about a young colt. One brought thirty-four witnesses, who testified that they had known the colt from the day of its birth; that it belonged to him. Thirty other men swore they also had known it from its birth; that it belonged to the other man. There had been two colts, but one was missing. Everybody said they were so nearly alike in size and color it was not possible to say which was which. “Let the mares be brought into the case as witnesses,” said the judge. He leaves the bench, and goes with all the lawyers and a great crowd of people to see and hear what the animals will say. The two mares are brought into the public square, and the colt let loose. It whinnies for its mother. There is an answering whinney from one of the mares, and the colt runs to her side and will not leave her.

What ought the jury to do? Thirty-four men have testified on one side, and thirty on the other. They all say they have known the colt

from its birth, and that they cannot be deceived. Shall the actions of the animals be accepted as evidence? "May it please your honor," said Lincoln, "I submit that the voice of Nature in the colt and its mother is of far more importance than the testimony of man. This is a case in which the argument is as to the weight of evidence. It is a civil suit, and we want to find out who owns the colt. It is a case in which the jury must decide according to the weight of evidence. Now, gentlemen of the jury, if you were going to bet as to which of the mares is the mother, on which would you risk your money—even if it was not more than a picayune? On which is the preponderance of evidence? Possibly you might not be right, but that is not the question. It is whether you will accept the testimony of thirty men and the silence of one of the mares on the one side, or the testimony of thirty-four men, the other mare, and the colt on the other side?"

The case was so plain that the jury had no difficulty in deciding as to which farmer was the rightful owner of the colt. They decided just as they would have bet their money.

Another case was that of a poor woman, nearly eighty years old, who came with a pitiful story. Her husband had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War, under Washington. He was dead, and she was entitled to a pension amounting to \$400. A rascally fellow, pretending



COURT-HOUSE, PETERSBURG.

[From a photograph taken by the author, 1890. The town of Petersburg was surveyed by Mr. Lincoln, and many of his legal arguments were made in this building.]

great friendship for her, had obtained the money, but had put half of it into his own pocket.

The poor woman was the only witness. The jury heard her story. Abraham Lincoln the while was making the following notes on a slip of paper:

“No contract.

“Not professional services.

“Unreasonable charges.

“Money retained by defendant not given to plaintiff.

“Revolutionary War.

“Describe Valley Forge.

“Ice. Soldiers’ bleeding feet.

“Husband leaving home for the army.

“Skin defendant.”

He rises and turns to the judge. Of the lawyers sitting around the table perhaps not one of them can say just what there is about him which hushes the room in an instant. “May it please your honor”—the words are spoken slowly, as if he were not quite ready to go on with what he has to say—“gentlemen of the jury: this is a very simple case—so simple that a child can understand it. You have heard that there has been no contract—no agreement by the parties. You will observe that there has been no professional service by contract.” Slowly, clearly, one by one the points were taken up. Who was the man to whom the Government of the United States owed the money? He had been with Washington at Valley Forge, barefooted in midwinter, marching with bleeding feet, with only rags to protect him from the cold—starving for his country. The speaker’s lips were tremulous, and his eyes filled with tears as he told how the soldiers of the Revolution marched amid the snows, shivered in the wintry winds, starved, fought, died that those who came after them might have a country. Judge, jurymen, lawyers, and the people who listen wipe the tears from their eyes as he tells the story of the soldier parting from friends, from the wife, then in the bloom and beauty of youth, but now friendless and alone, old and poor. The man who professed to be her friend had robbed her of what was her due. His spirit is greatly stirred. The jury right the wrong, and compel the fellow to hand over the money. And then the people see the lawyer who has won the case tenderly accompanying the grateful woman to the railroad station. He pays her bill at the hotel, her fare in the cars, and charges nothing for what he has done! (2)

A negro woman came to Mr. Lincoln with a pitiful story. She

and her children had been slaves in Kentucky, but their master had brought them to Illinois and given them their freedom. Her son was a cabin-boy on a steamboat. When the boat reached New Orleans the boy went on shore, and, not having a pass, was arrested. He was in jail, and would soon be sold into slavery because he had no money to pay the fees due the jailor. He was a citizen of Illinois. "What can you do for the boy, legally and constitutionally?" wrote Lincoln to the Governor of the State.

"I am powerless; I have no authority," was the reply.

Mr. Lincoln saw as never before the aggressiveness of slavery; how it was laying its iron hands upon citizens of Illinois. He walked the floor with rising indignation. "I'll have that negro back, or I'll have an agitation in this State that shall last twenty years, if need be, to give the Governor authority to act in such a case!" he exclaims. He obtained \$200, and secured the return of the boy.

It was a pleasure for him to help others. He loved justice and right. He would not undertake to conduct a case in court unless he had right on his side. It was a very strange announcement which he made when a case was called in which he appeared as counsel: "May it please your honor, I have examined this case with great care; the only question at issue is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority to sustain my side, but I have found several cases in point on the other side. I will give them, and submit the case to the Court." Instead of presenting his own side, or instead of sitting in silence, he had given the argument and authority on the side of his opponent.

A lawyer in Beardstown received a call from Lincoln. "I learn," said the latter, "that you are suing some of my clients, and I have come to see about it."

"Yes, I have brought suit against a man in order to make him carry out a contract. Here is the agreement between the parties. Read it, and see if I have not justice on my side," the reply.

"You are right. Your client is justly entitled to what he claims, and I shall so represent it to the Court. It is against my principle to contest what is clearly a matter of right."³

Right first, justice always, chicanery never—those were the principles of Abraham Lincoln.

A man wanted him to undertake a case, told his story, and was astonished to hear Lincoln reply: "Yes, I can doubtless obtain your case for you. I can set the whole neighborhood at loggerheads. I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and

thereby get you \$600, to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully, as it appears to me, belong quite as much to the woman and her children as to you. You must remember that some things are legally right which are not morally right. I will not undertake your case, but will give you a little advice, for which I shall charge nothing. You seem to be an energetic man, and I advise you to make \$600 some other way."

At Clinton there was so interesting a case that men and women from all the surrounding country crowded the court-room. Fifteen women were arraigned. A liquor seller persisted in selling whiskey to their husbands after the wives begged him not to do so. He cared nothing for their protestations, but laughed in their faces. The tears upon their cheeks did not move him. What should they do? There was no law to stop him. They marched to the groggery, smashed in the heads of the barrels with axes, and broke the demijohns and bottles. The fellow had them arrested. No lawyer volunteered to defend them. Abraham Lincoln, from Springfield, entered the room. There was something about him which emboldened them to speak to him. "We have no one to defend us. Would it be asking too much to inquire if you can say a kind word in our behalf?" the request.

The lawyer from Springfield rises. All eyes are upon him. "May it please the Court, I will say a few words in behalf of the women who are arraigned before your honor and the jury. I would suggest, first, that there be a change in the indictment, so as to have it read, 'The State against Mr. Whiskey,' instead of 'The State against the Women.' It would be far more appropriate. Touching this question, there are three laws: First, the law of self-protection; second, the law of the statute; third, the law of God. The law of self-protection is the law of necessity, as shown when our fathers threw the tea into Boston harbor, and in asserting their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is the defence of these women. The man who has persisted in selling whiskey has had no regard for their well-being or the welfare of their husbands and sons. He has had no fear of God or regard for man; neither has he had any regard for the laws of the statute. No jury can fix any damages or punishment for any violation of the moral law. The course pursued by this liquor dealer has been for the demoralization of society. His groggery has been a nuisance. These women, finding all moral suasion of no avail with this fellow, oblivious to all tender appeal, alike regardless of their prayers and tears, in order to protect their households and promote the welfare of the community, united to suppress the nuisance.

The good of society demanded its suppression. They accomplished what otherwise could not have been done."

There was no need for him to say more. The whole case had been stated, and the jury understood it.

"Ladies," said the judge, "you need not remain any longer in court unless you desire to. I will require no bond of you; and if there should be any fine imposed, I will give you notice." The judge was so polite and smiling that everybody in the room understood that there was no probability of a fine.⁽⁴⁾

Mr. Cass had a case in court. He owned two yoke of oxen and a breaking-up plough which he wanted to sell, and which Mr. Snow's two sons bought, giving their note in payment. Neither of the boys had arrived at the age of manhood. Mr. Cass trusted that they would pay the note when it became due; but it was not paid. Abraham Lincoln questioned a witness:

"Can you tell me where the oxen are now?" he asked.

"They are on the farm where the boys have been ploughing."

"Have you seen them lately?"

"I saw them last week."

"How old are the boys now?"

"One is a little over twenty-one, and the other is nearly twenty-three."

"They were both under age when the note was given?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all."

"Gentlemen of the jury: I do not think that those boys would have tried to cheat Mr. Cass out of his oxen but for the advice of their counsel. It was bad advice in morals and in law. The law never sanctions cheating, and a lawyer must be very smart indeed to twist the law so that it will sanction fraud. The judge will tell you what your own sense of justice has already told you—that if those boys were mean enough to plead the baby act when they came to be men, they at least ought to have taken the oxen and plough back to Mr. Cass. They ought to know that they cannot go back on their contract and also keep what the note was given for."

So plain the case the jury, without leaving their seats, rendered a verdict, and the young men were obliged to pay for the oxen and plough, besides learning a wholesome lesson.

While riding the circuit Abraham Lincoln was taking a lively interest in political affairs. There was much dissatisfaction throughout the

country with the administration of President Van Buren, whom the Democratic party renominated. The Whig party nominated General William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, who was born in a log-cabin, who fought a battle with the Indians at Tippecanoe, in Indiana, and whom the Whigs called "Old Tippecanoe." He won other battles against the British in Canada. During the campaign there were mass-meetings, log-cabins, processions, brass bands, oxen roasted whole, flag-raising, speeches, and songs. The songs sung told about General Harrison, his eating corn-bread and drinking cider. Abraham Lincoln was making speeches throughout Illinois for Harrison. His speeches were enlivened with anecdotes and stories, and were much liked by the people. His partner, Mr. Stuart, was a member of Congress. With one member of the firm in Washington, and the other giving his attention to politics, the spiders could spin their webs undisturbed in their law office. Not much money came from riding the circuit.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

Once more he was elected to the Legislature. In the State-house he made the acquaintance of men of influence and position. In the bar-room of the hotel he was the centre of a circle of admiring listeners.

Springfield was no longer a small county seat, but the capital of the State, the resort of men and women of influence and position. It was a hospitable mansion—that of Ninian Edwards—which opened its doors to the Governor, judges, members of the Legislature, and distinguished visitors. They received a gracious welcome from the young bride, whose former home was in the most cultured town of Kentucky—Lexington. Shall we wonder that the young men of Springfield were often found in the parlor of the Edwards mansion, made doubly radiant and attractive by the presence of Mrs. Edwards and her unmarried sister, Mary Todd?

"I want to introduce you to Mary Todd," said Mr. Speed to Mr. Lincoln, as they entered the house of Mr. Edwards. Doubtless, the

acquaintance was all the more pleasurable to him from the fact that Miss Todd was acquainted with Henry Clay. She was twenty-one, vivacious, sparkling, the centre of a circle of admiring young men. She never was at a loss for a partner in the promenade, the minuet, or waltz. He did not dance, neither did he know how to play cards;(⁵) but yet she was never more vivacious than when in conversation with him. We are not to think that a young man who but a few years before pulled an oar and swung an axe to earn his daily bread, whose life had been a struggle against adversity, could at once become a general favorite in cultured society. He did not understand all the amenities of social intercourse; but somehow the attentions of Mr. Lincoln were more acceptable to Miss Todd than those proffered by other young men. As the weeks went on, friendship ripened to a marriage engagement. In his lonely chamber he was pondering a great question. Could he give her the affection that would be her due? Could he fill her life with joy? Ought he to accept her love when he could give so little in return? Not for the world would he imperil her happiness. Is it strange that the tears glistened upon her cheeks when he informed her he could not reciprocate her affection as he ought and as she deserved? Need we wonder that when he saw the tears he kissed them away and plighted his troth anew?

The day fixed for the wedding arrived. The marriage of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd would be a notable social event. There was much preparation in the hospitable mansion of Ninian
 January, 1841. Edwards. The guests assemble; the feast is prepared; all are waiting. The bride in her beauty is ready to descend from her chamber to meet him who is to fill her life with happiness. He has not arrived. None of all the listening ears can hear his approaching footsteps. The evening wanes. He does not come. The guests take their departure; the lights are extinguished; the wedding-feast is not eaten. Mary Todd is in her chamber, overwhelmed with mortification. Joshua Speed searches for the delinquent groom, and finds him pale, haggard, and in the deepest melancholy.(⁶) Heart-rending the letter which he sent to his friend, Mr. Stuart:

“I am the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be a cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I cannot tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better.”(⁷)

In the mythology of our forefathers of Norseland a bird of ebony

plumage was the symbol of memory. Through all ages, in all lands, the raven has been the emblem of haunting recollections. The world never will know the tearful memories and heart-rending forebodings of that night of agony. The transcendent genius of Edgar Allen Poe faintly portrays it :

“ ‘Prophet!’ said I, ‘thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.’
Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’”

Unmindful of what was going on around him, silent, pale, his mind tempest-tossed, Mr. Lincoln was sinking into distressful melancholy. It was very kind in Joshua F. Speed, who had closed his business in Springfield, and who was going to Kentucky, to take Mr. Lincoln with him to his former home just out from Louisville. (*) There was tenderness in the sympathetic welcome given him by the mother of Mr. Speed, a great-hearted Christian woman.

To men who think for themselves, no matter what may have been their previous religious belief, there not unfrequently comes a period of doubting. Such a period came to Abraham Lincoln. The preachers whom he heard through his early years, for the most part, had little education. One of the Governors of Illinois says of them :

“They were without previous training, except in religious exercises and in the study of the Holy Scriptures. It was not thought necessary that a teacher should be a scholar. It was thought to be his business to make appeals warm from the heart; to paint heaven and hell to the imagination of the sinner, to terrify him with the one and to promise the other as a reward for a life of righteousness. . . . They made up by loud holloaing and violent action what they lacked in information.” (†)

Many of those who travelled from settlement to settlement knew very little about the Bible, but yet attempted to explain all its truths and events. At the camp-meetings held in groves along the streams there was weeping, wailing, excitement, frenzy, rolling upon the ground, ecstatic shoutings, “Amen!” “Glory!” “Hallelujah!” Shall we wonder that Abraham Lincoln came to the conclusion that there was not much true religion in such ecstasy and excitement? It is possible that some of those who shouted loudest were hard and grasping in their dealings with their neighbors; amens, hallelujahs, and loud praying did not make them better men. He had not forgotten his mother’s

teachings. He could repeat much of the Bible, but he was not moved by emotional appeals. Many of the doctrines taught were repulsive to him. When Ann Rutledge died, and his soul was wrung with grief, no one had talked to him of divine love and eternal goodness. So far as he could see, his own life had been a failure. Hopes had not been realized, desires not gratified. He had accomplished nothing.

"You will die unless you rally," the words of his dear friend, Mr. Speed.

"I am not afraid to die, and would be more than willing; but I have an irrepressible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having lived in it," the mournful reply.⁽¹⁰⁾

He is out in the desert—hungry, thirsty, weary, depressed in spirit—no star to guide him. But as the angels of God came to the carpenter's Son of Nazareth, so came Joshua F. Speed and Lucy Gilman Speed to him.

He finds himself in a hospitable home. Flowers are blooming around it; balmy breezes sweep through the halls. He breathes an atmosphere of restful peace. A saintly woman sits by his side, opens the New Testament, and reads the words of One who Himself had been in the wilderness. Her teachings are very different from what he has heard from the shouters. The Oxford Bible which she presents him as a token of her respect and affection⁽¹¹⁾ has given her comfort and consolation in every hour of trouble. She talks of God as a Father, Jesus Christ as a Brother. New truths dawn upon him, and the Bible becomes a different book from what it has been in the past. That home, with its blooming flowers, restful shade, and atmosphere of peace and joy, is the gateway of a new life. Little does Lucy Gilman Speed know that God has crowned her with honor and glory, to be a ministering spirit in leading a bewildered wanderer out of the desert of despair and unbelief, that he may do great things for his fellow-men. Weeks go by, the gloom and anguish disappear. The period of doubt has gone, never to return. From that hour the Bible is to be his rule of life and duty.

His biographers—those who were near him later in life—have this to say of him:

"The late but splendid maturity of Lincoln's mind and character dates from this time; and although he grew in strength and knowledge to the end, from this year we observe a steadiness and sobriety of thought and purpose discernible in his life."⁽¹²⁾

This estimate does not include the service rendered by Lucy Gilman

Speed. When the great account is made up, and the angels of God come from the harvest-fields to lay their sheaves at the feet of the Master, hers will be the changed life of Abraham Lincoln.



LUCY GILMAN SPEED.

[From a painting by Bush, in possession of the family.]

As this biography unfolds, there will be seen, as the years go by and the responsibilities of life roll upon him, a reverent recognition of Divine Providence, an increasing faith and childlike trust in God.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII.

- (¹) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 81.
- (²) W. H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 340 (edition 1889).
- (³) Ibid., p. 327.
- (⁴) Ibid., p. 343.
- (⁵) Joshua F. Speed, Lecture on Abraham Lincoln, p. 31.
- (⁶) W. H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 215 (edition 1889).
- (⁷) Letter to J. T. Stuart, quoted in Herndon's "Lincoln," p. 215 (edition 1889).
- (⁸) Joshua F. Speed, Lecture on Abraham Lincoln, p. 39.
- (⁹) Governor Ford, "History of Illinois."
- (¹⁰) Joshua F. Speed, Lecture on Abraham Lincoln, p. 39.
- (¹¹) "Century Magazine," January, 1887.
- (¹²) Ibid.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEVEN YEARS OF ACTIVE LIFE.

FROM the restful retreat in the home of Lucy Gilman Speed, Mr. Lincoln, with new hopes and ambitions, took passage on a steamboat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi and the Illinois rivers to his home. It was the most convenient route of travel. Without doubt, when he reached Gentry's Landing he recollected the day when he ferried two passengers out to a passing boat, and received in return two shining half-dollars, which seemed a fortune at the time. It was the locality where Katy Robie had made the evening hours pleasant by her presence. It was the home of Judge Pitcher, who had been so kind to him. From that point to the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi he had pulled an oar on a flatboat. From the Mississippi to Beardstown he would be once more amid the familiar scenes of his second trip to New Orleans. There is little question that the recollections of the auction of human beings came back to him, for once more he beheld the barbarism of the institution of slavery. In the Kentucky home where he had found such restfulness he had seen slavery in its most attractive form—the slaves cared for as members of the household, and a tender affection existing between them and their mistress. In such a home, the institution was patriarchal and seemingly beneficial, but upon the steamboat the illusion faded. In a letter to Miss Mary Speed he said:

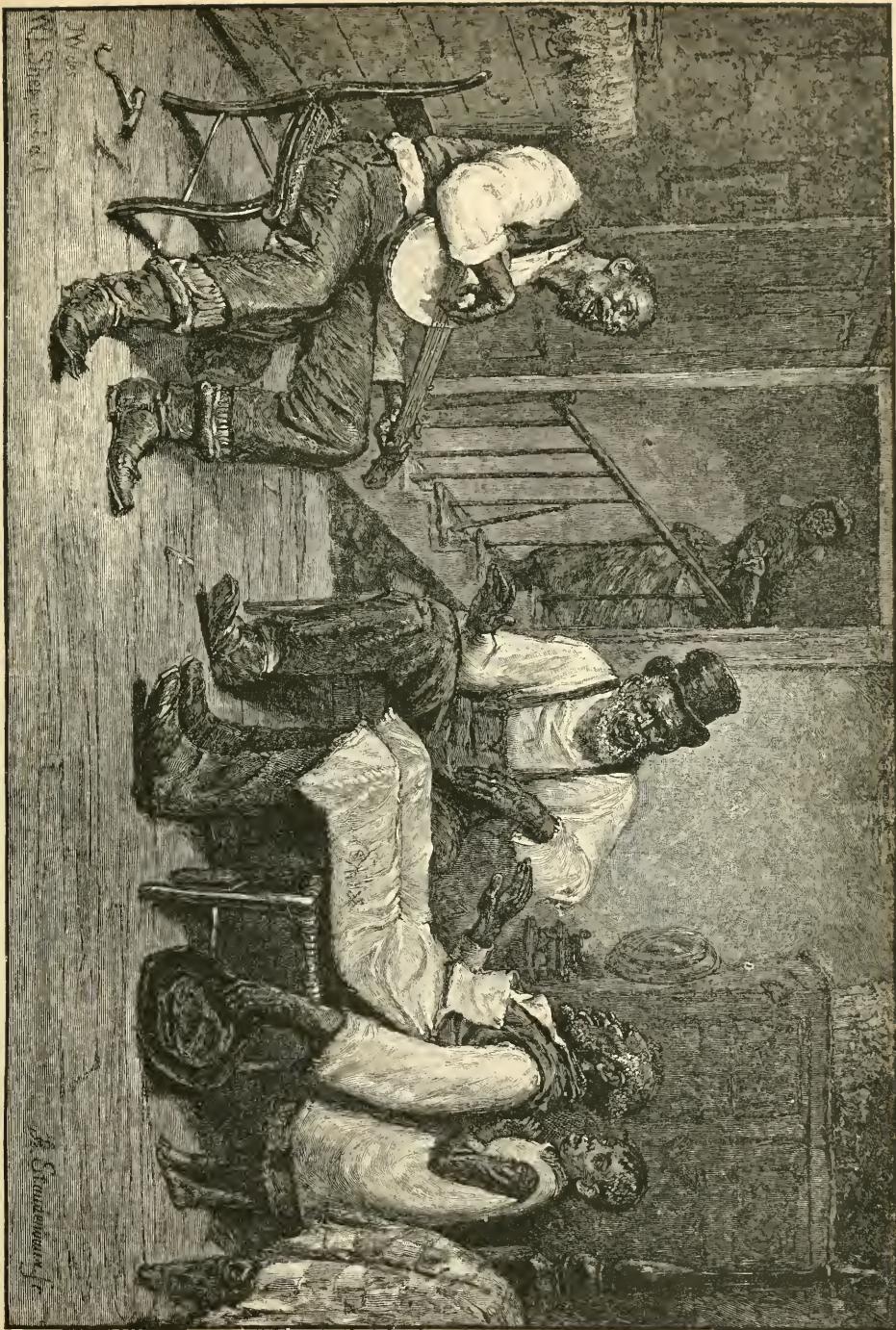
“A fine example was presented on board the boat for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together; a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this was fastened to the main chain by a shorter one at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fish upon a trout-line. In this condition they were being separated forever from the scenes of their childhood, their friends,

their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, and many of them from their wives and children, and going into perpetual slavery, where the lash of the master is proverbially more ruthless than anywhere else; and yet amid all these distressing circumstances, as we would think them, they were the most cheerful and apparently happy people on board. One, whose offence for which he was sold was an over-fondness for his wife, played the fiddle almost continually, and others danced, sang, cracked jokes, and played various games with cards from day to day. How true it is that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' or, in other words, that He renders the worst of human conditions tolerable, while He permits the best to be nothing better than tolerable."⁽¹⁾

In Kentucky slavery was in some respects patriarchal. Kind-hearted planters felt a degree of responsibility for the physical and moral welfare of their slaves. Those of the household had many liberties, and enjoyed rollicking times in the kitchen, singing songs and dancing. It was for the planter's interest to provide them comfortable cabins. Each had its patch of ground for a garden. In sickness they received kindly care. The dark side was revealed when they were sold to enable the master to pay his debts. There were mournful scenes when the law stepped in to settle an estate of a deceased planter. The inexpressible hideousness of the institution was revealed when hard-hearted men disposed of their slaves for gain, just as they sold cattle and pigs.

Mr. Lincoln did not write to Miss Speed the effect that the spectacle had upon himself, but it intensified his abhorrence of such a condition of affairs in a free republic.

Times were hard. The period which people were looking for when everybody was to be rich had not arrived, but seemed farther off than ever. There had been a period of speculation in the East and South as well as in the West. In Illinois the inhabitants were feeling the outcome of the legislation which appropriated \$12,000,000 for the construction of railroads and a canal. The bonds had been printed and a portion of them sold; but the rich men of New York and Boston, who were expected to purchase them, had themselves been speculating, buying farms and house-lots, borrowing money from the banks. When their notes became due they were unable to pay them. The banks had no more money to loan and were crippled. A firm in New Orleans, which had been buying cotton at high prices and borrowing money, failed to pay its notes when due. It was the beginning of a financial crash. Men who supposed themselves rich suddenly found they were penniless. Banks and individuals alike failed. Trade was at a stand-



SEEING SLAVERY AT ITS BEST.

still. Very little money passed between buyer and seller. The merchant was obliged to take farm produce at low price in exchange for his goods. Creditors were suing those who owed them. Lawyers were making out writs and trying cases. Taxes were especially burdensome by the action of State officials, who refused all bank-bills and demanded gold or silver, which had disappeared from circulation. People saw their farms sold for taxes and were powerless to prevent the sale.



NEGRO CABINS ON A KENTUCKY PLANTATION.

The official most active in this period of financial distress was Mr. Shields, an emigrant from Ireland, who had been elected State Auditor. He was believed by many to be vain, egotistical, and pompous in the discharge of the duties of the office. The Auditor regarded himself with much complacency when in the society of ladies, and lost no opportunity of showing them attentions. He was a Democrat, whereas quite a number of the young ladies of Springfield were ardent Whigs, especially Miss Mary Todd and Miss Julia Jayne. The action of Shields in refusing to receive bank-bills in payment for taxes gave

great offence. He was bitterly denounced. Abraham Lincoln gave utterance to no denunciation, but, knowing Shields was sensitive to ridicule, adopted a far different method of attack. The "Springfield Journal," the last week in August, contained a letter which set the Whigs to laughing, but which irritated Mr. Shields. It was written from "Lost Township," a place not found on any map. The writer was a widow, and signed herself "Rebecca." The widow gave an account of a visit to her neighbor, whom she found very angry. "What is the matter, Jeff?" she asked. "I'm mad, Aunt 'Becca! I've been tugging ever since harvest, getting out wheat and hauling it to the river to raise State bank paper enough to pay my tax this year and a little school debt I owe; and now, just as I've got it, here I open this infernal 'Extra Register' [Democratic newspaper], expecting to find it full of Glorious Democratic Victories and High Com'd Cocks, when, lo and behold! I find a set of fellows calling themselves officers of the State have forbidden the tax collectors and school commissioners to receive State paper at all; so here it is, dead on my hands."

The widow went on to tell how her neighbor used some bad words. "Don't swear so," she said, in expostulation to Jeff; "you know I belong to the meetin', and swearing hurts my feelings."

"Beg pardon, Aunt 'Becca, but I do say that it is enough to make one swear, to have to pay taxes in silver for nothing only that Ford may get his \$2000, Shields his \$2400, and Carpenter his \$1600 a year, and all without danger of loss from State paper." (2)

The ridicule of "Rebecca" was merciless. A week passed and a second letter appeared, not written by Abraham Lincoln, but by Mary Todd and Julia Jayne, in which "Rebecca" satirized the Auditor upon his attention to the ladies. Besides the letter there were rhymes:

"Ye Jews-harp, awake! the Auditor's won;
Rebecca the widow has gained Erin's son;
The pride of the North from Emerald Isle
Has been wooed and won by a woman's smile." (3)

The Auditor, instead of laughing at the satire, became very angry, and demanded the name of the writer.

"Give him my name, but say nothing about the young ladies," said Lincoln. (4)

Shields demanded satisfaction. In the Southern States a refusal to fight a duel was looked upon as evidence of cowardice. Many public men had fought duels—Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, Colonel



GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.
[From a photograph taken in 1861.]

Benton and General Jackson, Commodore Decatur and Commodore Barron, Henry Clay and John Randolph. Four years before the writing of the "Rebecca" letter Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, and Mr. Cilley, of Maine, members of Congress, fought a duel, in which Cilley was killed. Lincoln was quite willing to come to satisfactory terms with Shields for anything that he had written himself, but he could not in honor say to him that the second letter and poetry had been written by two estimable young ladies.

"What will you do?" asked a friend.

"I am wholly opposed to duelling, and will do anything to avoid it that will not degrade me in the estimation of myself and friends; but if degradation or a fight are the alternatives, I shall fight." (*)

He knew the party challenged could name the weapons. He knew, too, that small swords were generally used, but with grotesque humor he selected heavy broadswords. He stipulated that there should be a barrier between himself and Shields, over which they were to hack

at each other, and they were to be confined to a limited space. The laws of Illinois prohibited duelling, and he demanded that the meeting should be outside the State. Shields undoubtedly knew Lincoln was opposed to fighting a duel—that his moral sense would revolt at the thought, and that he would not be likely to break the law by fighting in the State. Possibly he thought Lincoln would make a humble apology. Shields was brave but foolish, and would not listen to overtures for explanation. It was arranged that the meeting should be in Missouri, opposite Alton. They proceeded to the place selected, but friends interfered and there was no duel. There is little doubt that the man who had swung a beetle and driven iron wedges into gnarled hickory logs could have cleft the skull of his antagonist, but he had no such intention. He repeatedly said to the friends of Shields that in writing the first article he had no thought of anything personal. The Auditor's vanity had been sorely wounded by the second letter, in regard to which Lincoln could not make any explanation except that he had had no hand in writing it. The affair set all Springfield to laughing at Shields, but it detracted from the happiness of Lincoln. By accepting the challenge he had violated his sense of right and outraged his better nature. He would gladly have blotted it from memory. It was ever a regret.^(e)

Martin Van Buren, freed from the cares of the nation by the election of General Harrison, journeyed westward to Illinois. The roads were deep with mud, and instead of reaching Springfield on the day he intended, found night overtaking him when six miles from the capital. Word came to his friends that he would spend the night in the village of Rochester. They knew the accommodations at the little tavern would be scanty. The food would be bacon and eggs, or other homely fare; and so, providing themselves with delicacies, they hastened to Rochester.

Abraham Lincoln had made speeches supporting Harrison; he had commented severely upon the shortcomings of Van Buren's administration; but a man who had been chief executive of the nation should be honored by all, irrespective of party. He accepted the invitation of his Democratic fellow-citizens to accompany them to Rochester. Courteous the welcome extended to Van Buren, and equally kind the reception on the part of the ex-President, who talked of events in New York and Washington, and narrated anecdotes to the company, who were charmed by his genial ways. But it was the young Whig lawyer from Springfield who convulsed the ex-President with laughter by his anecdotes and

stories. It was an evening often referred to with many expressions of pleasure by Mr. Van Buren in after-life.

“My sides ached from laughing,” he was wont to say. (?)

Although the marriage engagement between Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd had been suddenly suspended, the friendship had not been irrevocably sundered. Again he was a welcome guest at the hospitable home of Governor Edwards. A renewal of friendship led to a re-engagement, resulting in their marriage, November 4, 1842. The officiating clergyman, Rev. Mr. Dresser, used the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, which was new to one of the guests, Judge Thos. C. Browne, an early settler of that section of the country. Mr. Lincoln placed the ring upon the bride's finger, and solemnly repeated the words: “With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow.” Suddenly there came an exclamation from the judge not found in the service: “Good gracious, Lincoln, the statute fixes all that!” To an old-time, straightforward country lawyer the formula was needless superfluity. A ripple of laughter went round the room; but the clergyman, recovering his self-possession, proceeded with the service.



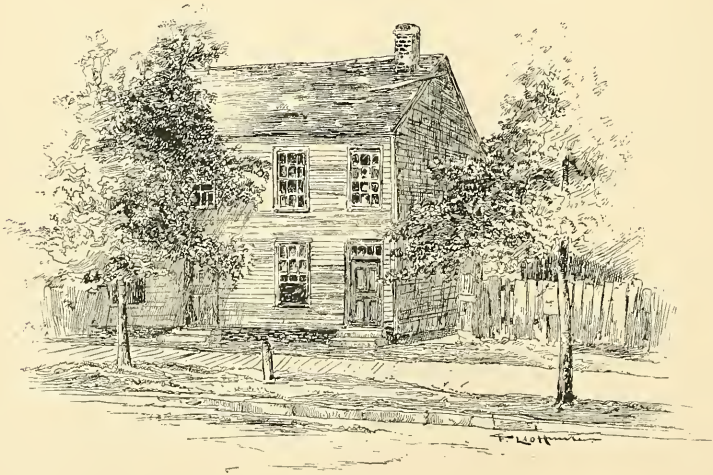
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The newly-married couple found accommodations at the Globe Tavern. Soon after his marriage Mr. Lincoln associated himself in his profession with William H. Herndon. It was a congenial partnership. Mr. Herndon was an Abolitionist, and was holding correspondence with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and other leading agitators for the immediate abolition of slavery. Antislavery publications found their way to the office of Lincoln & Herndon. Mr. Lincoln thought an immediate abolition of slavery was not possible. He hated the institution, but saw that it was intrenched in State and Church alike. It was recognized by the Constitution of the United States; it existed in half the States composing the Union. Public opinion regarding slavery must change before laws could be changed. The Abolitionists denounced the Constitution and the Union because the Constitution recognized slavery. Mr. Lincoln believed the government of the people under that agree-

ment was the best the world had ever seen, notwithstanding the existence of slavery. He read the speeches of the Abolitionists, but did not accept their premises or conclusions. He believed emancipation must be gradual. He did not comprehend the aggressiveness of the slave power.

When Henry Clay was nominated for President, Abraham Lincoln became his ardent supporter. He made speeches in Illinois and Indiana.

1844. He went to Pigeon Creek, and addressed the people of that section of the country. Those who had stood with him in the old log school-house, and remembered how he surpassed them all in "speaking pieces" and in everything else, were not surprised to find him one of the foremost speakers in the political campaign. He confidently expected that Mr. Clay would be elected, and was much disappointed by the election of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Polk, of Tennessee. A greater disappointment awaited him. He had never seen Mr. Clay, but learning that he was to give an address at Lexington, Ky., on the gradual emancipation of the slaves, he determined to make a trip to that town to hear one whom he regarded with such veneration and honor. Not many of us like to have our idols shattered. It is not pleasant to have illusions which we have fondly cherished rudely blown away. Mr. Lincoln entered the hall in Lexington a stranger to all about him. He beheld a brilliant assembly of men and women who



GLOBE TAVERN.

[From a photograph.]

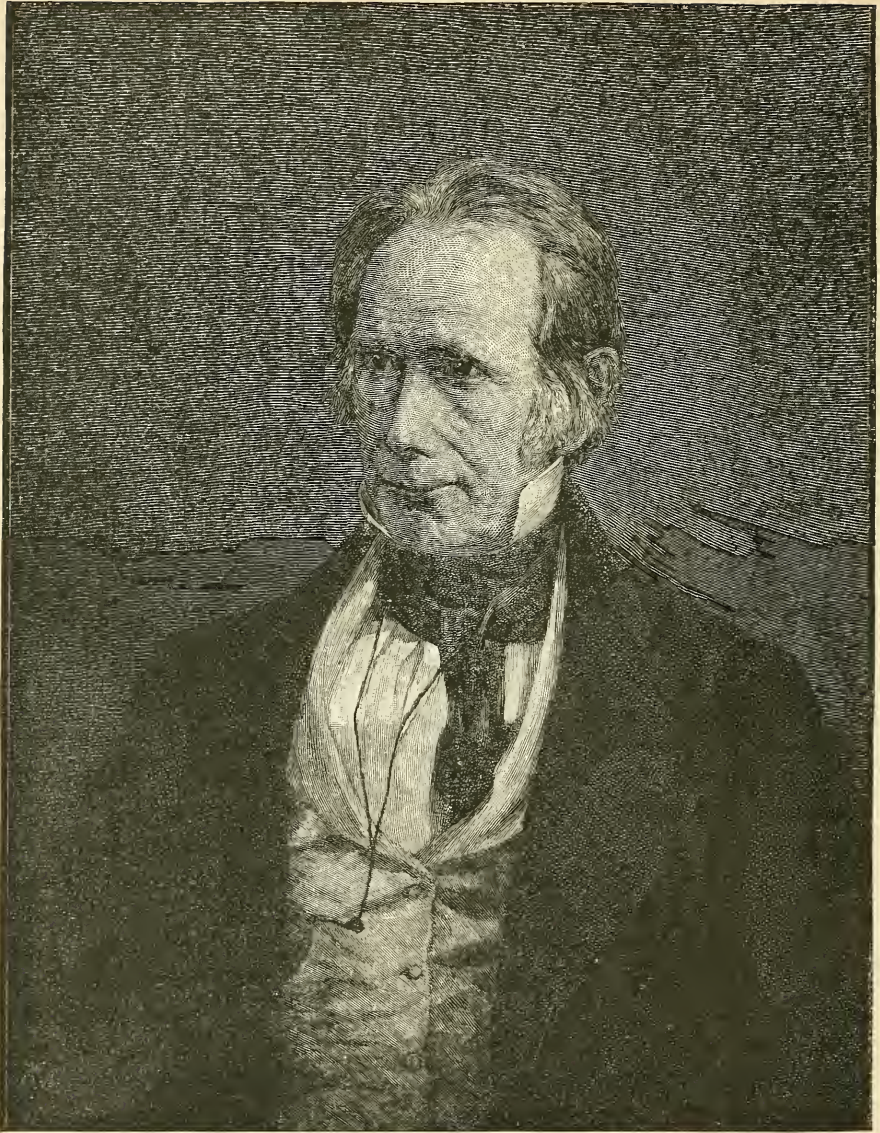
had gathered to listen to the man who, for nearly half a century, had electrified audiences by his eloquence. But time had turned many furrows on his brow. The fire of early years was dying out. He had held many places of honor and trust, but had not reached the goal to the attainment of which he had directed all his energies—the Presidency. Never again could there be a flaming up of the old-time enthusiasm upon any theme. The address which he had prepared was not upon a subject calculated to win the applause of his hearers. No thrilling words fell from his lips. In that evening hour the illusions of many years were fading away from the eyes of the man who had taken the journey from Illinois to Lexington.

But a keener disappointment was to come. Henry Clay had been born in poverty, had made his way against adverse circumstances to an exalted position. From his first entrance into public life he had been accustomed to receive adulation and homage. Men approached him as if he were a superior being; sycophants had fawned around him. Through many years he had maintained a dignified public life. He gave a courteous reception to the man from Illinois, who had been making speeches in his behalf—courteous, nothing more. Mr. Clay was polite, affable, agreeable in conversation, but cold, distant, patronizing in manner. His was not a hearty grasp of the hand. He manifested no great pleasure in meeting the Illinois lawyer who, without hope or expectation of reward, had labored to make him President. Hundreds had also been making speeches, and it is possible that Mr. Clay may not have heard that a man by the name of Lincoln was stumping Illinois in his behalf, and so received him politely, but without marked cordiality. Beneath the oaks, elms, and ashes casting their shade over the home of the great statesman at Ashland, Abraham Lincoln became disenchantèd.* Whether he himself was acquainted with men or not, whether they had labored for or against him, whether men were rich or poor, whether occupying humble or exalted positions, it made no difference to him; to all there was the hearty grasp of his hand. It was Abraham Lincoln's way, but not Mr. Clay's.

The Congressional districts in Illinois were Democratic, except that in which Abraham Lincoln resided. The Democratic party nominated

1846. Rev. Peter Cartwright, a Methodist minister, who had preached in nearly every school district, and who was known to everybody.

The Whig party believed Mr. Lincoln would prove to be more popular than the minister. He was nominated and elected. Some of his friends, knowing that he had but little money, contributed \$200 tow-



HENRY CLAY.

ards meeting his expenses while travelling through the district and making speeches, and were much surprised to receive the following letter from him, returning \$199.25 :

“I have ridden my own horse. My friends have entertained me at

night. My only outing has been 75 cents for some cider, which I bought for some farm-hands."

He saw no harm in the drinking of cider. He may have thought a little given to a gang of men whom he met in the harvest-field would not harm them, and might be of some benefit to himself on election-day.

In the Capitol at Washington, as a member of the House of Representatives, Mr. Lincoln met men whose names are inseparably associated with the history of the country: Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House; John Quincy Adams, ex-President^{1847.} of the United States, member of the House; George Ashmun, from the same State; Caleb B. Smith, of Indiana; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee; Alexander H. Stephens, Howell Cobb, and Robert Toombs, of Georgia; and Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina. On the same day Stephen A. Douglas became a Senator from Illinois, meeting Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; John P. Hale, of New Hampshire; John Adams Dix, of New York; Lewis Cass, of Ohio; Thomas R. Benton, of Missouri; Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky; James M. Mason, and R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia; John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, all of whom were to appear in the great drama in which Abraham Lincoln was to take the leading part.

Mr. Lincoln was meeting the foremost men of the nation as their equal in making laws for the country. He introduced a resolution calling upon the President to furnish the House with a statement of facts relating to the war with Mexico, and advocated its passage in a very able speech.

While member of Congress he was greatly exercised at seeing gangs of slaves in chains marched away from the slave-prison to be sold in Southern markets. He looked upon it as a national disgrace. Mr. Galt, member from New York, introduced a resolution prohibiting the slave-trade in the District of Columbia. Mr. Lincoln was in favor not only of prohibiting slavery in the district, but he would make free all children born after January 1, 1850; and if owners of slaves were willing to part with them, he would have the Government purchase their freedom. He soon discovered, however, that the members from the slave-holding States were bitterly opposed to any such beneficent measure. They would not listen to any proposition which in the remotest degree would interfere with the institution.

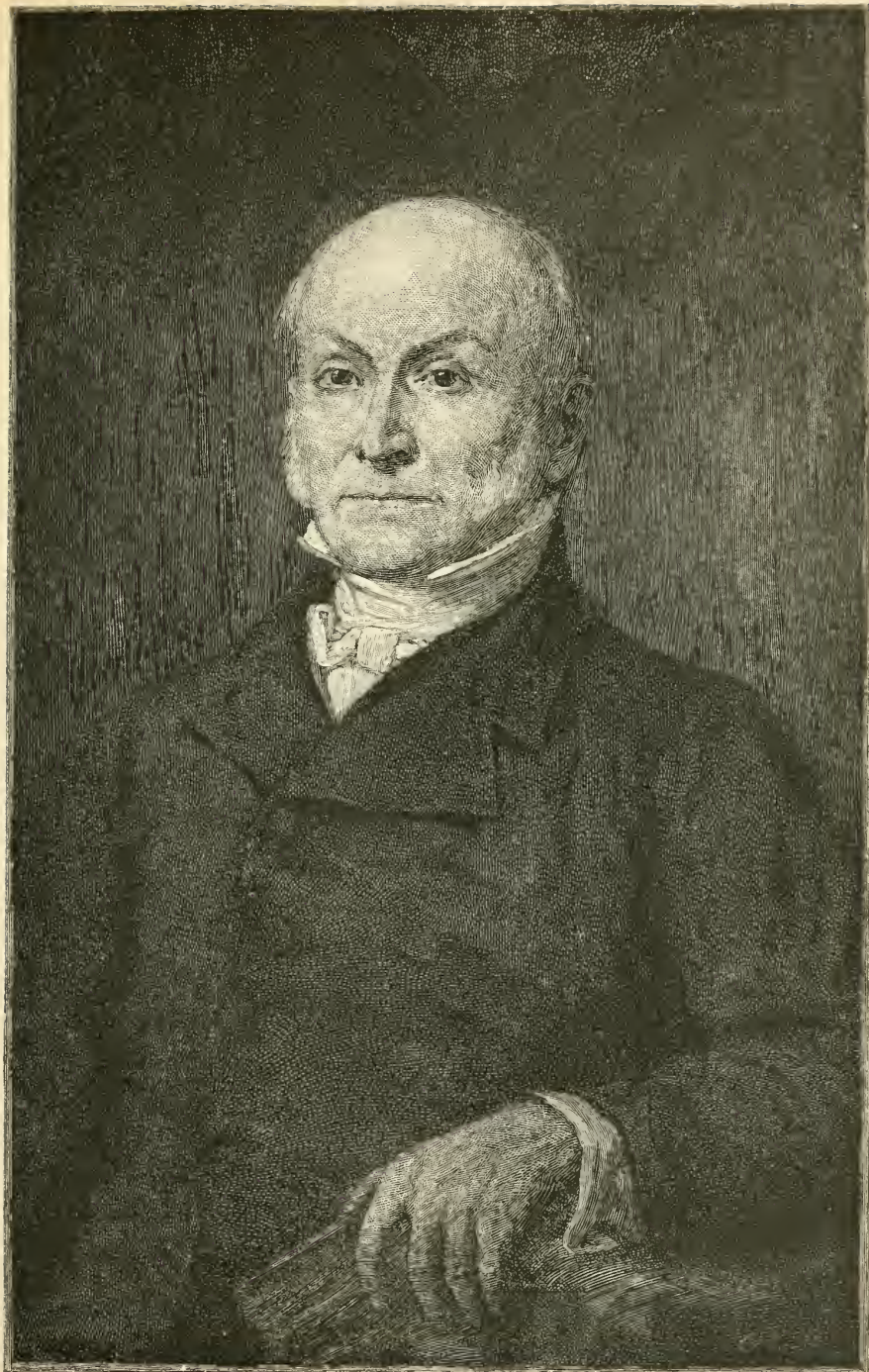
General Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was the candidate of the Demo-

cratic Party for President, in opposition to General Zachary Taylor, the candidate of the Whigs. The partisans of Cass unwisely ^{July 27,} _{1848.} magnified his military services. Mr. Lincoln, in common with many other members, made a speech upon the political situation, in which General Cass was held up to ridicule, especially in regard to extra charges upon the Treasury. Mr. Lincoln said :

“I have introduced General Cass’s accounts here chiefly to show the wonderful physical capacities of the man. They show that he not only did the labor of several men at *the same time*, but he often did it in *several places* many hundred miles apart *at the same time*. And as to eating, too, his capacities are shown to be quite as wonderful. From October, 1821, to May, 1822, he ate ten rations a day in Michigan, ten rations a day here in Washington, and nearly \$5 worth a day, besides, partly on the road between the two places. And then there is an important discovery in his example—the act of being paid for what one eats, instead of having to pay for it. Hereafter, if any nice young man shall owe a bill which he cannot pay in any other way, he can just board it out. We have all heard of the animal standing in doubt between two stacks of hay and starving to death ; the like of that would never happen to General Cass. Place the stacks a thousand miles apart, and he would stand stock-still midway between them and eat them *both at once*, and the green grass along the line would be apt to suffer some, too, at the same time. By all means, make him President, gentlemen. He will feed you bounteously, if—if—there is any left after he shall have helped himself.”

Just before the close of Mr. Lincoln’s term in Congress the thought came to him that he might possibly obtain an appointment from the President as Commissioner of the General Land Office, which would give him a fair salary. He applied for the situation, but his friend, Edwin D. Baker, from Illinois, also wanted the office. Fortunately for themselves and for the country neither of them received the appointment.

Mr. Lincoln visited New York and Boston. He gave an address at Worcester, Mass., which was much liked by those who heard it. He journeyed to Niagara. He beheld the swirling stream above the falls, the cataract, and the fury of the current below. A Yankee thought it might be a good place to wash sheep. Mr. Lincoln was not thinking about washing sheep, or of setting Niagara to turning mill-wheels, but wondered where all the water came from. The most comfortable route home was by steamboat down the Ohio River and up the Illinois. The water was low, and the boat grounded on a bar. The firemen stuffed wood under the boilers, and black clouds of smoke rolled out from the chimneys. Louder the puffing of the steam, but the boat was hard and fast upon the sand. “Get out those empty barrèls!” the order of the captain. The crew pitched a lot of empty casks into the



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[From a painting by G. P. A. Healy, in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.]

river and fastened them with ropes under the bow of the boat, thus lifting it till clear of the obstruction. A thought came to the man who looked down upon the operation from the deck of the steamer. Quite likely he recalled the days when he took the *Talisman* over the sand-bars of the Sangamon. Why not get up a contrivance—a flexible air-chamber, to be attached to the hull of the boat? It could be pumped full of air whenever the vessel grounded, and so enable it to glide over. He thought about it all the way to Springfield; set Walter Davis, a carpenter, to work making a model, which he sent to the Patent Office, and received a patent for his invention; but, like most of the patents issued, it came to nothing.

Zachary Taylor, who won the battle of Buena Vista in the war with Mexico, had been elected President. During the campaign Mr. Lincoln made many speeches favoring his election, and as a reward for what he had done could have an office. He started for Washington to see what the President would give him. In the early morning he took his seat in the stage at Ramsdell's tavern. There was only



LEWIS CASS.

one other passenger, a Kentuckian, who took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, bit off a quid, and handed it to the silent man beside him.

"No, I thank you, sir; I do not chew."

"Perhaps you will take a cigar?" and the Kentuckian held out a case well filled with cigars.

"Much obliged to you, but I do not smoke."

"Well, stranger, seeing you don't chew or smoke, perhaps you will take a little nice French brandy?" said the man, taking a flask from his pocket.

"You are very kind, but I am not in the habit of drinking," replied Lincoln. The stage reached the tavern where the horses were changed, and where the Kentuckian was to stop. He did not quite understand the man who had declined the offered courtesies.

"See here, stranger," he said, "I think you are a real clever fellow; I wouldn't offend you for the world; but allow me to say that a man who does not chew, smoke, or drink, who has no vices of any kind, is not likely to have many virtues."

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily as he bade him good-bye.

At Terre Haute two prominent citizens of Indiana, Thomas H. Nelson and Judge Hammond, took seats for Indianapolis. It was early morning, the sun not up. They saw a man asleep, lying on the back seat and his long legs stretched across the vehicle.

"Hullo, my friend! Say, have you chartered the whole of this coach?" shouted the judge, slapping the sleeper on the shoulder.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen; but I thought I would make myself as comfortable as I could," said Mr. Lincoln, as he courteously took the front seat.

The sun rises, and the two passengers see that their fellow-traveller is a tall man with deep-set eyes and thin cheeks. It is a warm morning, and he has laid aside vest and cravat. His hat is of palm-leaf, tipped back on his head. He must be a queer fellow, and they will have some fun with him. He laughs at their jokes, and does not seem to mind it when they make him the butt of their raillery. At night they behold a comet blazing in the sky. Ignorant people are fearful it is going to destroy the world. Judge Hammond and Mr. Nelson are surprised at what their fellow-passenger has to say upon astronomy. He seems to be well informed. "What do you think is to be the upshot of this comet business?" he asks.

"I differ from the scientific men and the philosophers. I should not be surprised if the world should follow the plaguy thing off," the reply of Mr. Nelson.

The man without any vest or cravat laughs heartily, but does not controvert the opinion. Late in the evening the stage rolls up to Browning's Hotel, in Indianapolis, and Judge Hammond and Mr. Nelson go to their rooms to brush the dust from their clothing. They are astonished when they come down and see Judge McLean and half a dozen of the foremost public men of the State shaking hands with the man wearing the palm-leaf hat.

"Who is he?" Nelson asked of the landlord.

"That is Abraham Lincoln."

Mortified and ashamed of their joking and raillery, they sneak out of the back door and make their way to another tavern. They do not care to meet him after what has taken place.

Mr. Lincoln reached Washington, and learned that the President would appoint him Governor of Oregon. It was a territory far away, with but few inhabitants. It could be reached only after a tedious journey across the plains of Nebraska, over the Rocky Mountains and the sterile Snake River region. It would require many weeks of travel, and when there he would be, as it were, out of the world. The office was respectfully declined, and he returned to Illinois, to again "ride the circuit."

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII.

- (¹) Joshua F. Speed, *Lecture on Abraham Lincoln*, p. 40.
- (²) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 233 (edition 1889).
- (³) *Ibid.*, p. 242.
- (⁴) *Ibid.*, p. 243.
- (⁵) E. H. Merryman, letter to "Sangamon Journal," quoted in Herndon's "Lincoln," p. 248 (edition 1889).
- (⁶) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 231 (edition 1889).
- (⁷) Joshua F. Speed, *Lecture on Abraham Lincoln*, p. 36.
- (⁸) "Century Magazine," January, 1887.

CHAPTER IX.

BEGINNING OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was forty years old. It cannot be said that he had accomplished very much for his fellow-men. Somehow we cannot help thinking of Moses, who was in the desert forty years, doing nothing beyond tending the sheep of his father-in-law—^{1849.} not knowing that he was biding God's time. Great events must take place before the man who had declined the Governorship of Oregon could do the work which divine Providence had planned for the welfare of our country and the whole human race. In his Springfield home he bade good-bye to politics and resumed the practice of law.

The war with Mexico was over, and California had become a part of the United States. While Abraham Lincoln was a legislator in the Representatives' Hall in Washington, January, 1848, James W. Marshall was digging a mill-race for John A. Sutter in California.

"I wonder what that yellow stuff is!" said Marshall, as he threw up a shovelful of earth.

"I guess it is brass," said one of the workmen.

"I'll see what vinegar will do to it," said Marshall. He put the yellow particles into vinegar, but they did not change.

"I am going to San Francisco, and will see what they say about it there," said Mr. Bennett, who went to that town and showed it to Isaac Humphrey, who had worked in a gold-mine in Georgia.

"It is gold," said Humphrey.

The news spread. There was a rush of people to the American River, where the gold had been found. In June and July, 1849, gold-dust valued at \$250,000 was received at San Francisco, then only a little collection of houses. Lieutenant Beale, of the United States Navy, was in California, and was sent to Washington with despatches. He made his way down the coast to Monterey, crossed Mexico, and in September reached Washington. "Rich Gold-mines Discovered in California!" was

the announcement in the Baltimore "Sun," September 20th. The news spread far and wide; it was flying all over the country. Miners were making fortunes—hundreds of dollars a day. From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and all the Atlantic ports vessels were sailing for California. By February, 1850, ninety had sailed, carrying 8,000 men. Seventy other ships were getting ready. The men of the Western States flocked to St. Louis, went up the Missouri to the mouth of the Platte River, and started from there in caravans across the plains, with oxen and horses, drawing white canvas-topped wagons. Over the plains, across the wide reaches of sage lands where there was little water, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains streamed a long line of weary, poverty-stricken men, hungry for gold, more hungry for food. Into the Golden Gate sailed the white-winged ships. Before the year closed more than 400 vessels were riding at anchor in the Bay of San Francisco; and that place, which was only a village when the first yellow gold-dust was thrown to the surface, was a city with 20,000 people—a jostling, hurrying crowd, having only one object in view: to get gold.

We are not to forget that the slave-holders of the South had brought about the annexation of Texas for the purpose of extending the area of slavery and perpetuating their power in political affairs, that they might control the Government. The annexation resulted in a war with Mexico. That republic had been forced to surrender California and a vast extent of country between the Rio Grande and the Pacific coast, which the slave-holders confidently expected would become Slave States. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, of whom we shall speak further on, said in a speech: "Slavery should spread itself, and have no limit except the Southern Ocean." Very unexpectedly to him and all the slave-holders, the people of the gold region declared there should be no slavery in California.

Twenty years had gone by since the imprisonment of the young printer in Baltimore for saying the slave-trade was piracy; twenty years since a flat-boatman in New Orleans had sworn a solemn oath that if he ever got a chance to hit the institution he would hit it hard. During the years a great change had taken place in public sentiment throughout the Northern States regarding slavery. Men were beginning to see that it was an aggressive political force; that it was wicked and cruel, and threatened to subvert the liberties of the people. Several men who mainly had acted with the Democratic Party, but who were opposed to the further extension of slavery, met at Buffalo, N.Y., and organized the Free-soil Party. "No more Slave States! No more Slave Territory!" their motto.

When the slave-holders heard that the miners of California intended to make it a Free State they sent Senator Gwyn, of Mississippi, to the Pacific coast to do what he could towards making it a Slave State; but his efforts were vain. The slave-holders, chagrined at the upsetting of their plans, determined to oppose its admission to the Union. To understand what followed we must remember that in 1820, when Missouri was admitted to the Union, it was agreed that all the territory north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, which formed the southern boundary of that State, should be free. Mexico, before the ceding of California to the United States, had abolished servitude; so when California, New Mexico, and Utah were joined to the United States, those sections were free from slavery. Henry Clay had been instrumental in accomplishing the Compromise of 1820, and in his declining years, seeing the trouble brewing between the Free and Slave States, bent all his waning energies to bring about another Compromise, which he hoped would forever settle the question. Daniel Webster, in Massachusetts, having a great love for the Constitution and the Union, was ready to do what he could to secure peace and harmony. The agreement made was one-sided. The slave-holders were to consent that California should be admitted as a Free State. To pay them for the concession Utah and New Mexico were to be organized as territories, without any stipulation whether they should or should not permit the holding of slaves. Texas was to receive \$10,000,000 for 70,000 square miles belonging to that State north of the Missouri Compromise line, and slavery was to be extended over it. No more slaves were to be sold in the District of Columbia, but fugitives escaping from a Slave to a Free State were to be returned to their masters. Insulting and degrading to the people of the Free States were the provisions of the law regarding fugitive slaves.

Such was the Compromise which, it was declared, would forever put an end to the agitation of the slavery question.

“There shall be no more agitation. These measures are a finality, and we will have peace,” said Daniel Webster.⁽¹⁾

“In taking leave of this subject,” said Stephen A. Douglas, “I wish to state that I have determined never to make another speech upon the slavery question. So long as our opponents do not agitate for repeal or modification, why should we agitate for any purpose. This Compromise is a final settlement.”⁽²⁾

They did not comprehend the aggressive character of slavery. The Compromise became a law, and California was admitted to the Union.

During these days Abraham Lincoln was reading Shakespeare and

the poetry of Robert Burns. When work for the day was done he was accustomed to tip himself back in his office chair, put his feet on the table, and read aloud. "I can understand it better," he said.

A poem, entitled "The Last Leaf," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, gave him great pleasure. He often recited it to his friends. His lips were tremulous at times as he repeated the lines:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the name he loved to hear
Has been carved for many a year
On the tomb."⁽³⁾

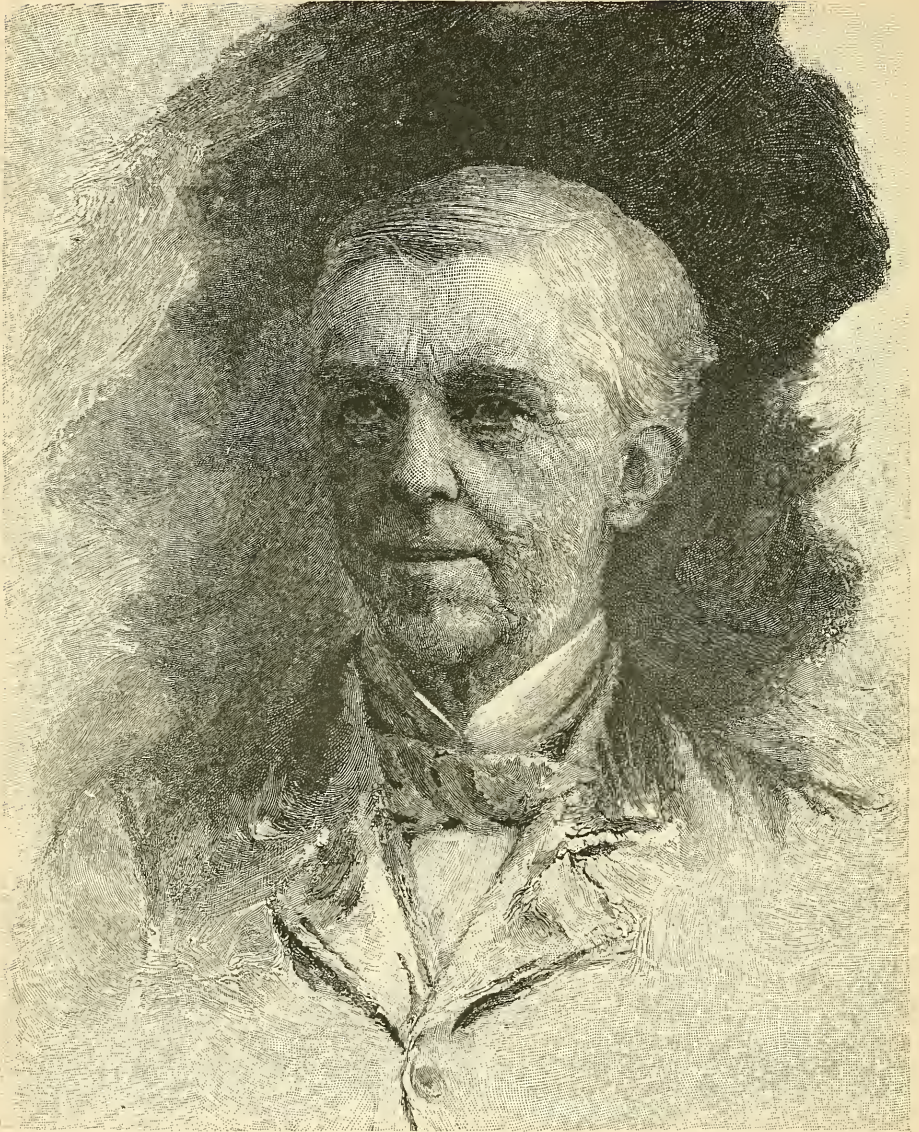
"For pure pathos," he said, in after-years, "there is, in my judgment, nothing finer in the English language."

Without doubt the lines awakened tender and holy memories of Ann Rutledge.

Mr. Lincoln was giving little attention to political affairs. His one term in Congress seems to have satisfied for the time all desire for political distinction. He had made the acquaintance of men prominent in public affairs, and taken the measure of their abilities. He had discovered that with most of them politics was not devotion to principles, but the advancement of selfish interests.

We have seen Mr. Lincoln assuming the joint indebtedness of Berry & Lincoln, store-keepers of New Salem. During the years that had passed since the death of Berry and the failure of the firm he had struggled under the burden, but the time came when the last cent of principal and interest was paid. It was a happy day when he left the Globe Tavern and began house-keeping in his own home, where he could dispense liberal hospitality to his friends. It was a pleasure to them to sit at a table bountifully supplied by Mrs. Lincoln. There was little formality in his intercourse with his guests. The repast was ever made enjoyable by flashes of wit, humor, and story-telling on the part of the host. When the meal was finished, and the company assembled in the room set apart for the library, the grave topics of the day were discussed. Although Mr. Lincoln was personally out of politics, he was not indifferent to the great political questions of the hour; on the contrary, he was keenly alive to them. He was a Whig from principle, but

^{1852.} he took little interest in the campaign between General Scott, the Whig candidate for President, and Franklin Pierce, the Democratic candidate. It seems probable that he saw from the outset



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

that the Democratic Party would triumph. General Scott had been selected as candidate by the Whigs solely on account of his military services. Franklin Pierce, without national reputation, had been selected by the slave power because he would be subservient to their

interests. We may believe Mr. Lincoln, in common with Daniel Webster, saw that after the election the Whig Party would live only in history; that new political combinations must be made. He knew the Compromise of 1850 had settled nothing. The law which compelled the return of fugitive slaves to their masters was hateful, unrighteous, and contrary to human instincts. He knew that sooner or later vital questions would come up for consideration, but he little thought he was to be a leading actor in the historic drama of the future.

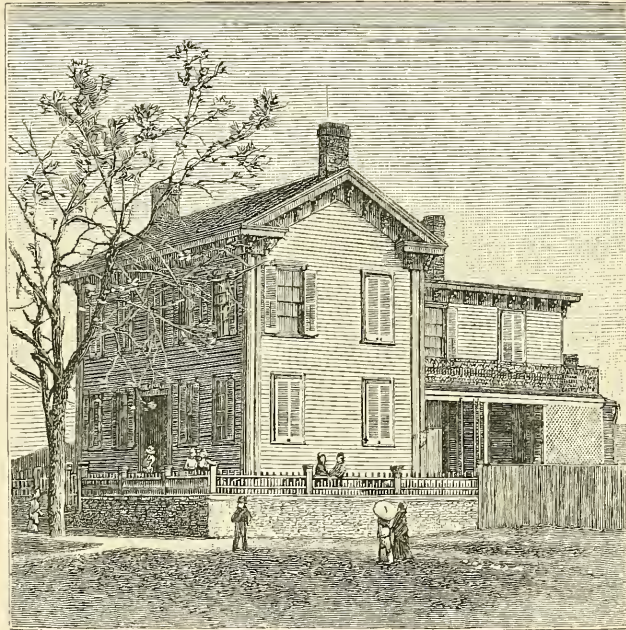
“The Compromise of 1850,” said President Pierce, in his inaugural address, “has given repose to the country. That repose is to suffer no shock during my official term if I have power to avert it.” President ^{1853.} Pierce, quite likely, was sincere in his expression. We are not to conclude he was cognizant of the plans of the slave-holders; but he was a partisan, and ready to do the bidding of those who had elevated him to power.

Stephen A. Douglas, Senator, chairman of the Committee on Territories, reported a bill which gave authority to the people in the Territory of Nebraska to say whether they would or would not have slavery. It was north of the Missouri Compromise line. Senator Dixon, of Kentucky, in order to carry out the plans of the slave-holders, offered an amendment to repeal the act of 1820 which prohibited slavery north of that line. David R. Atchison, of Missouri, advocating the amendment, said: “I am entirely devoted to the interests of the South, and I would sacrifice everything but my hope of heaven to advance her welfare.” He wanted very much to be chairman of the Committee on Territories, that he might carry out his plans for making Kansas and Nebraska Slave States. He was President *pro tem.* of the Senate, and asked Douglas to change places with him. So earnest was he that he would willingly step down from the higher position. “I do not care to make such a change, but I intend to introduce a measure which will repeal the Compromise of 1820,” said Douglas. “I have become perfectly satisfied that it is my duty, as a fair-minded man, to co-operate with you for its repeal. It is due the South; it is due to the Constitution. The repeal, if we can effect it, will produce much stir and commotion in the Free States for a season. I shall be assailed by demagogues and fanatics without stint or moderation. Every opprobrious epithet will be applied to me. I probably shall be hung in effigy in many places. It is more than probable that I may become permanently odious among those whose friendship I have hitherto possessed. The proceeding may end my political career. But, acting

under the sense of duty which animates me, I am prepared to make the sacrifice, and I will do it.”⁽⁴⁾

Having been assured that Douglas would do what Senators from the Slave States wanted done, Atchison was quite willing to remain President of the Senate.

On Sunday morning, January 22d, Senator Douglas, of Illinois, and Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, were ringing the bell at the White House, President Pierce did not attend to public business on Sunday; he did



MR. LINCOLN'S HOME.

[From a photograph taken by the author in 1890.]

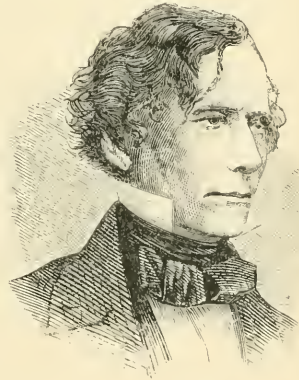
not wish to have people call upon him on that day; but the two Senators had an important matter in hand: the Nebraska Bill, which Douglas proposed to lay before the Senate, and which, if passed, would
 1854. repeal the Compromise of 1820. The President was ready to listen to their plea. “Yes, I will do all that I can to secure its passage,” his welcome words.

The sun went down on May 8, 1854, with cannon thundering upon Capitol Hill, in Washington, celebrating the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, carried through Congress by Douglas, Pierce, Davis, and

the slave-holders, opening to slavery a region of country larger than the original thirteen States of the Union.

Just what motives animated Douglas to violate his pledges never will be known. Not many people thought him to have been sincere in his declarations, but believed he was influenced by an ardent desire to be President, and attempted to secure the prize by doing what the slave-holders wanted done. He saw nothing immoral or wrong in holding slaves. Many other men in the Northern States did not regard slavery as unchristian or sinful. It might or it might not be beneficial to a community. If the people of a Territory wanted slavery as one of their institutions, Douglas was willing they should have it.

In their estimate of the morality of the act which violated a solemn compact in order to secure the extension of slavery, Douglas, Davis, and Pierce did not stop to consider that for national wrong-doing there had been no abrogation of the eternal law: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. It did not occur to them that divine Providence might have some part to enact in carrying out the plan. The booming of the cannon on Capitol Hill was heard in every city and town throughout the Northern States. It was seen that the first movement of the slave-holders would be to gain possession of Kansas, and there was therefore a determination to secure that Territory to freedom. The Free State men contemplated the establishing of towns, schools, colleges, churches, happy homes of free men and women, who should enjoy their civil and political rights under a Constitution guaranteeing freedom. The Slave Party determined to doom the beautiful region to the barbarism of slavery. The struggle began, the slave-holders of Missouri taking possession of the lands nearest the territorial line in advance of any settlers from the Free States. A society was formed in Massachusetts to aid emigrants. It was a national society, and Abraham Lincoln was one of the Executive Committee; but there is no evidence that he was actively engaged in promoting the settlement of the Territory. The first party of settlers from Massachusetts reached Kansas, and laid out the town of Lawrence, naming it in honor of Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, the president of the society. The poet Whittier wrote a



FRANKLIN PIERCE.

song which the emigrants sang as they rolled onward to their future homes :

“ We cross the prairies, as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

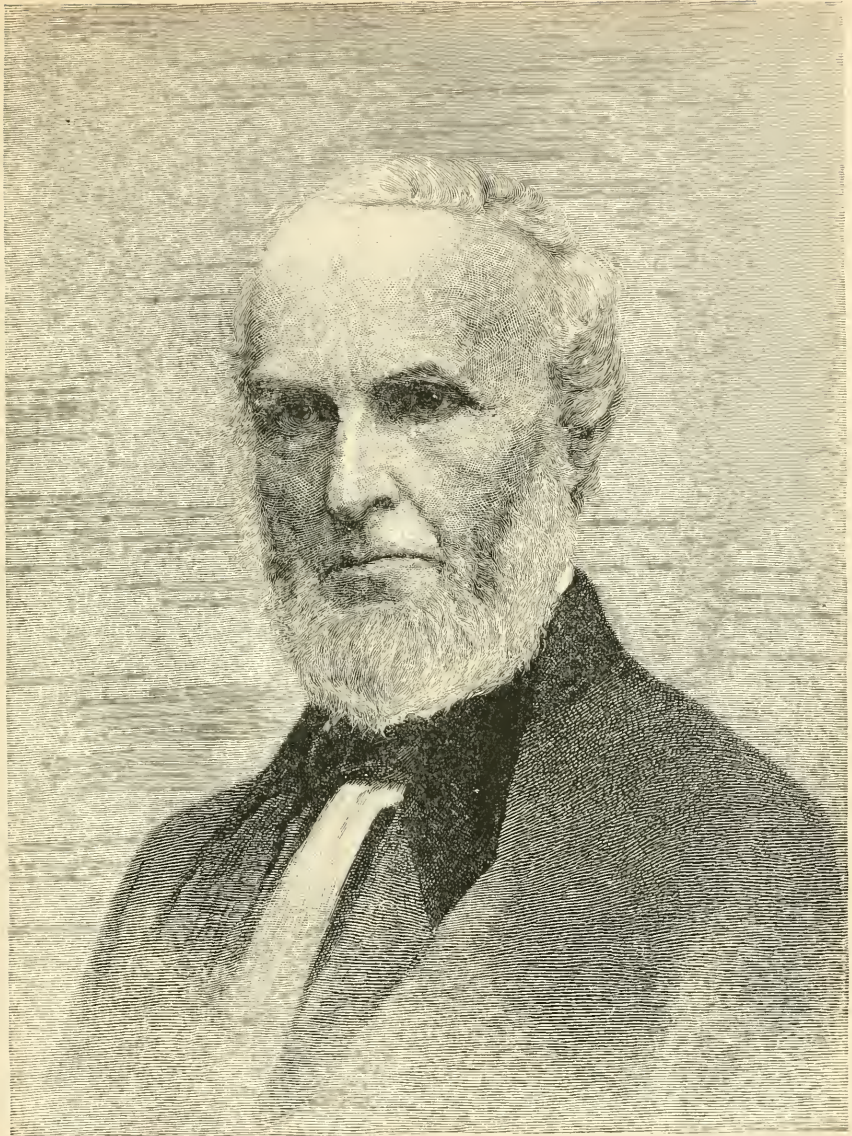
“ We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom’s Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine.

“ We go to plant her common-schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbath of the wilds
The music of her bells.”

When the time came to hold the first election, several thousand ruffians from Missouri, under the lead of Senator Atchison, armed with rifles, invaded the Territory, and elected officers favorable to slavery. A newspaper in Leavenworth announced the result with triumphant lines :

“ ALL HAIL ! PRO-SLAVERY PARTY VICTORIOUS ! COME ON, SOUTHERN MEN ! BRING YOUR SLAVES ! ABOLITIONISM REBUKED ! ”

The Pro-slavery Party seized William Phillips, a Free State settler, shaved his head, stripped off his clothes, daubed him with tar, ripped open a bed and rolled him in the feathers, rode him on a rail, and sold him at a mock auction. They put Rev. Mr. Butler on a raft and set him adrift on the Missouri River. The Legislature elected by the Missourians voted that the laws of their State should be the laws of Kansas. An act was passed prohibiting the printing of anything against slavery. Any one found with a book or newspaper containing an article against slavery was to be imprisoned not less than two years, and wear a chain and ball attached to his ankle. The Governor, Wilson Shannon, appointed by President Pierce, was using his power to make it a Slave State. He ordered the militia to aid the marshal in driving out the Free State settlers. Rifles and revolvers were purchased for those who favored freedom. The Missourians kept a sharp watch on the steamboats going up the Missouri, and they were sent by team through Iowa. A pro-slavery grand-jury indicted two newspapers for printing articles against slavery. A deputy marshal of the United States,



JOHN G. WHITTIER.

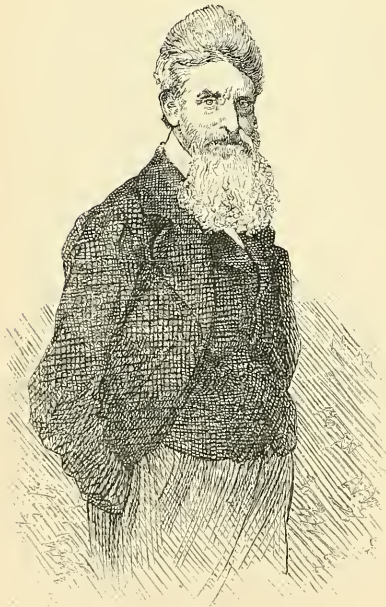
with 800 men and four cannon, entered Lawrence, destroyed the printing-presses, set Mr. Eldridge's hotel on fire, and pillaged the houses of the citizens. Some of the Free State men, burning for revenge, killed five of the ruffians. The Missourians, under Captain Pate, seized a son

of John Brown, marched him rapidly across the prairie in a burning sun, and treated him with such inhumanity that he became insane. Brown, with twenty-seven men, came upon the Missourians, took twenty-two of them prisoners, and captured their horses and supplies. Another company of ruffians hacked another of Brown's sons to pieces with their knives, threw his mangled body across a horse, took it to his own door, and tumbled it to the ground at the feet of his young wife.

Civil war had begun. Men were shot by lurking assassins; houses were deserted; the smoke of burning dwellings darkened the sky; women and children were fleeing from their homes to escape from the inhuman wretches who were desolating the land that they might secure it forever to slavery. It seems probable that Douglas, when he said he doubtless would be burned in effigy, did not look forward to any such outbreak as that which suddenly flamed up on the plains of Kansas. He saw only the bauble of the Presidency of the nation—not murdered men. On the day of his arrival in Chicago, after the adjournment of Congress, many of the flags flying above the vessels in the harbor were displayed at half-mast, and at sunset the church-bells tolled as at a funeral service. The feeling against him was deep and intense.

Men who had been his friends did not call upon him. But he put a bold face upon the matter, and began an address vindicating his course. No cheer welcomed him as he mounted the platform. For a while the people listened in sullen silence, and then asked questions which made him angry. He shook his fists in their faces, and the noise became so great that he could not finish his speech. He visited his old home in Springfield.

A great crowd filled the Hall of Representatives in the State-house. Abraham Lincoln was present, a silent listener to what Douglas had to offer. For six years he had taken no part in political affairs, but the violation of a sacred compact by Douglas and President Pierce in the



JOHN BROWN.

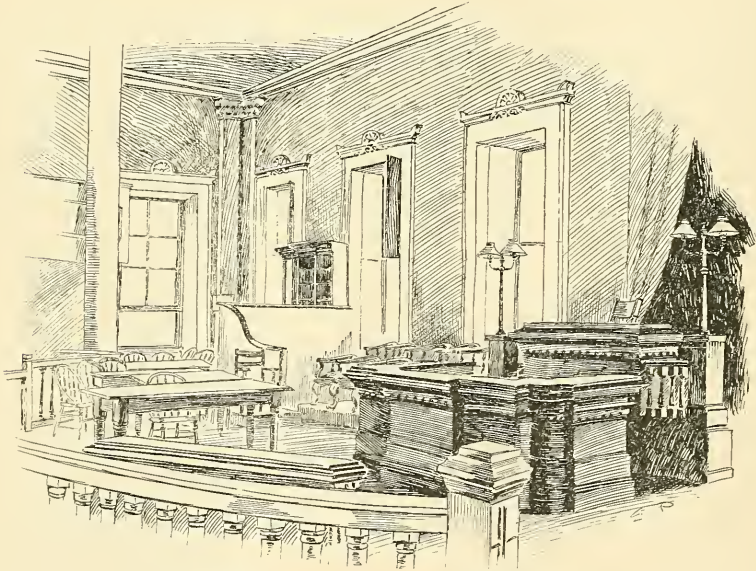
interest of the slave-holders had aroused his righteous indignation. He informed his friends that he should make a speech in reply.

Every seat, every inch of space is occupied, when Abraham Lincoln rises to speak. People are curious to hear what he will say, for Douglas is one of the able men of the country. He has practised law, ^{Oct. 1,} _{1854.} been elected judge and Senator. He has shown himself strong enough to secure the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and his friends have named him "The Little Giant." He has respect for Abraham Lincoln, because, like himself, he has fought with adversity and won success. He knows Lincoln is an able lawyer, that he has been member of Congress; but his measure of success has been small in comparison with his own. Possibly Douglas feels a sense of superiority as he takes a seat in the hall to hear Lincoln's argument. He has encountered in debate Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts; William H. Seward, of New York; Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri. He is fresh from the arena, where he has won a great victory. He has listened to all the arguments that the champions of freedom could marshal in opposition to the repeal. The literature of the question is at his tongue's end. Lincoln has heard none of the speeches. He may have read portions of the arguments of Senators and members of Congress, but has been attending to his own affairs through the months. He has only a night to put his thoughts in order. After a cheerful welcome a hush falls upon the great audience. He has only a scrap of paper before him. His friends and Douglas are amazed at his marvellous presentation of facts, and his statement of political principles enforced with thrilling eloquence. Douglas rises to interrupt him, but is courteously waved to his seat. Memory recalls the scene in the slave-market in New Orleans, and he vividly pictures it. Douglas would reproduce such scenes all over the fair domain once consecrated to freedom. But the Territory is doomed to slavery by what has been done if the Missourians succeed in driving out the settlers from the Free States. These burning words fall from Lincoln's lips:

"This declared indifference—but I must think covert zeal—for the spread of slavery I can but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republican example of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; is at war with the vital principles of civic liberty; contrary to the Declaration of Independence; and maintains that there is no right principle of action but self-interest. . . . If the negro is a man, is it not the destruction of self-government to say that he shall not govern himself? When a white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and another man, that is more than self-

government—it is despotism. No man is good enough to govern another man without the other's consent. . . . Slavery is founded on the selfishness of man's nature ; opposition to it is his love of justice. These principles are in eternal antagonism. . . . I object to the Nebraska Bill, because it assumes there can be moral right in the enslaving of one man by another. . . . Little by little, but as steadily as man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Nearly eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal ; but now we have come to the other declaration : that for some men to enslave others is a sacred right of self-government. These principles cannot stand together ; they are as opposite as God and Mammon."

The building shook with the stamping of feet. Cheers rent the air ; women waved their handkerchiefs. Douglas was confounded. Through the long debate in Congress the falsity of his position never



REPRESENTATIVES' CHAMBER.

[The hall in which Lincoln made his first speech in opposition to Douglas.]

had been so clearly held up before the public. Never before had the immorality of the Nebraska measure been so exposed. Lincoln had spoken four hours, but Douglas was so stung that he spoke for two hours in a vain endeavor to break the force of Lincoln's argument.

Douglas went to Peoria, and was followed by Lincoln. As the trees are swayed by the winds, so the great audience there was moved by the thrilling words spoken in behalf of freedom. In the debate at Washington no Senator had given utterance to such fundamental truths as fell

from his lips. Douglas had intended to travel through the State and make speeches in the principal towns to vindicate his course, but abandoned the plan. He frankly said the arguments of Lincoln gave him more trouble than any presented in Congress.

If Douglas or the slave-holders thought there would be no discussion of the question of slavery, or that the people of the North would quietly see Kansas given over to slavery, they greatly misunderstood the temper of the times. The first political condemnation of the act came from New Hampshire, the President's own State. For a quarter of a century, with the exception of one year, the Democratic Party had controlled that State, but at the election, March, 1854, a Governor, the Legislature, and members of Congress were elected who were opposed to the Nebraska Bill. Other Northern States, one by one, elected members who were opposed to the further extension of slavery; so the Democratic Party, instead of having a majority, found itself in a minority in the House of Representatives.

Illinois had always been a Democratic State. The election in November, 1854, was for members of the Legislature. It was an exciting campaign, for that body would have the choosing of a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Shields. Douglas endeavored to make the people vote once more for the rule of the Democratic Party, but had the mortification of seeing a majority elected who were opposed to his course in Congress. Some were Democrats, others Whigs; but all agreed that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was a violation of a sacred compact.

The friends of Abraham Lincoln ardently desired his election as Senator. It was due him. No one had done more than he to expose the iniquity of the course pursued by Douglas. He had been elected a member of the Legislature, and could not for that reason be a candidate for the Senate, on account of a clause in the Constitution of the State; he therefore resigned his seat. Unfortunately, the man chosen to succeed him was a Democrat, which made the question of his election as Senator very doubtful.

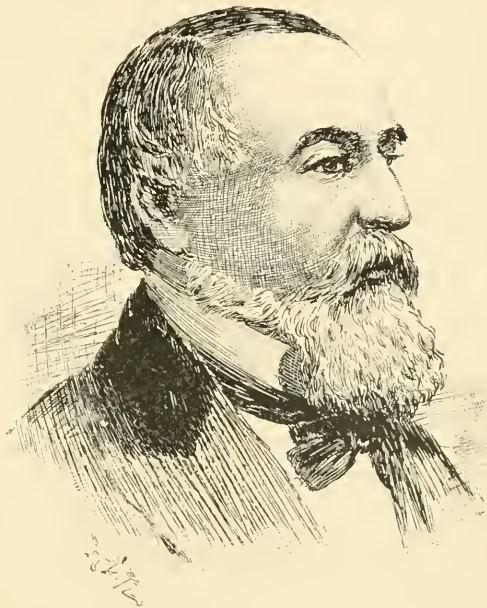
The time had come for the election of a Senator; it was an exciting day in the Capitol at Springfield. Shields was the Democratic candidate. The Whig members of the Free-soil Party were ready to
Feb. 8,
1855. vote for Lincoln, but the Democratic members would not vote for a Whig. They liked Abraham Lincoln personally, but he was a Whig. They were for Lyman Trumbull, a Democrat, who did not agree with Douglas. Without their votes it would not be possible to

elect a Senator opposed to the extension of slavery. The Democrats, seeing that they could not elect Shields, were ready to vote for Governor Matheson. Lincoln feared they would succeed. A great hour had come to him—a time when he could show that personal advantage is nothing, principle everything. If he continued to be a candidate Matheson would be elected, and Douglas and slavery triumphant. He called his true and steadfast friends around him. “Drop my name and vote for Trumbull,” he said. It was a great thing to ask. Why should the Whigs give up their candidate and vote for a Democrat? Upon every question, other than that of Nebraska, Trumbull was an uncompromising Democrat. The persuasive words of Abraham Lincoln prevailed. With tears upon their cheeks their votes were cast for Trumbull, and he was elected. The prize which Lincoln hoped to win had passed beyond his grasp; but when he walked to his home in the twilight of the winter evening, with saddened heart and disappointed hopes, he was greater than ever before. He had fought a battle for principle and won the victory. Self had been sacrificed, but Freedom had triumphed.

On a summer night, while attending the Supreme Court in Chicago, Mr. Lincoln sat upon the piazza of the residence of Mr. Norman B. Judd, overlooking Lake Michigan. The labors of the day were over, and host, hostess, guest, and friends were enjoying the evening hour. Daylight was fading in the west, while in the east rose the full moon, seemingly from the lake. They beheld flocks of white-winged gulls; vessels were spreading their sails to the evening breeze. The waves were rippling upon the shore, and the stars shining in the azure depths of heaven. Mr. Lincoln was greatly stirred by the beauty of the scene.

“In that mild, pleasant voice,” writes the hostess, “attuned to harmony with his surroundings, and which was his wont when his soul was stirred by aught that was lovely or beautiful, Mr. Lincoln began to speak of the mystery which for ages enshrouded and shut out those distant worlds above us from our own; of the poetry and beauty which was seen and felt by seers of old when they contemplated Orion and Arcturus as they wheeled, seemingly, around the earth in their nightly courses; of the discoveries since the invention of the telescope, which had thrown a flood of light and knowledge on what before was incomprehensible and mysterious; of the wonderful computations of scientists who had measured the miles of seemingly endless space which separated the planets in our solar system from our central sun, and our sun from other suns which were now gemming the heavens above us with their resplendent

beauty. He speculated on the possibilities of knowledge which an increased power of the lens would give in the years to come; and then the wonderful discoveries of late centuries, as proving that beings endowed with such capacities as men must be immortal, and created for some high and noble end by Him who had spoken those numberless worlds into existence, and made man a little lower than the angels that he might comprehend the glories and wonders of His creation. When the night air became too chilling to remain longer on the piazza we went into the parlor, and, seated on the sofa, his long limbs stretching across the carpet and his arms folded behind him, Mr. Lincoln went on to speak of other discoveries, and also of the inventions which had been made during the long cycles of time lying between the present and those early days when



NORMAN B. JUDD.

the sons of Adam began to make use of material things about them, and invent instruments of various kinds in brass and gold and silver. He gave us a short but succinct account of all the inventions referred to in the Old Testament, from the time when Adam walked in the Garden of Eden until the Bible record ended, 600 B.C. I said, 'Mr. Lincoln, I did not know you were such a Bible student.' He replied, 'I must be honest, Mrs. Judd, and tell you just how I come to know so much about these early inventions.' He then went on to say that, discussing with some friend the relative age of the discovery and use of the precious metals, he went to the Bible to satisfy himself, and became so interested in his researches that he made memoranda of the different discoveries and inventions; that soon after he was invited to lecture before some literary society (I think in Bloomington); that the interest he had felt in the study convinced him that the subject would interest

others, and he therefore prepared and delivered his lecture on the 'Age of Different Inventions.' 'Of course,' he added, 'I could not after that forget the order or time of such discoveries and inventions.'"⁽⁵⁾

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX.

(¹) Daniel Webster's speech in Congress, March 5, 1850.

(²) Stephen A. Douglas, "Congressional Globe," Appendix, 1851-52.

(³) "The Last Leaf" was first published 1836. The volume had a limited sale. It seems probable that Mr. Lincoln first became acquainted with it through the "Louisville Journal," the editor of which, being himself a poet, often enriched its columns with choice poems from other writers. Mr. Lincoln for many years was a subscriber to that paper. Mr. Holmes was nearly his own age, both having been born in 1809.—Author.

(⁴) Archibald Dixon to H. S. Foote, in "Louisville Democrat," October 3, 1858.

(⁵) Mrs. Norman B. Judd, quoted in "Every-day Life of Lincoln," p. 208.

CHAPTER X.

KANSAS-NEBRASKA STRUGGLE.

PEOPLE in the Northern States during the month of July, 1854, were holding meetings to form a new political party which should have for its object resistance to the aggressions of the slave power.

Twenty-three years had passed since William Lloyd Garrison was put in prison for saying the slave traffic was piracy. The Abolitionists, as they called themselves, proposed to bring about the abolition of slavery by convincing the people that it was morally wrong—a sin against God and their fellow-men. They denounced the Constitution because it recognized slavery, and they advocated the dissolution of the Union because it was in league with iniquity. They saw the aggression of slavery, but were opposed to any political action to restrict it. The Free Soil Party of 1848 was formed more to avenge the slight put upon President Van Buren by the slave power in not re-nominating him for a second term than from any deep-seated sentiment in favor of freedom.

The passage of the Nebraska Bill brought spontaneous combustion—a kindling of the fires of freedom throughout the Northern States, resulting in the formation of the Republican Party.

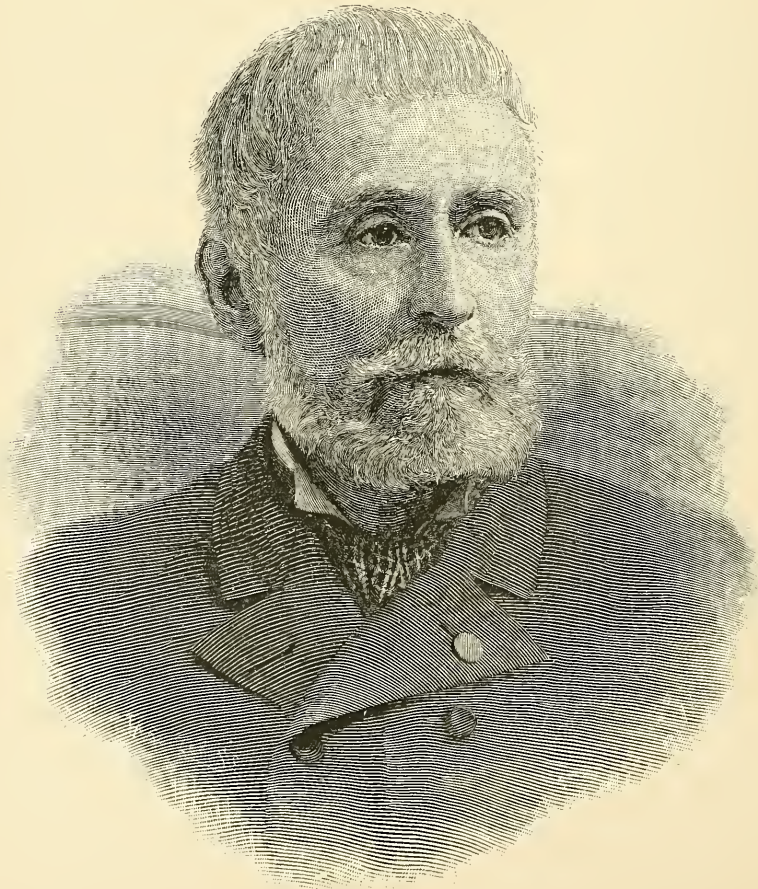
At Ostend, a seaport of Belgium, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, Minister of the United States to England, Pierre Soulé, of New Orleans, Minister to Spain, and Mr. Mason, of Virginia, Minister to France,

Oct. 9, 1854. had a conference as to the best way for the United States to gain possession of Cuba. The slave-holders wanted to obtain that island for the purpose of extending the area of slavery and strengthening their political power. They sent a letter to President Pierce suggesting that the United States should offer Spain \$120,000,000, and if Spain would not sell, the United States ought to take the island by force. The thought that the United States would be acting the part of a highway robber did not deter them from putting forth the proposition. But President Pierce discovered that Spain, England, and other European

countries might have something to say about such a transaction; besides, such an outburst of indignation was heard from the people of the Northern States that no attempt was made to carry out the plan. The boldness and wickedness of the scheme aroused the people. There must be united action, or slavery would be the controlling political force.

Delegates from the several Northern States met in convention at Philadelphia and formed the Republican Party. They selected John Charles Fremont as their candidate for the Presidency. The Democratic Party met in Cincinnati and nominated James Buchanan, who had signed the letter in regard to seizing Cuba. Stephen A. Douglas confidently expected to be nominated. He had

June 17,
1856.



JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

rendered great service to the slave-holders, but they had no intention of rewarding him for what he had done.

Abraham Lincoln travelled through Illinois making speeches for the Republican Party, Douglas for the Democrats. They often spoke in the same town. Very graceful the tribute which Lincoln paid to Douglas:

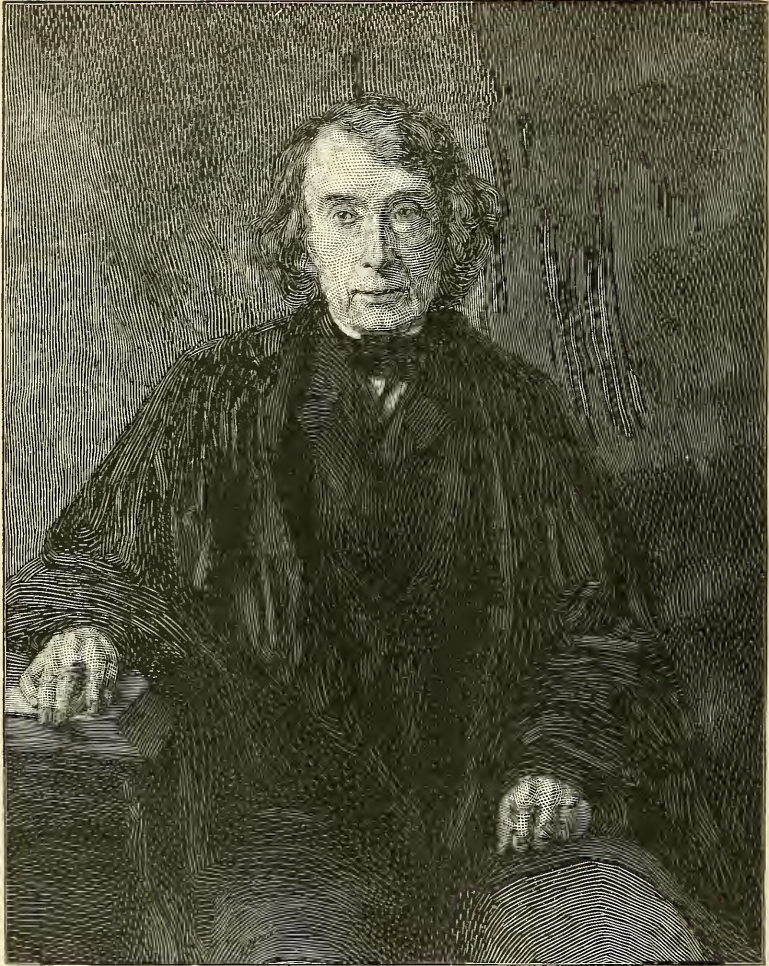
“Twenty years ago Mr. Douglas and I first became acquainted. We were both young—he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were ambitious—I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me the race has been a failure—a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation, and is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. So reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch’s brow.”

Little does he know, as he utters the words, of the elevation towards which divine Providence is leading him. He has been thinking of the millions of his fellow-men in slavery. He never has forgotten the scene in the slave-market in New Orleans. He believes that somehow Providence is to bring about the extinction of slavery. He said to a friend, “Sometimes when I am speaking I feel that the time is soon coming when the sun shall shine and the rain fall on no man who shall go forth to unrequited toil. . . . How it will come about, when it will come, I cannot tell; but that time will surely come!” (1)

Mr. Buchanan was elected. His inaugural address was carefully written, and he was ready to take his seat. We do not know who informed him that the Supreme Court, the highest judicial tribunal

May 1,
1857.

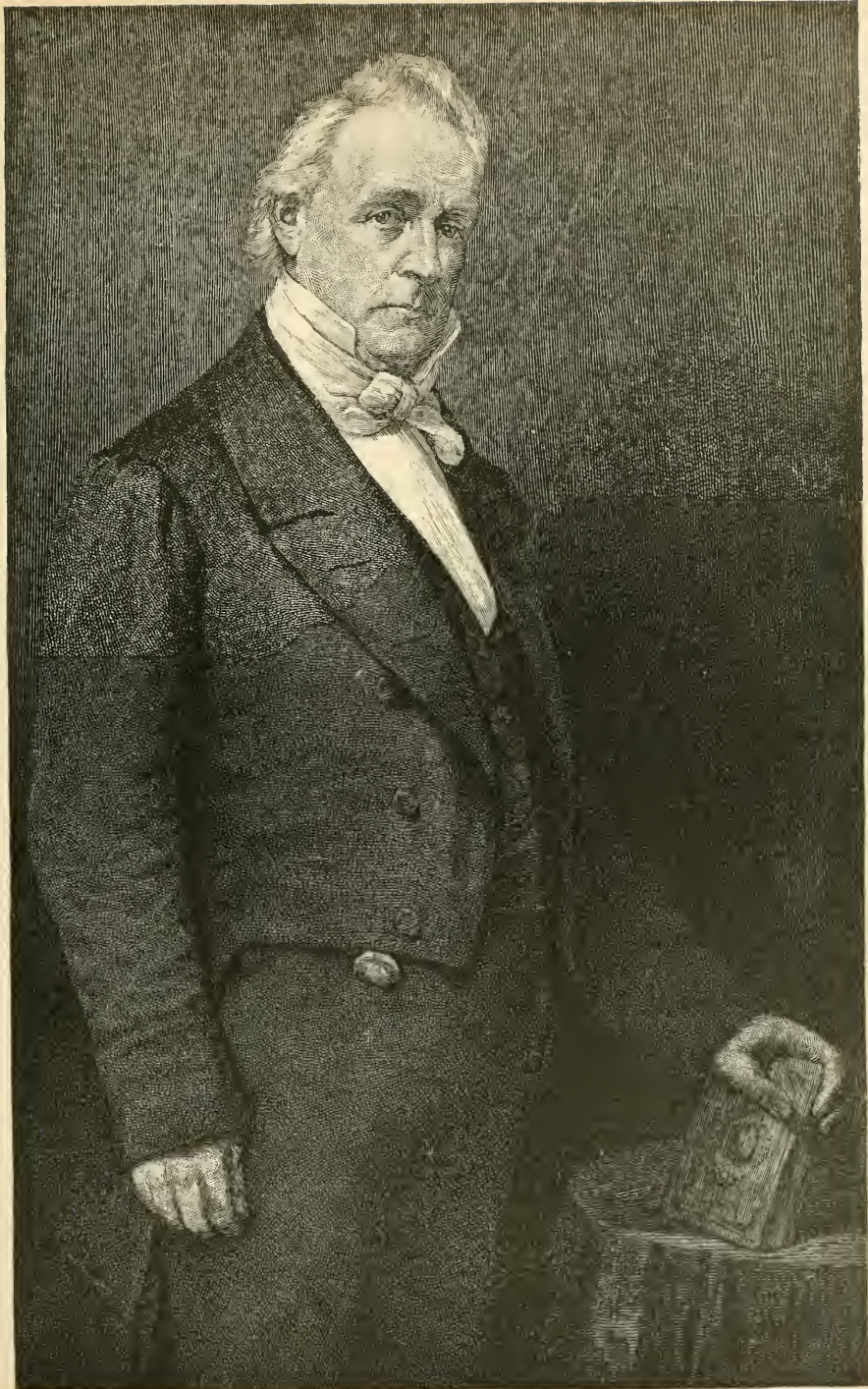
of the nation, was prepared to make a decision in a case affecting the rights of slave-holders under the Constitution: but Mr. Buchanan thought it best to insert another sentence in his address. It was the expression of a hope that the decision would forever settle a very vexatious question. Two days passed, and Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, Chief-justice, startled the people by what he had to say concerning two slaves. Dred Scott and his wife Harriet were owned by Dr. Emerson, of St. Louis. He was a surgeon in the army. He took them to Rock Island, in Iowa, Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and then to St. Louis. Having been taken voluntarily by him into a Free Territory, the slaves claimed they were entitled to their liberty under the common law of the country. Of the nine judges composing the court, five were from the Slave States. Seven of the judges agreed that the Constitution recognized slaves as property and nothing more. They were not and



ROGER B. TANEY.

could not be citizens. Not being citizens, they could not bring a suit in any court of the United States. The claim of Dred and Harriet Scott must be settled by the court of Missouri. The Constitution recognized slaves as property, and that property must be protected. It was decided that the Compromise of 1820 and that of 1850 were unconstitutional.

By this decision a slave had no civil rights. He was a *thing* only—no more than a horse, cow, or pig. The logic of the decision carried slavery not only into the Territories, but into the Free States. It upset



JAMES BUCHANAN.

Mr. Douglas's theory that the people of a Territory alone had the right to say whether they would or would not have slavery.

Only two of the judges—Mr. McLean, of Ohio, and Mr. Curtis, of Massachusetts—dissented from this opinion, which made slavery instead of freedom the basis upon which the nation had been established. If President Buchanan thought this decision would settle a vexatious question, he little comprehended the spirit of the people. Nothing can be made permanent that is not established in righteousness. No people with the spirit of freedom in their blood will ever see their great charter of liberty utterly subverted. The Supreme Court, instead of being regarded with reverence, became an object of contempt. The common-sense of the people led them to say the judges had made an unwarranted decision in the interests of slavery.

The struggle for the possession of Kansas was going on. The Free State candidate for Congress had a majority of more than 4000 votes. The coveted prize was slipping away from the slave-holders, who determined to reverse the majority by stuffing the ballot-boxes with fraudulent votes. They selected 600 names from an old Directory of the City of Cincinnati, and registered them as the names of settlers in one of the counties.

The Free State settlers elected a legislature, which met at Topeka and framed a constitution. The slave-holders met at Lecompton and adopted a constitution recognizing slavery. Both of these documents were forwarded to Washington.

We have seen Abraham Lincoln in 1832 splitting rails on the bank of the Sangamon when informed that John Calhoun had appointed him surveyor of land. A quarter of a century had gone by, and John Calhoun was surveyor of public lands in Kansas. He was president of the Lecompton convention, and was wielding his influence to make Kansas a Slave State by changing the election returns. He had a list of 379 names in a precinct where only forty-three votes were cast. To keep them out of the hands of a committee of Congress he secreted them in a candle-box under a wood-pile. For that act he was called "Candle-box Calhoun."

In Washington the slave-holders were persuading President Buchanan to recommend the admission of Kansas as a State with a constitution recognizing slavery.

Stephen A. Douglas called upon the President. He was angry, for his theory of the rights of the people in a Territory to say whether they will or will not have slavery had been overturned by the decision of the Supreme Court.

“I must recommend the acceptance of the Lecompton constitution,” said Mr. Buchanan.

“I shall feel it my duty to oppose its acceptance.”

“Allow me to remind you, Senator Douglas, that no Democrat ever yet differed from an Administration of his own party without being himself crushed. I refer you to the fate of Tallmadge and Rives under the administration of President Jackson.”

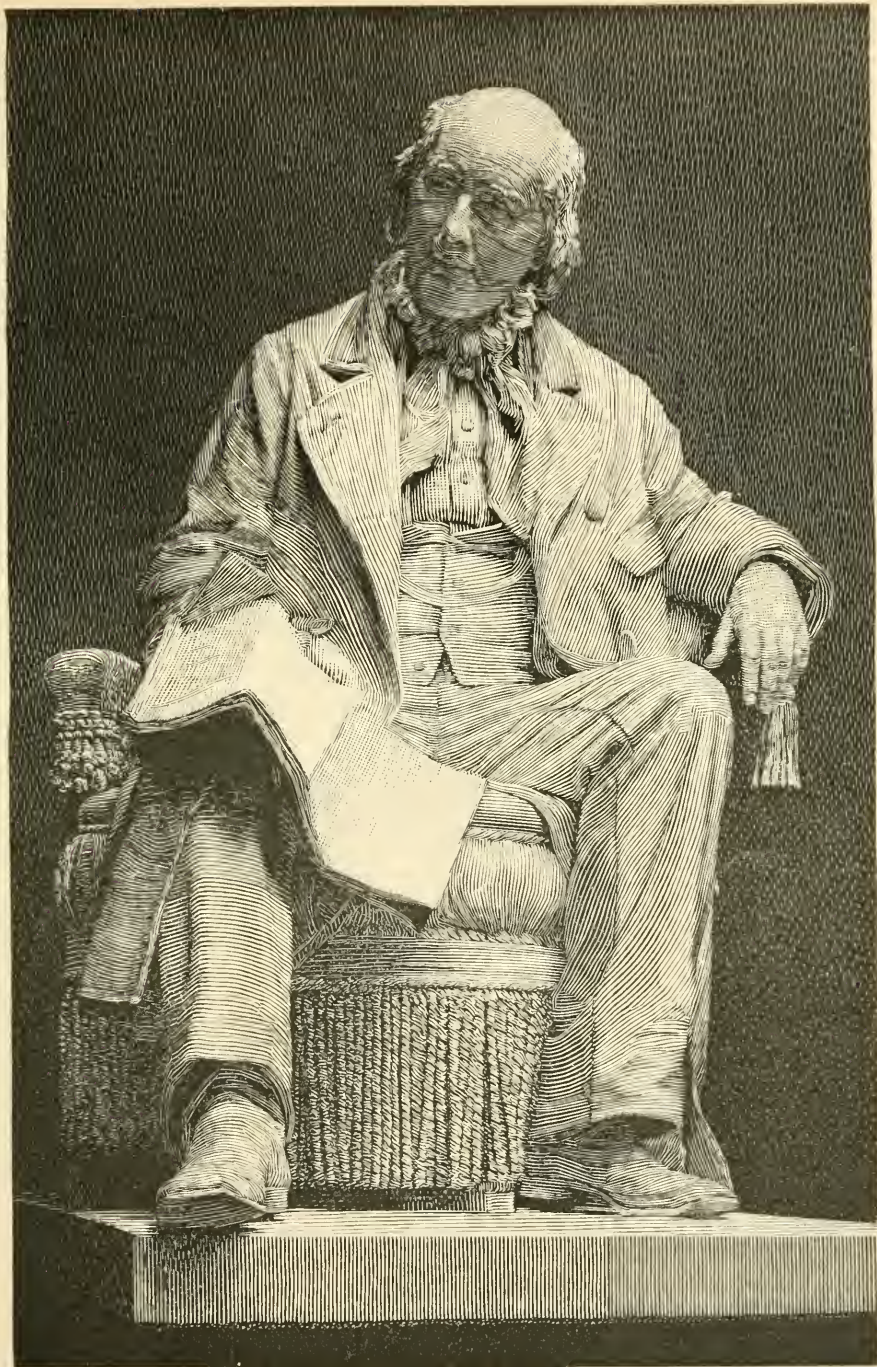
“Mr. President, allow me to remind you that General Jackson is dead.” Mr. Douglas bows and leaves the White House. He keeps his word. He knows the slave power never will forgive him, but he also knows that unless he opposes the slave-holders in their attempts to force a hateful constitution upon the people of Kansas, he will endanger his own re-election to the Senate.

On the banks of the little river Marias-des-Cygnés (Marsh of the Swans), three miles from Missouri, settlers from the Free States were ploughing their fields. They never had taken part in any troubles between other people and the Missouri ruffians, but they did not want slaves in Kansas, and had voted to make it a Free State. Lawless men in Missouri were ever ready to shoot settlers from the Free States. Charles Hamilton, with a gang of twenty-seven, seized eleven of the men who had taken farms in the valley of Marias-des-Cygnés. “Make ready! Take aim! Fire!” the word of command. The rifles and revolvers flashed, and all but one were killed or wounded. The murderers fired once more, riddling the bodies with bullets, and then rode back to Missouri to gloat over the morning’s work. It was their way of upsetting the popular sovereignty of Senator Douglas—their way of interpreting the meaning of the Constitution—their method of carrying slavery into Kansas.

The people of the Northern States were horrified when they heard of the cold-blooded massacre, and the peaceful Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, far away on the banks of the Merrimac, in Massachusetts, wrote these lines:

“A blush as of roses,
 Where roses never grew;
 Great drops on the bunch-grass,
 But not of the dew;
 A taint in the sweet air
 For wild bees to shun;
 A stain that shall never
 Bleach out with the sun.”

Into Missouri with a company of men marched John Brown, not to



HORACE GREELEY.

commit murder, but with a far different object in view. The Supreme Court had decided that under the Constitution slavery might be established in Kansas. Missourians were determined to force it upon the Territory. He would let the ruffians know that slaves had legs and could run away. He found fourteen who were ready to be free men. He started with them, bound for Iowa. "Three thousand dollars reward for the arrest of John Brown!" read the proclamation of the Governor of Missouri.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars reward!" read the proclamation of James Buchanan, President of the United States.

The Marshal of Missouri with a posse of men surrounded the log-cabin occupied by Brown and his company, but the muzzles of rifles projected from the crevices between the logs.

"Come on, gentlemen, if you wish to." It was a pleasant voice, with no bravado in the tones.

But three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars was no temptation to advance. Night came, and John Brown and the slaves were on their way to Iowa. Never again would the fugitives call any man master.

The disagreement of Douglas with President Buchanan upon the acceptance of the Lecompton constitution led Horace Greeley, editor of the New York "Tribune," and other men of the Eastern States, to think it would be good policy for the Republicans to support Douglas. Mr. Lincoln and his friends thought differently. They knew Mr. Douglas desired to be President of the United States, and that he was not opposing the acceptance of the Lecompton constitution from any noble principle. Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln's law partner, thought it would be well for some one to let Mr. Greeley and other Eastern gentlemen know their advocacy of Douglas was doing much harm to the Republicans of Illinois, and he accordingly visited the Eastern States. In Boston he made the acquaintance of Theodore Parker, a Unitarian minister, who was making very earnest efforts to bring about the abolition of slavery, and who presented him with a copy of a speech which he had made. Herndon carried it to Springfield. Mr. Lincoln read it, and made a pencil mark against this sentence: "*Democracy is direct self-government over all the people, for all the people, by all the people.*" (2)

It was a sentence to be remembered.

Times had changed in Illinois since that day when Abraham Lincoln entered the State driving an ox-team. Then the farmers reaped

their grain with a sickle, or gathered it with a cradle. In 1833 Obed Hussey invented a machine for reaping, and in 1834 Cyrus McCormick took out a patent for a similar machine. Mr. Manny, of Chicago, also took out a patent, which McCormick claimed was an infringement. Mr. Manny employed two able lawyers to defend his claim — George Harding, of Philadelphia, who understood mechanics, and Abraham Lincoln, who was to take up the points of law involved. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in the country, was employed by Mr. McCormick. Mr. Lincoln prepared himself with great care, and was quite ready to meet Mr. Johnson in argument.

Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court, was to hear the case in Cincinnati. Mr. Lincoln reached that city and found that Mr. Manny had also engaged Edwin M. Stanton, of Pittsburg. The three lawyers met for consultation. Only two of them could be heard by the Court. Mr. Harding, by mutual consent, was to present the mechanical features of the invention. Who should present the legal points, Lincoln or Stanton? By custom it was Lincoln's right. He was prepared, Stanton was not. "You will speak, of course," said Stanton. "No, you," the courteous reply. "I will," the answer, and Mr. Stanton abruptly and discourteously left the room. He had taken a great dislike to Lincoln, who overheard him in an adjoining room say to a friend: "Where did such a lank creature come from? His linen duster is blotched on his back with perspiration and dust, so that you might use it for a map of the continent."(*)

Mr. Lincoln felt the discourtesy. He had looked forward to the contest with keen zest, but Stanton had rudely pushed him aside and assumed superiority.

We have seen Mr. Lincoln, when clerk in Offut's store in New Salem, vanquishing Jack Armstrong in a wrestling match, and Jack from that day becoming a true and steadfast friend. It was Hannah Armstrong, wife of Jack, who mended the clerk's clothing. He was ever welcomed to the Armstrong cabin. But Jack had died and Hannah was in trouble. To whom should she go but to the great-hearted friend, no longer reseating chairs or surveying land, but foremost among the lawyers of Illinois? It was a sad story. Her son William was in jail, accused of killing James T. Metzger. He went to a camp-meeting, drank too much whiskey, and quarrelled with Metzger.

A fatal blow was struck either by William or by a boon companion.

The people were so bitter against him that the trial was to be at Beardstown, in another county.

"Hannah, I'll do all I can for you." That was all Lawyer Lincoln could say.

The court-house is filled with people. The evidence in the case is very much against William. The witnesses swear they heard the quarrelling between him and Metzger. It was in the evening. They saw Bill strike the fatal blow.

"You say that you saw him strike the fatal blow?" Lincoln asks.

"Yes."

"What time was it?"

"About eleven o'clock in the evening."

"Was it a bright night?"

"Yes, the moon was nearly full."

"What was its position in the sky?"

"It was just about the position of the sun at ten o'clock in the forenoon."

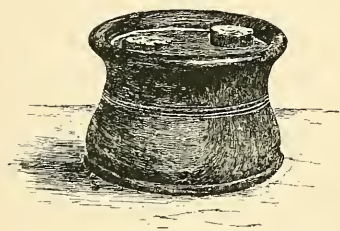
"You say that the moon was nearly full, and shining so bright that you could see Bill strike the blow."

"Yes."

Lawyer Lincoln takes an almanac from his pocket and shows it to the jury. "Gentlemen, either this witness is wrong or this almanac is wrong, for it says there was no moon that night. Which will you believe?" Very eloquent are the closing words of his argument. Hannah Armstrong is looking up into his face. He sees the white hair and the wrinkled brow of the woman who has been as a mother to him. There is no conclusive evidence that her son plunged the knife into the side of the murdered man. The almanac contradicts the witnesses who testify that they saw the stroke by the light of the moon. There are tears in his eyes as he tells the jury about the dead father, the cabin where he lived; how it had been a home to himself; how tenderly the woman sitting by his side had cared for him; how the son, with no father to restrain him, had fallen into bad company. With all the evidence before them the jury could not unmistakably say that William struck the blow. The jurors brush the tears from their sunburnt faces. The judge cannot conceal his emotion, and there is a sound of stifled sobbing in the room as he pictures the past.

The jury render its verdict of "not guilty." The court-room suddenly changes to a scene of congratulation—lawyer, judge, a great crowd of citizens shaking hands with Mr. Lincoln.

The summer birds were singing, but Abraham Lincoln did not heed them as he walked the streets. Old acquaintances met him, but he did not see them. He was lost in thought. At times his friends saw him take a scrap of paper from his hat and the stub of a pencil from his pocket and jot down a few words. In by-gone years his hat had been the New Salem Post-office, but it had come to be a receptacle of his thoughts. When he reached his office he usually emptied it of the bits of paper, dipped his pen into a large wooden inkstand, and wrote out the thoughts that had come to him. He was thinking about the decision of Chief-justice Taney, of what was going on in Kansas, and smiled as



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S INKSTAND.

he reflected upon the predicament in which Douglas found himself. He looked into the future, and the smile faded away. He saw what other men did not see, that either slavery or freedom was to be supreme in the nation; that ever since the advent of Jesus Christ on earth righteousness and liberty had been making head-way against wrong and slavery. He had an abiding faith in God, and saw that sooner or later freedom was to win.

Mr. Lincoln was not an Abolitionist, but was against the further extension of slavery. Possibly before the formation of the Republican Party he could not have said just what course ought to be pursued to bring about its final extinction. He was being educated by passing events. He read the "Antislavery Standard," the New York "Tribune," the Chicago "Tribune," which came regularly to his office. "Never did a man," said his partner, Mr. Herndon, "change as did Mr. Lincoln. No sooner had he planted himself right on the slavery question than his whole soul seemed burning. He blossomed right out. Spiritual things became clear to him."

The hotels of Springfield were filled with delegates from all the counties in the State. They were discussing the great question of the hour—the decision of the Supreme Court, its effect on the "Popular Sovereignty" doctrine of Douglas. They had read about the massacre in Kansas, and were enthusiastic over the formation of the Republican Party. In a quiet chamber Abraham Lincoln was reading his speech to several of his confidential friends. He wanted their opinion in regard to it. These the opening sentences:

June 16,
1858.

“If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis has been reached and passed. ‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.”(4)

His friends were startled.

“It will never do for you to make that speech,” they said. “What you say is true, but the time has not come for you to say it. It will defeat your election. It will ruin the Republican Party.”

Mr. Lincoln hears them, rises from his chair, stands erect. He does not look into the faces of those around him. It is the old far-away look, as if seeing what they cannot see.

“My friends, I have given much thought to this question. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered. If it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked with it to the truth. Let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.”

If it is decreed. He believes in God, a being of absolute justice and truth, who directs the affairs of men and nations. He himself is of little account. Justice and truth are eternal, and if need be he will go down in their defence.

Not quite half a century has gone by since his mother folded him in her arms in the cheerless Kentucky home, less than twenty-five years since he was swinging an axe in the woods on the bank of the Sangamon; but, with a great prize before him, he tramples all political and personal considerations beneath his feet. In this supreme hour he stands with the steadfast men of all the ages. Not a word is changed. He will deliver it as written or not at all.

He exposed the plan by which Kansas was to be made a Slave State, and slavery carried into the Free States—a plan arranged by Stephen A. Douglas, Franklin Pierce, Roger B. Taney, and James Buchanan. “We cannot,” he said, “absolutely know that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and

James, for instance—and when we see these timbers joined together, and see that they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting and all the lengths and proportions exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few, not omitting even scaffolding, we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan drawn before the first blow was struck.”

The convention nominated him as candidate for Senator, but the delegates went home with heavy hearts, fearing the sentiments expressed would not be acceptable to the Republicans of the State.

“The first ten lines of your speech will bring about your defeat,” wrote his friend Swett from Chicago.

“You have made a great mistake,” the words of another.

“If I had,” wrote Mr. Lincoln in reply, “to draw my pen across my

record and erase my whole life from sight, and if I had one poor choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world as it is.”

Douglas and Lincoln both visited Chicago. A great crowd assembled in front of the Tremont House to listen to a speech from the former. He had many ardent friends who admired his great abilities and his winning ways.

He knew Mr. Lincoln



LEONARD SWETT.

was in the city and courteously invited him to take a seat on the platform. It was a gracious act. The invitation was accepted. The thousands in the street had an opportunity of seeing the two foremost men of the State, both of them in the full vigor of manhood.

"I take great pleasure," said Douglas, "in saying that I have known personally and intimately, for about a quarter of a century, the worthy gentleman who has been nominated for my place, and I will say that I regard him as a kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman—a good citizen and an honorable opponent; and whatever may be the issue I may have with him it will be of principle and not of personalities."

He read the opening sentences of the speech of Lincoln at Springfield, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and said:

"Mr. Lincoln advocates boldly and clearly a war of sections, a war of the North against the South, of the Free States against the Slave States, a war of extermination to be continued relentlessly until the one or the other shall be subdued, and all the States shall either become free or become slave."

Mr. Lincoln had not indicated a desire to see any such contest, but had stated what would be the probable course of events. He had uttered a prophecy, nothing more.

Douglas did not notice the allusion to the political carpenters and house-builders, Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James. He boldly announced his support of the decision rendered by the Supreme Court in relation to Dred and Harriet Scott.

"This Government is founded on the white basis. It was made for the white man, for the benefit of the white man, to be administered by the white men as they shall determine. . . . Kentucky has the right to say that her negroes shall be slaves, Illinois that her negroes shall not vote, New York that hers may vote, when qualified by property, and Maine that the negro is equal at the polls to the white man."

The next evening Abraham Lincoln stood upon the same platform, looking down upon a sea of faces. He made a vigorous reply to Douglas. A week later both candidates were in Bloomington. Douglas had misrepresented his opponent, but Lincoln was not irritated. With good-humor he spoke of those who supported Douglas. "They are looking upon him as certain at no distant day to be President. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marsh-ships, Cabinet appointments, chargé-ships, and foreign missions bursting and sprouting out in wonderful luxuriance ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. . . . On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has seen any cabbages sprouting out."

"Challenge Douglas to a joint debate," said some of Lincoln's friends.

“Will it be agreeable to you to make an arrangement for you and myself to divide the time and address the same audiences the present canvass?” read a note from Lincoln. It led ultimately to an arrangement for a joint discussion in some of the principal towns in different parts of the State.

“It never will do for Lincoln to meet Douglas on the same platform,” said timid friends.

The hotel of Mr. Chenery in Springfield was crowded with the friends of Lincoln, and he was there to meet them. The old-time sadness was on his face, for he knew many of them were fearful that he would be no match for Douglas.

“We are looking forward with some anxiety to your proposed debate,” the remark of one who had ridden the circuit with him.

“Sit down; let me tell you a story. Have you and I not seen two men about to fight, one noisy and boastful, jumping, striking his fists together, telling what he is going to do, trying hard to *skewer* the other fellow, who don't say anything? His arms hang down, but his fists are clinched, his teeth are set, his muscles rigid. You may be sure he will whip. Good-bye. Remember what I say.”

The sadness was gone; his face was beaming with smiles.

The arrangements were made. The first debate was at Ottawa, attended by 20,000 people. No hall could hold the multitudes who gathered to hear the two men who had risen from obscurity to be the foremost political debaters of the State. Douglas had a series of questions for which he demanded answers. Mr. Lincoln answered them unhesitatingly. Before the next meeting came, which was to be held at Freeport, Lincoln prepared four questions for Douglas to answer. This was the third question propounded:

“If the Supreme Court of the United States shall decide that States cannot exclude slavery from their limits, are you in favor of acquiescing in, adopting, and following such decision as a code of political action?”

“Douglas,” said Lincoln's friends, “will reply by affirming this decision as an abstract principle, but denying its political application.”

“If he does that he can never be President,” said Lincoln.

“That is not your lookout; you are after the Senatorship.”

“No, gentlemen; I am killing larger game. The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this.”

Mr. Douglas saw the dilemma in which he would be placed, and evaded answering the question. Throughout the campaign he trav-

elled from town to town in a railway car decorated with flags, accompanied by his friends and a brass band.

Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, travelled alone. No trumpeter heralded his coming. He knew there was not much chance for him to win, but he was battling for great principles.

“Why don't you tell funny stories, and make people laugh and cheer you?” asked a friend.

“The occasion is too serious and the issue too grave. I do not seek applause, or to amuse the people,” the reply.

“Somehow,” said one who heard them both, “while Douglas was greeted with constant cheers, when Lincoln closed, the people seemed serious and thoughtful, and could be heard all through the crowd gravely and anxiously discussing the subjects on which he had been speaking.”(°)

Mr. Douglas stated that he did not care whether slavery was voted into or out of the Territories; the negro was not his equal; the Declaration of Independence was not intended to include the negro. Far different is the following statement of Mr. Lincoln's convictions :

“The men who signed the Declaration of Independence said that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty and wise and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to His creatures—yes, gentlemen, to all His creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of man then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children, and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of posterity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began; so that truth and justice and mercy and all the humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

“Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty—let me entreat you to come back.

Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me ; take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing ; I am nothing ; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity : the Declaration of American Independence."

It was a wearying campaign. Besides the seven debates with Douglas, Mr. Lincoln made many speeches throughout the State. Mr. Douglas travelled in a saloon car, luxuriously fitted up for his accommodation, where he could rest undisturbed after the fatigue of the day. The Superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad, George B. McClellan, was a Democrat, and Mr. Douglas's personal friend. Mr. Lincoln had been retained as an attorney for the railroad, but could obtain no accommodation from the officials of the company, who were in sympathy with Douglas, and who used their influence to secure his election.

The majority of votes was more than four thousand in Lincoln's favor, but the Democrats, through an unfair districting of the State, secured the election of a majority of the Legislature favorable to Douglas.

"I am glad," he said to a friend, "that I made the race. It gave me a hearing on the questions of the age which I could have had in no other way, and though I may sink entirely out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of liberty after I am gone." (*)

The old-time depression returned. It was a natural sequence to the exhausting labors of the campaign. He was no longer receiving the applause of listening thousands. The enthusiasm which sustained him as he set forth the great questions involving the future welfare of the country no longer thrilled him. Pernicious political principles were in the ascendent ; truth and justice had gone down in the conflict. Friends would soon forget that he had ever lived. Discouraged and downcast, he walked the streets. Little did he know how divine Providence had planned comfort and consolation. He heard sweet music—a melody and chorus. He stopped and listened to the enchanting strains floating upon the evening air. He was soothed by the music and enraptured by the words. They awakened tender memories.

Dec.,
1858.

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

SONG WITH INVISIBLE CHORUS.*

H. S. THOMPSON.

Andante sostenuto.

1. Tell me, ye wing-ed winds, that round my path-way roar, Do
 2. Tell me, thou might-y deep, whose bil-lows round me play, Know'st
 3. And thou, se-ren-est moon, that with such ho-ly face Dost

ye not know some spot where mor-tals weep no more, Some
 thou some fav-ored spot, some isl-and far a-way, Where
 look up-on the earth, a-sleep in night's em-brace; Tell

lone and pleas-ant dell, some val-ley in the west, Where
 wea-ry man may find the bliss for which he sighs, Where
 me, in all thy round, hast thou not found some spot, Where

ad lib.

free from care and pain the wea-ry soul may rest?
 sor-row nev-er lives, and friendship nev-er dies?
 we poor wretched men may find a hap-pier lot?

colla voce. *rit.*

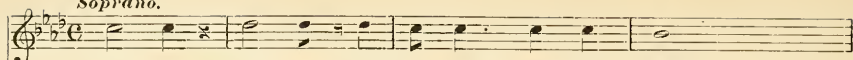
* When sung in public, the Chorus are placed in an adjoining room.

[By permission of Oliver Ditson & Co.]

TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

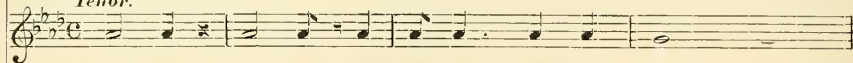


No rest, no rest for mor-tals here be - low;

Alto.

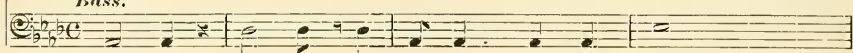


Tenor.

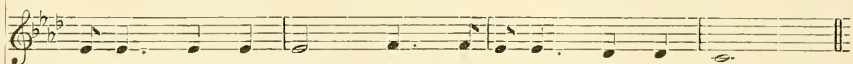


No rest, no rest for mor-tals here be - low;

Bass.



Sor-row, sin, and death fill the pathway as you go.



Sor-row, sin, and death fill the pathway as you go.



4 Tell me, my secret soul, oh! tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?

CHORUS.

Yes, they rest; yes, they rest beyond the bright blue skies,
Where sorrow never comes, and friendship never dies.

The depression was gone. True friendship never dies. Justice and truth and love are eternal. Right will triumph. "I must have that," he said, and addressed a note to the young lady whose voice had thrilled him with its sweetness and pathos, requesting a copy of the words. (?) So again angels ministered to him.

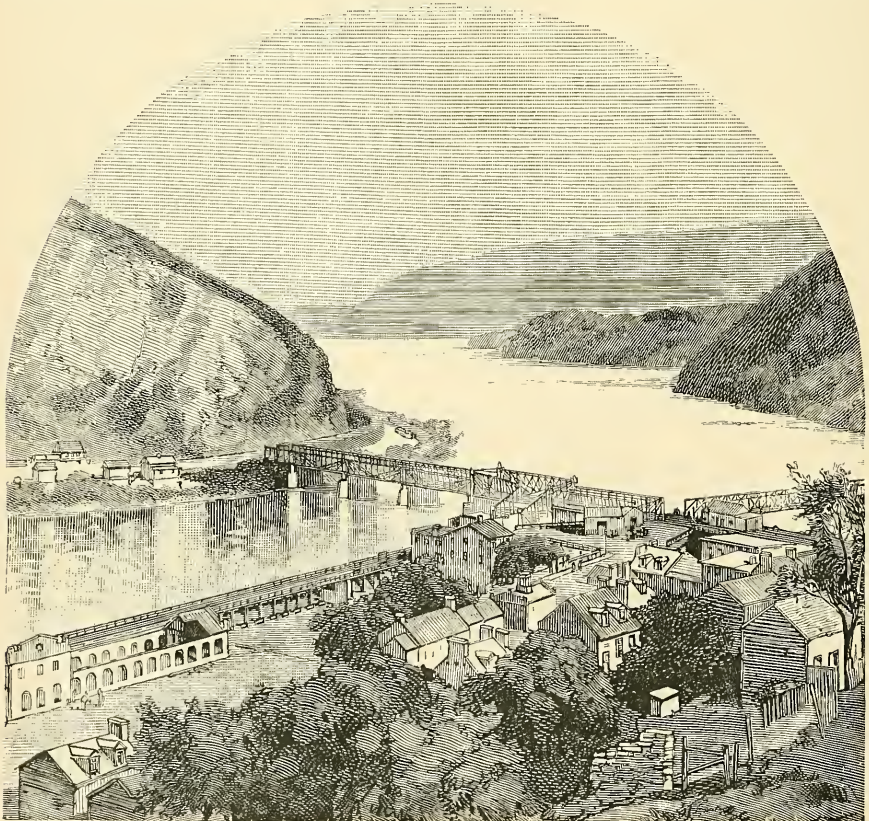
The speeches made by Lincoln and Douglas were published in a volume, which people in other sections of the country were reading. It seems probable that though Mr. Lincoln had served a term in ^{1859.} Congress, few outside of Illinois knew that such a man existed till they read his speeches. Douglas was known throughout the republic. But who was Abraham Lincoln? Where had he been, and what had he been doing through preceding years? People were astonished. No statesman in Congress had grappled with the great questions of the day with such transcendent power. They were amazed that one of whom they had never heard should so suddenly appear to confront with unanswerable arguments one of the ablest and most aggressive debaters in the country.

Mr. Douglas had won a re-election to the Senate, but he was conscious that he had lost ground politically in the Southern States, and so determined to visit that section of the country. He made a speech at Memphis. "The question of slavery," he said, "is one of climate. Wherever it is for the interest of the inhabitants of a territory to encourage slave property, they will pass a slave code. On the sugar plantations of Louisiana it is not a question between the white man and the negro, but between the negro and the crocodile. The Almighty has drawn a line on the continent, on the one side of which the soil must be cultivated by slave labor, on the other by free labor. . . . We must have more territory. Men may say we shall never want anything more of Mexico, but the time will come when we shall be compelled to take more. . . . So of the Island of Cuba. It is a matter of no consequence whether we want it or not; we are compelled to take it, and we can't help it."

He went to New Orleans, and made a like speech in that city. ^{Jan.,} When he reached Washington he found the slave-holders had ^{1859.} deposed him from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories. It was intended humiliation.

We have seen John Brown in Kansas fighting to make it a Free State. He was born in Connecticut, but when he was only five years old his father moved to Ohio. He hated oppression and injustice, and was ever ready to help the poor. He wanted to be a minister, but became a tanner instead, and was so conscientious that he would never

sell his leather until it was perfectly dry. He became a wool merchant, but lost what little money he had earned. He selected land in northern New York, cut down the trees, built a cabin; but when emigrants were called for to make Kansas a Free State, he started for that Territory with several of his sons. He did not believe slavery would ever be abolished by telling the slave-holders it was a sin. He thought the only way to get rid of it was by making slave property insecure. Of the heroic deeds mentioned in the Bible, he was deeply impressed by what Gideon accomplished. He came to believe that he, also, was to be an instrument in the hands of the Almighty to give freedom to the slaves. He laid a plan to seize with a handful of men the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. He thought the slaves everywhere would flock to him. There was no sanity in his plan. His few friends in whom he confided tried to dissuade him from such an attempt, but he



HARPER'S FERRY.

felt that he was called of God to execute it. He rented a farm on a mountain in Maryland, near Harper's Ferry, obtained guns which had been used by the Free State men in Kansas, and employed a blacksmith to make pikes.

With seventeen white men and five negroes he marched in the night to Harper's Ferry, seized the arsenal, captured Colonel Lewis Washington, and liberated his slaves. He stopped a railroad train, but ^{Oct. 16,} _{1859.} after a little while allowed it to go on. Two of the citizens mortally wounded one of Brown's sons. Brown's soldiers returned the fire and killed one citizen. The telegraph flashed the news far and wide. In Charleston the church-bells were ringing, drums beating, and 400 men hastening with shot-guns and rifles towards Harper's Ferry. The story of John Brown in the engine-house; its defence; the arrival of Robert E. Lee with United States marines from Washington and two cannon; the capture of John Brown; his mockery of a trial and execution, is a part of the history of the country.

Wendell Phillips, orator, from Boston, looking down into the open coffin and the face of John Brown, calm and peaceful in death, at his funeral in North Elbe, N. Y., said, "He has abolished slavery."

James Russell Lowell, poet, wrote of him :

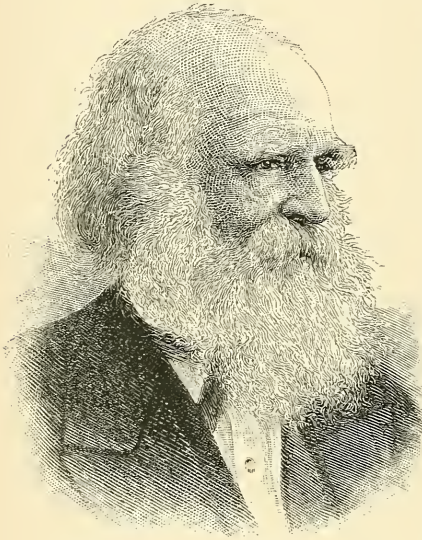
"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

The curiosity of the people of New York and Boston in regard to the hitherto unknown man who had proved himself a match for Douglas was so great that he received an invitation to give a lecture in those cities.

The great hall of the Cooper Institute in New York was filled. William Cullen Bryant, poet and editor, presided. "Since the day of Clay and Webster no man has spoken to a larger assemblage of the intellect and mental culture of our city," wrote Horace Greeley, the editor of the "Tribune," when the lecture was over. "Mr. Lincoln is one of Nature's orators, using his rare powers solely to elucidate and convince, though the irresistible effect is to delight and electrify as well. . . . The hall frequently rang with cheers and shouts of applause, which were prolonged and intensified at the close. No man

ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience.” (°)

One of Mr. Lincoln’s personal friends, Elihu B. Washburne, (°) member of Congress from Galena, Ill., was in New York, and on Sunday they made their way together to the Five Points Mission Sunday-school, which had been established in the most degraded section of the city. Many of the children were in rags. Rev. Mr. Pease, the superintendent, kindly welcomed them, and in response to his invitation Mr. Lincoln addressed the children.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Mr. Lincoln repeated his address at New Haven, Conn. A professor of rhetoric in Yale College listened in astonishment. Never before had he heard such plain, direct, clear, and comprehensive language—words so simple that a child could understand what he was saying. Mr. Lincoln was to speak at Meriden, and the professor hastened to that town to hear him once more. He returned to the college and gave a lecture to his

class upon the marvellous rhetoric of this man from the West who never had had the advantages of an education.

From Meriden Mr. Lincoln went to Hartford and Norwich. The largest hall in Norwich was filled with people who desired to hear him.

“It gives me pleasure,” the words of Mayor A. W. Prentice, who presided, “to introduce a gentleman with whom you are already acquainted, and whom you hope to see presiding in the Senate over Stephen Arnold Douglas as Vice-president of the United States.” The mayor was anticipating that William H. Seward would be the Republican candidate for President, and Mr. Lincoln for Vice-president.

Rev. John Putnam Gulliver, one of the ministers of Norwich, listened in amazement to what Mr. Lincoln had to say. He had heard many eloquent men, but none that used such plain words with so much power. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Gulliver, and the mayor met at the railroad station in the morning; the mayor introduced the minister.

“I have seen you before,” Mr. Lincoln remarked.

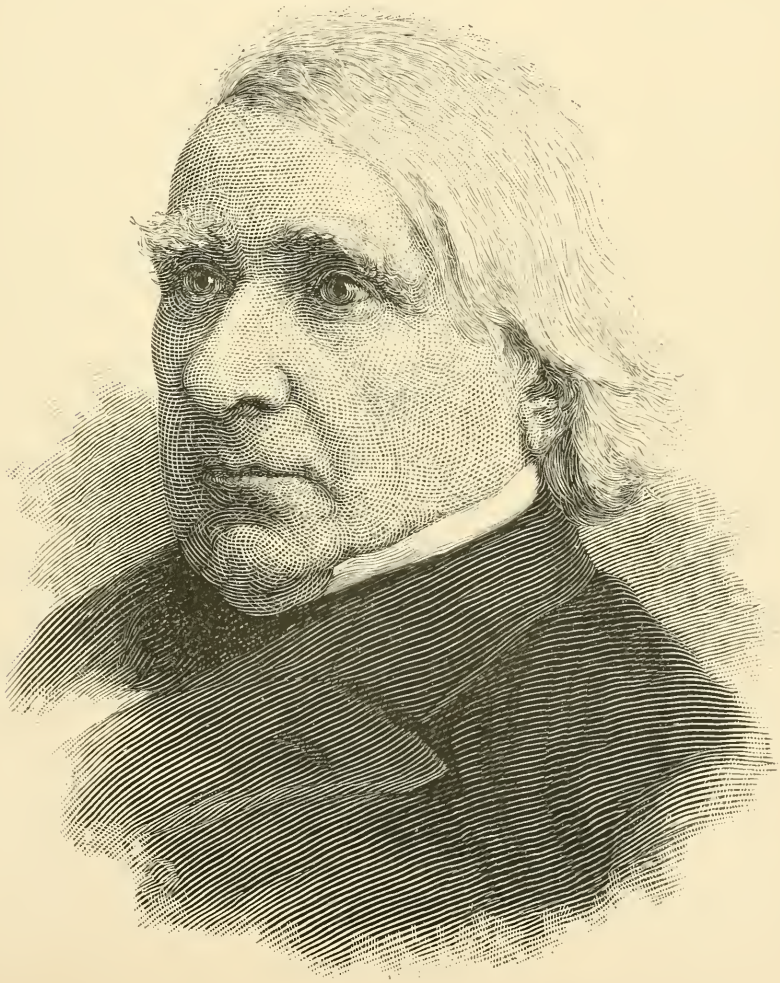
“I think not. You must mistake me for some other person.”

“No; I saw you last evening in the town-hall.”

“Is it possible that you could have observed individuals so closely in such an audience?”

“Oh yes; that is my way. I do not forget faces. Were you not there?”

“I was, and I was well paid for going. I consider it one of the most extraordinary speeches I ever heard.”



ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.

“Will you take a seat with me?” the kind invitation of Mr. Lincoln as they entered the car. “Were you sincere in what you said about my speech?”

“I mean every word of it. I learned more of the art of public speaking last evening than I could from a whole course of lectures on rhetoric.”

“That is extraordinary. I am informed that one of the professors at Yale College followed me to Meriden to hear me a second time, and has been lecturing about my speech. I should like to know what there is about what I say that has made you and the professor think it any way remarkable.”

“It is the clearness of your statements, your unanswerable style of reasoning, and your illustrations, which are romance, pathos, and fun welded together.”

“I am much obliged to you. I have been wishing for a long time to have some one make an analysis for me. It throws light on a subject which has been dark to me.”

“May I ask how you acquired your unusual power of putting things? It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has been your education?”

“Well, as to education, I never went to school more than six months in my life. When I was a child I used to get irritated if anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don’t think I got angry at other things, but that disturbed my temper. I remember when the neighbors came in and talked to my father in the evening, I tried to understand what they were talking about. When I got hold of an idea I put it into my own language. It has become a kind of passion with me—has stuck to me. I am not easy now when I am handling a thought till I have bounded it north, south, east, and west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you spoke of, though I never put the two things together before.”

“Did you not have a law education?”

“Oh yes! I ‘read law,’ as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer’s clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading I constantly came upon the word ‘demonstrate.’ I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied I did not. I said to myself, ‘What do I do when I demonstrate more than when I reason or prove? How does

demonstration differ from any other proof? I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of 'certain proof,' 'proof beyond the possibility of doubt;' but I could form no idea of what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond the possibility of doubt without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood 'demonstration' to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined 'blue' to a blind man. At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what "demonstrate" means;' and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and stayed there till I could give any proposition in the six books of 'Euclid' at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' means, and went back to my law studies."⁽¹⁰⁾

Mr. Lincoln visited his eldest son Robert at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. He proceeded to New Hampshire, and addressed audiences at Concord and Manchester.

"He is far from prepossessing in personal appearance," wrote the editor of the Manchester "Mirror," "and his voice is disagreeable, yet he wins attention and good-will from the start. He indulges in no flowers of rhetoric, no eloquent passages. He is not a wit, humorist, or a clown; yet so fine a vein of pleasantry and good-nature pervades what he says, gliding over a deep current of poetical arguments, that he keeps his hearers in a smiling mood, with their mouths open to hear all he says. His sense of the ludicrous is very keen; and an exhibition of that is the clincher to all his arguments—not the ludicrous acts of persons, but ludicrous ideas. Hence he is never offensive, but steals away willingly into his train of belief persons who were opposed to him. For the first half-hour his opponents would agree to every word he uttered; and from that point he began to lead them off little by little, until it seemed as if he had got them all into his fold."

The newspapers of Springfield informed the people that Mr. Lincoln had addressed the ragamuffins at the Five Points Mission. Those most intimate with him were accustomed to call him "Abe;" in like manner he abbreviated their names.

"Well, Abe," said one of his neighbors upon his return, "I see you have been making a speech to Sunday-school children."

"Yes; sit down, Jim, and I'll tell you about it. On Sunday morning Washburne said, 'Let's go down to the Five Points Mission.' I was much interested in what I saw, Jim. The superintendent, Mr. Pease, came and shook hands with us, and Washburne introduced me to him.

He spoke to the children, and then I was urged to speak. I told him that I didn't know anything about talking to Sunday-schools, but Mr. Pease said that many of the children were homeless and friendless, and I thought of the time when I had been pinched by terrible poverty. And so I told them that I had been poor; I remembered when my toes stuck out through my broken shoes in winter, when my arms were out at the elbows, when I shivered with the cold. I told them there was only one rule—always to do the very best you can. I told them I had always tried to do the very best I could, and that if they would follow that rule they would get on somehow.

“When I got through, Mr. Pease said it was just the thing they needed. When the school was dismissed all the teachers came up and shook hands with me and thanked me for it, although I didn't know that I was saying anything of any account. I never heard anything that touched me as one of the songs they sung. Here is one of their song-books.” Mr. Lincoln took a little hymnal from his pocket and read one of the hymns. As he read his lips became tremulous and tears rolled down his cheeks.⁽¹⁾

Doubtless memory went back once more to the floorless cabin of his birthplace and to the lonely grave of his mother in the Indiana forest—to the poverty and hardship of his boyhood. Looking into the faces of the poor and friendless children touched his heart as nothing else could have done, and awakened his tenderest sympathies.

NOTES TO CHAPTER X.

(1) Isaac N. Arnold, “Life of Lincoln,” p. 144.

(2) This sentence was quoted by President Lincoln at Gettysburg. It occurs in an address given by Theodore Parker before the Massachusetts Antislavery Society at its annual meeting, 1848, reported in the “Liberator.” The idea was not original with Mr. Parker. It may be found in a volume on “The Advancement in Knowledge and Religion,” by James Douglas, of Scotland, published at Edinburgh, 1825. Mr. Douglas was about Mr. Parker's age, living at the place of his birth, Cavers, Roxburgh County, Scotland. He had abundant wealth, was endowed with a philosophic mind, and gave himself to studying the philosophy of history. The book in question went through several editions in Scotland, and was republished in the United States by Cooke & Co., Hartford, Conn., 1830. The volume contains a paragraph entitled “New Social Order in America,” in which occurs the following sentence: “The European emigrant might believe himself as one transported to a new world, governed by new laws, and finds himself at once raised in the scale of being—the pauper is maintained by his own labor, the hired laborer works on his own account, and the tenant is changed into a proprietor, while the despised vassal of the old continent becomes legislator and coruler in a government where *all power is from the people, and in the people, and for the people.*” The paragraph was repub-

lished in the "Rhetorical Reader," a book for schools, which was the reading of my school-days, and of which more than one hundred thousand copies were sold. It seems probable that President Lincoln acquired the thought from Parker, and that he in turn received it from Douglas. The volume in which the quotation occurs is very ably written, and there can be no question that it has left its impress upon the philosophy of history during this century.—Author.

(³) W. H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 355 (edition 1889).

(⁴) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 161.

(⁵) Isaac N. Arnold, "Life of Lincoln," p. 145.

(⁶) W. H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 414 (edition 1889).

(⁷) The song was composed by H. S. Thompson, the most popular song-writer of America. It was published in 1858, and was widely sung.—Author.

(⁸) New York "Tribune," Feb. 28, 1860.

(⁹) Elihu B. Washburne was born at Livermore, Me., September 23, 1816. His education was obtained in the public-schools and a few terms at an academy. He became a printer, but the legal profession being more congenial, he studied law, emigrated to Illinois, and became an attorney at Galena. He was elected to Congress in 1853, and took an active part in the debates on the Kansas-Nebraska affairs. He was prominent in the formation of the Republican Party in Illinois, and at an early period made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln. He was in Congress from 1853 to 1869, with the exception of one term, occupying prominent and responsible positions on committees. He was often called the "Watch-dog of the Treasury," from his careful watch upon expenditures. During the later years of his Congressional service he was called "Father of the House." Recognizing the fitness of Ulysses S. Grant as military commander, he asked President Lincoln to appoint him brigadier-general, and after the surrender of Vicksburg and the victory of Chattanooga he urged Grant's appointment as lieutenant-general. He was often with the army during the Wilderness campaign. Upon the election of General Grant to the Presidency, Mr. Washburne became Secretary of State. He was subsequently appointed Minister to France, and rendered conspicuous service during the siege of Paris by the Prussians.—Author.

(¹⁰) John Putnam Gulliver to Author. See, also, "Independent," Sept. 1, 1864.

(¹¹) Edward Eggleston, quoted in "Every-day Life of Lincoln," p. 323.

CHAPTER XI.

NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

THE time was approaching (April 16, 1859) when candidates would be nominated by the different political parties for the Presidency. Mr. Pickett, an editor in Illinois, wrote to Mr. Lincoln as follows :

“My partner and myself are absent addressing the Republican editors of the State on the subject of a simultaneous announcement of your name for the Presidency.”

“I must in candor say,” Mr. Lincoln wrote in reply, “that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency. I certainly am flattered ^{April 16,} _{1859.} and gratified that some partial friends think of me in that connection; but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort such as you suggest should be made.”⁽¹⁾

He was not seeking the Presidency. Neither would he be a rival to Senator Trumbull when the time came to choose Mr. Trumbull’s successor. Very frank and open his letter to a friend :

“I do not understand Trumbull and myself to be rivals. You know I am pledged not to enter a struggle with him for the seat in the Senate now occupied by him; and yet I would rather have a full term in the Senate than in the Presidency. For my single self, I have enlisted for the permanent success of the Republican cause; and for this object I shall labor faithfully in the ranks, unless, as I think not probable, the judgment of the party shall assign me a different position.”⁽²⁾

In this biography we have reached a point where I who am writing became an observer of passing events, and from this page to the close shall at times write of what I saw and heard in connection with the life of Mr. Lincoln. There was one member of the Republican party who had an earnest desire to be its candidate for the Presidency—William H. Seward, Senator from New York, who had rendered conspicuous service in the councils of the nation. It was understood that a strong effort would be made by his friends to secure his nomination.

“Who is to be your candidate out West?” was the question put by

me to my friend George W. Gage, of Chicago, in the month of December, 1859.

“Well, the Democratic Party is going to be divided, and we can win with almost any good candidate—Chase, of Ohio, or Abraham Lincoln, of our State,” the reply.

I am not aware that Mr. Lincoln at that date had been publicly mentioned as a candidate. Not till a month later did the people of New York, New Haven, Hartford, and Boston become acquainted with him personally. The thought may have come to him that his friends might bring him forward as a candidate, but I find no evidence that he himself had made any movement towards that end.

The Democratic Party had controlled the Government for many years. It was united and powerful on that Sunday in 1854 when Stephen A. Douglas and Jefferson Davis called upon President Pierce and unfolded the plan for the introduction of slavery into Kansas and the other Territories of the Union; but it was no longer a united party. President Buchanan had done what he could to prevent Douglas from being re-elected to the Senate. The Democratic Senators from the slave-holding States had degraded him from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories. They knew the Democrats of the Northern States were enthusiastic for his nomination as candidate for the Presidency, and determined to prevent it.

The Democratic Convention assembled at Charleston, S. C. A majority of the delegates from the Northern States were for Douglas. He was a popular leader. The delegates from the Slave States acknowledged his abilities. He had rendered them great service, but they did not accept his ideas of the right of the Territories to vote slavery in or out as the people pleased. Slavery must be voted in, never out. They had no candidate for the Presidency, but were in favor of establishing a great principle: Congressional protection to slavery in the Territories and States. The Southern delegates knew that Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, agreed with them, and secured his election as president of the convention. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, assumed leadership in debate. The men who were shouting for the nomination of Douglas were astonished when they heard these sentiments fall from his lips: “The Northern Democrats are losing ground before the rising Black Republican Party because they have not stood resolutely up against the anti-slavery sentiment. Northern Democrats have admitted that slavery is wrong. They must change. There must be legislation by Congress which will protect slavery everywhere.”

April 23,
1860.

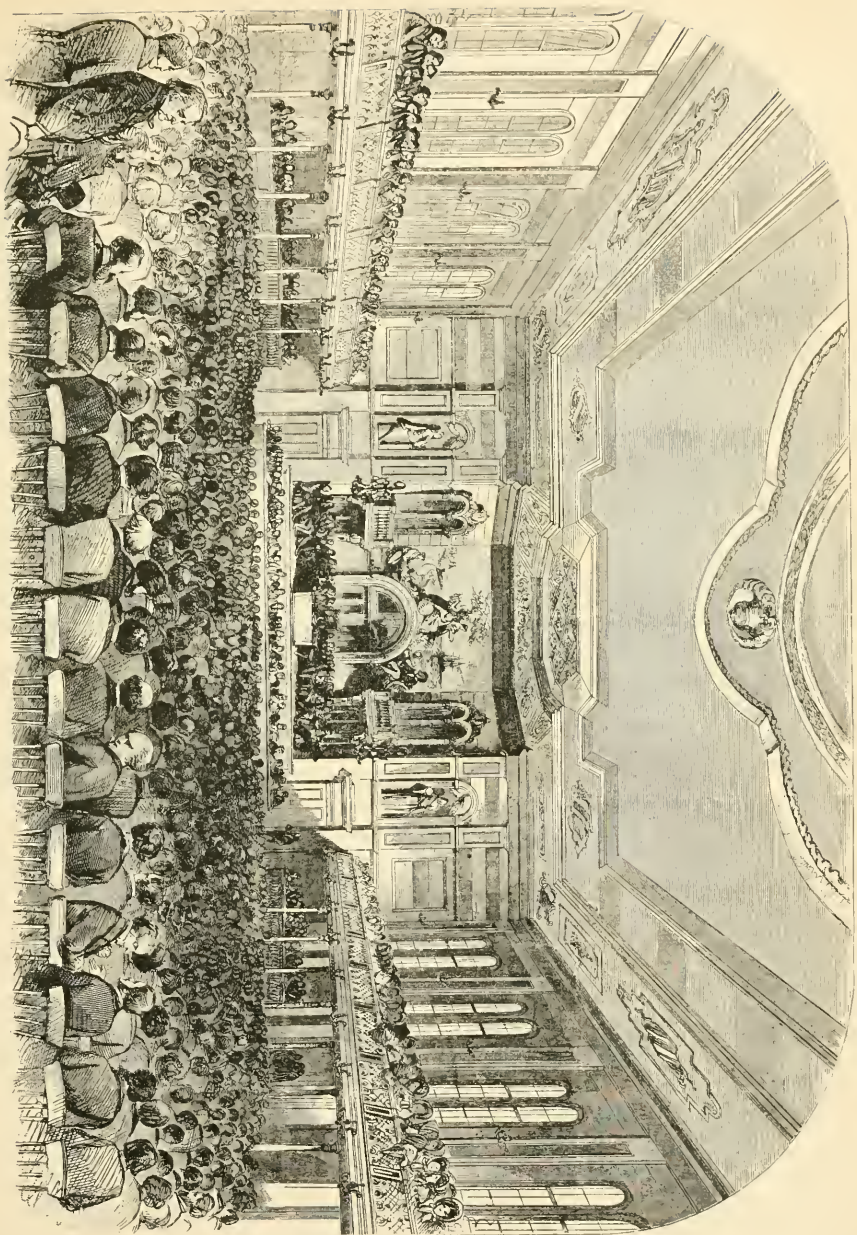
Senator Pugh, of Ohio, replied to him: "We have been taunted with our weakness. We have been told that we must put our hands on our mouths, and our mouths in the dust. Gentlemen of the South, you mistake us. We will not do it."

For five days the delegates wrangled over resolutions, the Southerners demanding what the Northerners would not give. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, thought to settle all differences by adopting the platform of the convention held in Cincinnati in 1856, upon which Buchanan had been elected. "That was a swindle on the Southern States!" the shout of the delegates from Mississippi. The motion was adopted by a large majority. If Mr. Butler thought such a motion would bring peace and harmony he was mistaken. The time had come for carrying out what Yancey and his fellow-conspirators had planned. The delegates from Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas rose from their seats, marched out of the room, and organized another convention.

The great and powerful Democratic Party was divided. The delegates from the cotton States—who believed the world could not get on without that product—had split the party asunder. It was the initial step of a great and far-reaching scheme to bring about the disruption of the Union. Yancey outlined it in a speech made in an Alabama convention:

"To obtain the aid of the Democracy in this contest it is necessary to make a contest in its Charleston convention. In that body Douglas's adherents will press his doctrines to a decision. If the State-rights men keep out of that convention that decision must inevitably be against the South, and that either in direct favor of the Douglas doctrine or by the indorsement of the Cincinnati platform, under which Douglas claims shelter for his principles. . . . The State-rights men should present in that convention their demands for a decision, and they will obtain an indorsement of their demands or a denial of these demands. If indorsed, we shall have a greater hope of triumph within the Union; if denied, in my opinion the State-rights wing should secede from the convention and appeal to the whole people of the South, without distinction of parties, and organize another convention upon the basis of their principles, and go into the election with a candidate nominated by it as a grand constitutional party. But in the Presidential contest a Black Republican may be elected. If this dire event should happen, in my opinion the only hope of safety for the South is in a withdrawal from the Union before he shall be inaugurated—before the sword and treasury of the Federal Government shall be placed in the keeping of that party."

The people of Charleston were wild in their enthusiasm. Cultured ladies flocked to the hall in which the seceders assembled, and waved their handkerchiefs in token of their approval. Bonfires illumined the streets.



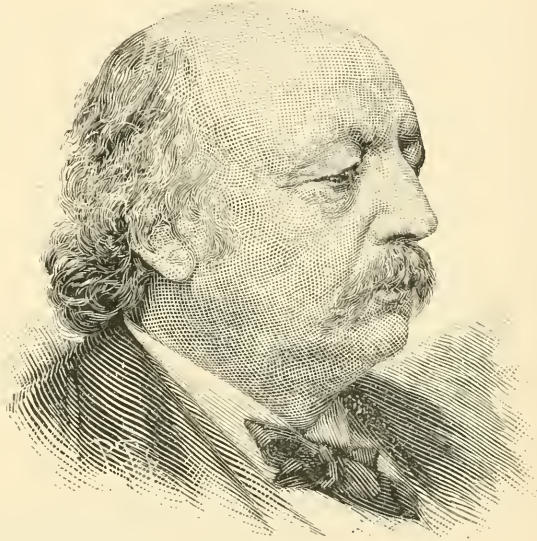
DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, 1860.

The rival conventions adjourned without nominating candidates for the Presidency. They were to reassemble in Baltimore in the month of May.

The Whig Party also met in Baltimore. Southern men controlled the convention. They nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-president. Public opinion in the Northern States regarded Everett as the greater statesman. One editor called it the "Kangaroo" ticket, as its hind legs were longest. I was present as a journalist, and noticed that the antagonism of the delegates from the Southern States was very much more intense against the Republican Party than against either wing of the Democratic Party.

At the Capitol (Washington) Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Robert Toombs, of Georgia; John M. Mason, of Virginia; and Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, were crowding Douglas to the wall. Like a stag at bay he confronted them, manifesting marvellous power and boldness in debate. Better than any other Northern Senator he understood their purpose. He had been deep in their counsels. He was experiencing the implacable hate of the slave oligarchy towards one whom they could not control. The Republican Senators had little sympathy for Douglas. They took no part in the debate. I was sitting on a sofa in the Senate-chamber with Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, when Senator Seward entered.

"He is to be our next President. He feels it; you can see it in his actions," the remark of Senator Wilson, who was regarded as one of the far-sighted politicians of the period. He knew every phase of public sentiment in the Eastern States, but he did not fully comprehend the rapid development of thought and feeling in the West.



BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

At that time (May 10, 1864) the Illinois Republicans were assembled in convention at Decatur, where Abraham Lincoln once split rails for Nancy Miller. Richard Oglesby was chairman of the convention.

"Gentlemen," he said, "two old Democrats want to make a contribution to the meeting."

Two farmers thereupon entered the room, each with a fence rail on his shoulder bearing this inscription :

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE RAIL CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY, 1860!

Two rails from a lot of 3000 made in 1830 by Thomas Hanks and Abraham Lincoln.

Delegates and spectators sprung to their feet, mounted the seats, swung their hats, and shouted : "Lincoln! Lincoln! Abe! Abe!"

"It is true I helped build a house for my father," Mr. Lincoln said, as he rose to speak. "It is true that Thomas Hanks and myself split rails. Whether these are some of the identical rails I cannot say. Quite likely they are."

The dramatic scene had not been planned by politicians. It was the outcome of the thought of a plain farmer who formerly had been a Democrat, but who had become a Republican.

"They are talking of you for President," said a friend.

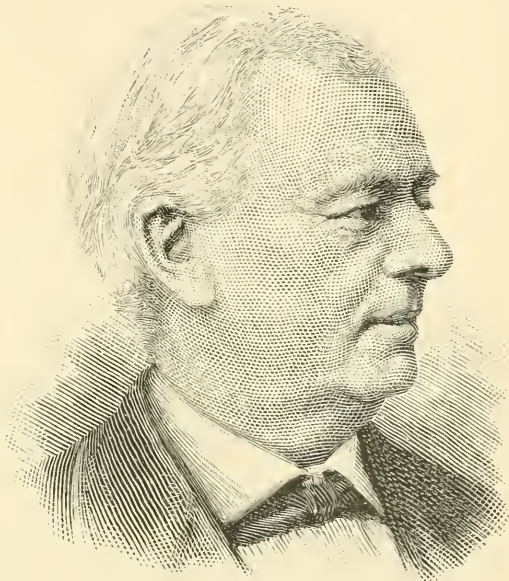


SECEDERS' CONVENTION, ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

“They ought to select some one who knows more than I do.” Mr. Lincoln replied.⁽³⁾

It was voted to present his name at the National Convention. This action was brought about mainly by Leonard Swett, B. C. Cook, Norman B. Judd, and David Davis. We are not to conclude that it was wholly a surprise to Mr. Lincoln. He knew people were talking about him as a possible candidate. He had endeared himself to the Republicans of the State by his devotion to principle, his debates with Douglas, his unselfish action in securing the election of Senator Trumbull. They loved him for his noble manhood and the simplicity of his character.

During a journey from Washington to Pittsburg I conversed with men prominent in political affairs, and was convinced that Mr. Seward would not receive the votes of Pennsylvania in the convention. For more than a third of a century New York and Pennsylvania had been rival States for political prestige and power. New York had assumed to be the “Empire State;” Pennsylvania prided herself on being the “Keystone” in the arch of the republic. It was plain that Pennsylvania did not intend to support the favorite son of the Empire State. In Ohio there was a moderate enthusiasm for Mr. Chase, but I could not discover active effort being made to secure his nomination. Of public sentiment in Indiana I could form no definite opinion, except that the candidate ought to be from the great and growing West. Arriving in Chicago several days before the assembling of the convention, I found a number of delegates from St. Louis actively advocating the nomination of Mr. Bates. In no city of the Union had there been so rapid a



RICHARD OGLESBY.

development of Republican sentiment as in St. Louis, and the delegates believed, or affected to believe, that with Mr. Bates they could secure the electoral vote of the State.

There was but one name on the lips of the Republicans of Illinois—Abraham Lincoln. They knew him; had looked into his kindly face; had listened to his unanswerable arguments in the debates with Douglas, as clear and demonstrable as a proposition from “Euclid.”

Mr. Thurlow Weed, of Albany, was managing affairs in the interest of Mr. Seward. He had engaged a number of rooms at the hotels. His agents were in Chicago previous to the assembling of the convention. He had men on the ground to ask admission to the convention as delegates from Texas and other Southern States, to cast their ballots for Mr. Seward. I discovered companies of men strolling the streets—half a dozen in a band—hurrahing for Seward. The train from New York bringing the delegates was decorated with flags. A brass band played the “Star Spangled Banner” and “Yankee Doodle.” Seward was an experienced statesman, who had had long acquaintance with public affairs. Lincoln was only a homespun lawyer who had been in Congress but one term. “A rail-splitter! What did he know of the needs of the nation? *Hurrah for Seward!*” such the argument.

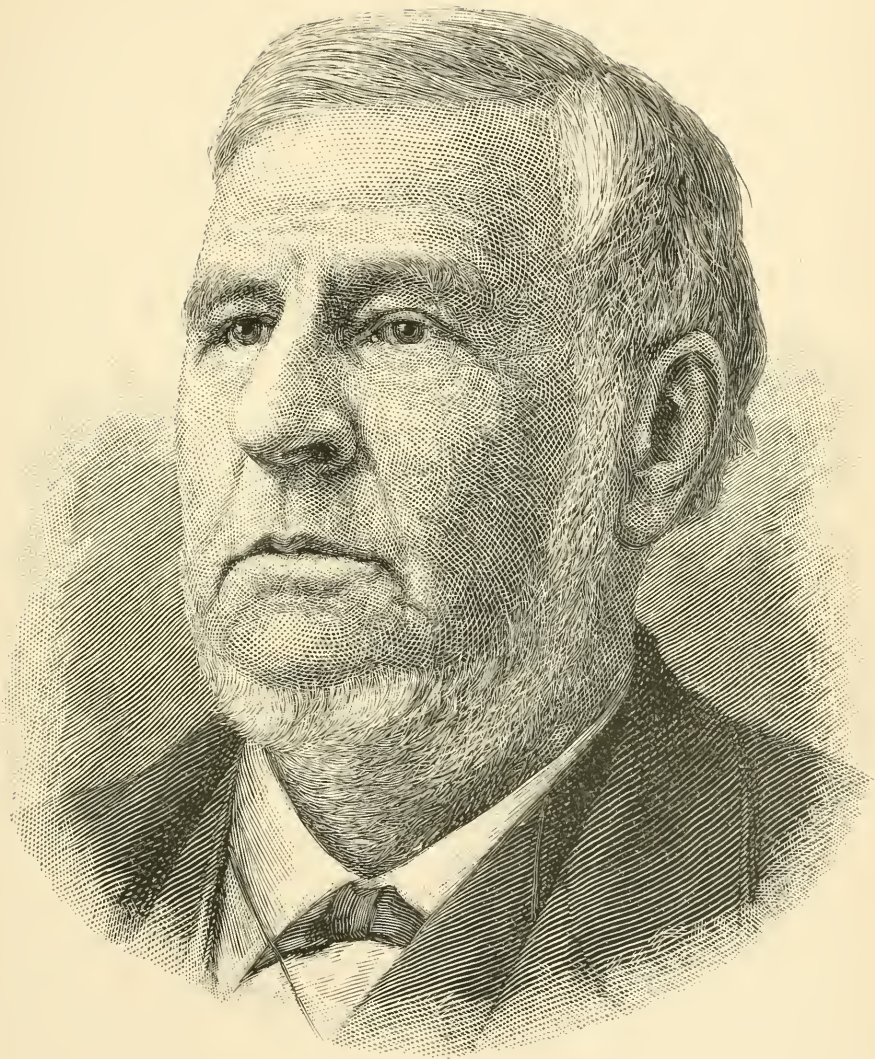
The Republicans of Chicago had erected a building sufficiently large to accommodate 10,000 people. They called it “The Wigwam.” It was plain, unpretentious—built for the accommodation not only of the delegates, but of the people. Significant the holding of the convention of the new party of the people in the rapidly-growing city of the West in contrast to that of the Democratic Party in the old City of Charleston, which had come to a stand-still. In Charleston every movement of the slave aristocracy looked towards disintegration and defeat; in Chicago the enthusiasm was indicative of harmony and victory.

The first day was spent in organization. George Ashman, of Massachusetts, was president of the convention. I noticed, as I sat at a

May 16,
1860,

small table in the section assigned to representatives of the Press, that when Mr. Seward’s name was mentioned there was an out-

burst of applause in different parts of the great auditorium. The leaders had received their instructions from Thurlow Weed, of Albany, who happened to sit by my side, who was not using his pen, but who saw everything that was going on. The organization and the enthusiasm of the convention was all that he could desire for bringing about the nomination of Mr. Seward. The second day was given to preparing the platform and canvassing for candidates.



DAVID DAVIS.

This the telegram sent by Horace Greeley to his paper, the New York "Tribune:"

"Governor Seward will be nominated to-morrow."

Not so did I regard the outlook. It was evident that the delegates from the East, who never before had been in the West, were being influenced by the rising enthusiasm of the multitudes which surged through the streets in the evening, hurraing for Abraham Lincoln.

Midnight beheld Norman Judd, of Chicago; Burton C. Cook, of Ottawa; David Davis, of Springfield, and others in secret consultation at the Tremont House.

"We must beat Seward's men on their own ground," said Judd. "There is a fellow in this city with a thundering voice. He can halloo loud enough to be heard across Lake Michigan, and I propose that we have him on hand to-morrow."

"I know of another fellow, by the name of Ames, who lives down my way, who can halloo as loud as your Chicago chap. He is a Democrat, but I guess will be open to a job. I'll telegraph him to be on hand in the morning," said Cook.

The sun rose upon a cloudless sky. Each incoming train brought additional

thousands from Northern Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Southern Wisconsin. No one had marshalled them. They ^{May 18,} _{1860.} came to manifest their enthusiasm for the party which stood pledged to resist the aggressions of slavery. They were more ready to hurrah for Lincoln than for Seward. Lincoln was the representative of the bone, sinew, and muscle of the younger West; Seward



EDWARD BATES.



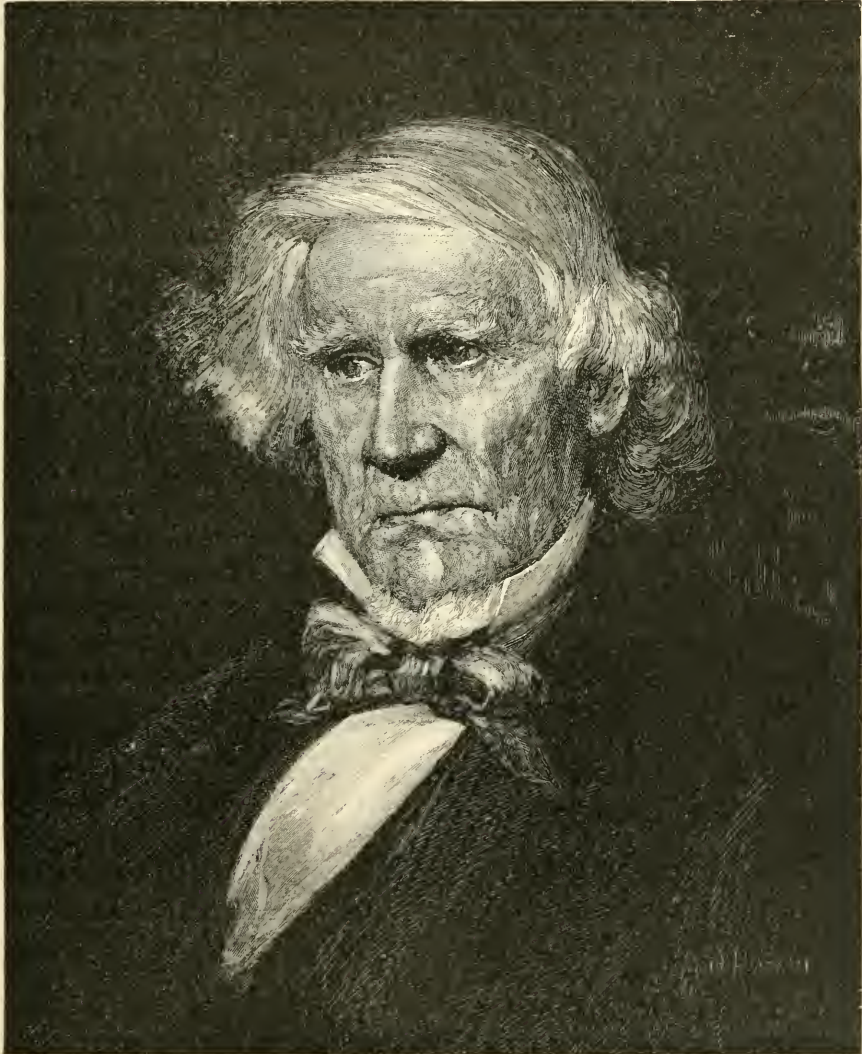
REPUBLICAN WIGWAM, CHICAGO, 1860.

represented the culture of the older East. Stimulating and triumphant strains of music burst upon the morning air, blown from clarinet, cornet, and trombone by the band from New York. A great crowd in the interest of Seward was marching in procession to the Wigwam. Mr. Seward's lieutenants had made a mistake. The procession never would enter the Wigwam, for a dense mass already crowded every avenue leading to the building. The interior was filled. Candidates were put in nomination. At the mention of the name of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Cook, of Ottawa, standing in a conspicuous place on the platform, waved a white handkerchief, and a stentorian voice broke forth at the eastern end of the building, answered by one equally loud from the western end, followed by the shouts of the assembled thousands—continuing till the white handkerchief ceased to wave. The man from Chicago and the man from Ottawa, with voices like fog-horns, were carrying out their instructions.

The first ballot was given, Seward receiving $173\frac{1}{2}$ votes; Lincoln, 102; the other 42 ballots were divided between Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Chase, of Ohio; Bates, of Missouri, and others. In a full vote of the convention the successful candidate must receive 233 votes. The second ballot gave Seward $184\frac{1}{2}$; Lincoln, 181.

Louder the thunders of applause evoked by the white handkerchief of Cook. The smile upon the kindly face of Thurlow Weed faded away.

A great hope was going down, never to rise again. The third ballot was taken; a total of 465 votes—233 would be a majority. Seward received 180; Lincoln, 231½. He needed only 1½ votes. The president had not announced the result, but scores of pencils had kept the tally. Profound the silence. Delegates had the right of changing their votes.



THURLOW WEED.

“Ohio changes four votes from Chase to Lincoln!” shouts Judge Cartter. Like the burst of a tornado is the roar that rolls up from the vast assembly. A cannon upon the roof of the building belches its thunder. The thousands in the streets toss their hats into the air. The man who in early life had been a wood-chopper, rail-splitter, and boatman is before the world as a candidate for the highest office in the republic. Thurlow Weed writes a word or two and hands it to the telegraph operator, bows his head, covers his eyes to hide the unbidden tears. The great hope and expectations have gone down. William H. Seward never can be President.

Abraham Lincoln, in Springfield, was not unmindful of what was going on at Chicago. The telegraph had kept him informed as to the doings of the convention from hour to hour. He would be something more or less than human were he to remain indifferent to what was taking place. He could not sit quietly in his office and await the result, but killed time by playing base-ball and billiards. He was in the office of the Springfield “Journal,” sitting with compressed lips and thoughtful countenance when the telegraph messenger entered with the result of the ballot—his nomination.

“There is a little woman down the street who will want to hear the news. I will go and tell her,” he said.

William H. Seward had left Washington and was at his charming home in Auburn, N. Y. Many people came from the surrounding country to be present when the telegraph announced the nomination of the man they loved. They were sure he would be selected. A cannon had been loaded. Flags would be waved on the instant. Mr. Seward was surrounded by intimate friends. A horseman came with a telegram giving the first ballot, which was received with tumultuous cheering. He brought the result of the second ballot.

“I shall be nominated the next time,” the words. Again the cheers resounded, and again the messenger appeared.

“Lincoln nominated.—T. W.”

Nothing more. No cheer. The flags were furled. The match to fire the cannon was not lighted. Friends took their departure as when they have laid a loved one in the grave.

Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, was nominated for Vice-president. An excited crowd surged through the streets of Chicago. Bonfires blazed, cannon thundered, cheers rent the air. The work of the convention was done, and the delegates turned their steps homeward.

On Saturday morning, after the adjournment, a passenger car drawn by one of the fastest locomotives of the Illinois Central Railroad rolled out from Chicago. It bore to Springfield the committee appointed

May 17,
1860. by the convention to apprise

Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. Being a member of the Press, I accompanied the committee. The sun was setting when we reached Springfield. A crowd had

gathered in the State-house grounds—not to welcome the committee, but to listen to John A. McClermand, who was to make a speech favoring Douglas for the Presidency. The clock had struck the hour of eight when the party from Chicago proceeded to the house of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln's two boys, Willie and Thomas—or “Tad,” as he was familiarly called—were perched on the fence before the house, chaffing their playmates. “Tad” stood erect, and welcomed the committee by shouting “Hooray!” Both boys were brimming over with life. The committee entered the house and passed into the parlor, where Mr. Lincoln received them. Mr. Ashman, president of the convention, made a brief address. The reply was equally brief.

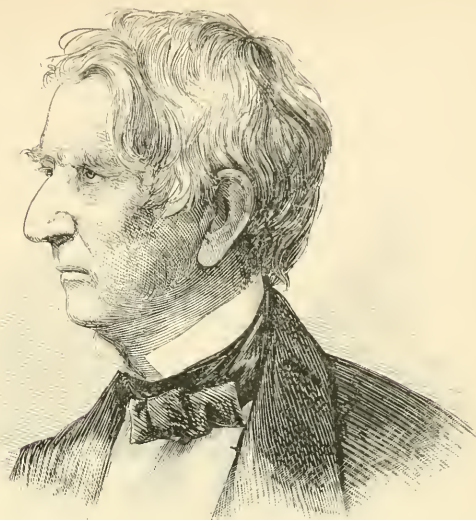
The formality ended, and all restraint was gone. Smiles rippled upon Mr. Lincoln's face as he then addressed William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania.

“You are a tall man, Judge Kelley. What is your height?”

“Six feet three.”

“I beat you,” said Mr. Lincoln; “I am six feet four without my high-heeled boots on.”

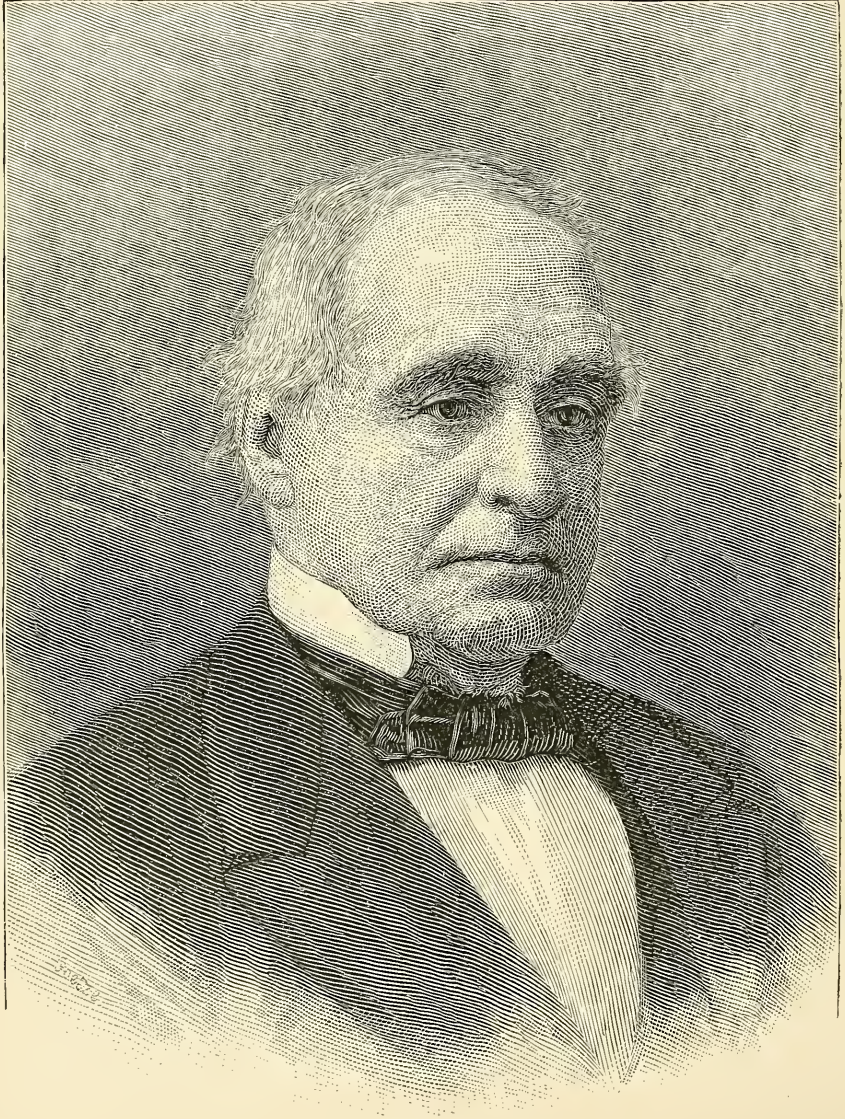
“Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. I am glad that we have found a candidate for the Presidency whom we can look up to, for we have been



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

informed that there were only *little giants* in Illinois," the graceful allusion to Mr. Douglas.

A few moments before, Mr. Lincoln, under the constraint of formality, was like a school-boy making his first declamation. The un-



HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

natural dignity which had been assumed laid aside, conversation became general.

“Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you in the other room, gentlemen. You will be thirsty after your long journey. You will find something refreshing in the library.”

In the library were several hundred volumes ranged upon shelves, two globes (one terrestrial, the

other celestial), a plain table, a pitcher of cold water and glasses, but no wines nor liquors.

“You did not find any great spread of liquors, I take it,” the remark of a citizen of Springfield the next morning.

“No,” my reply.

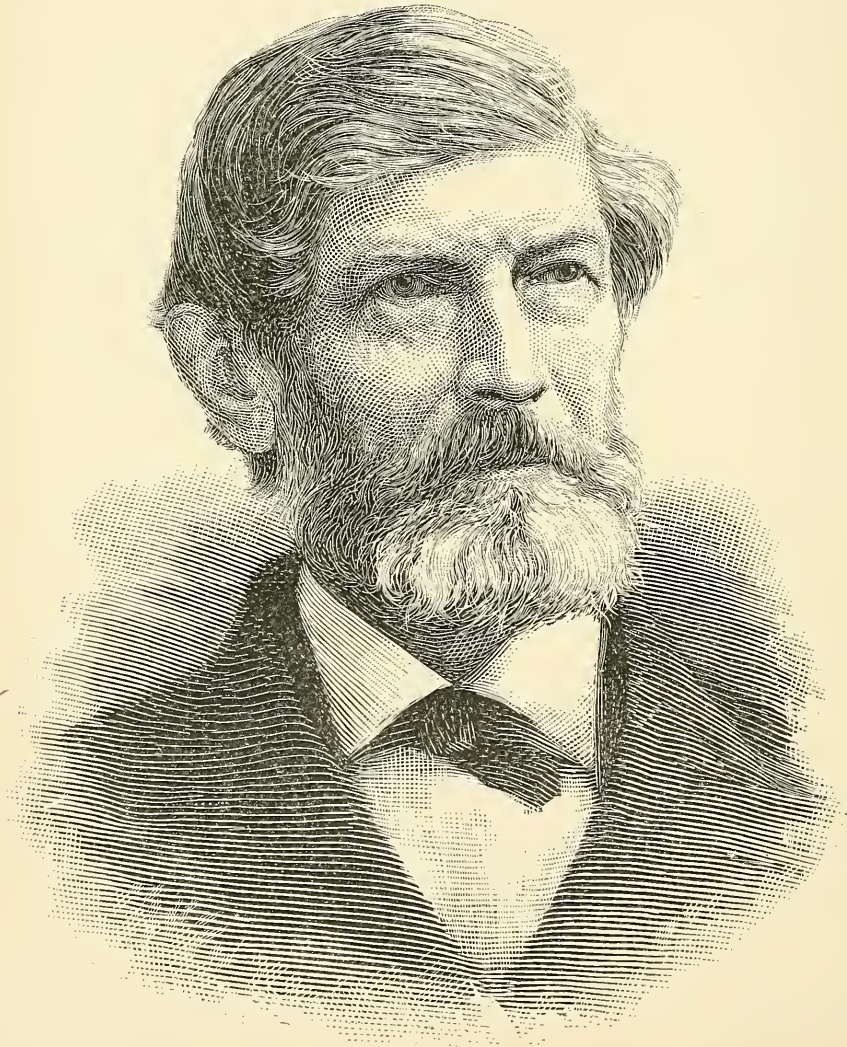
“Thereby hangs a little story: When we knew you were on your way, a number of us called on Mr. Lincoln and said that in all probability some of the members of the committee would need some refreshment, wines or liquors. ‘I haven’t any in the house,’ he said. ‘We will furnish them.’ ‘Gentlemen, I cannot allow you to do what I will not do myself,’ the reply. But that was not the end of it. Some of our good Democratic citizens, feeling that Springfield had been highly honored by the nomination, sent over some baskets of champagne, but Mr. Lincoln sent them back, thanking them for their intended kindness.”



MRS. LINCOLN, 1861.

[From a photograph in possession of the author.]

The birds were singing and building their nests in the trees two mornings later as I crossed the public square and entered the office of Mr. Lincoln. A pine table occupied the centre of the room, a desk one corner. The May sun shone through uncurtained windows upon ranges of shelves filled with law-books, pamphlets, and documents—a helter-skelter arrangement. Newspapers littered the floor. Mr. Lincoln was



WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

seated at the desk, clad in a linen duster, with a pile of letters and a wooden inkstand before him. He had a hearty welcome for all who came. There was no sign of elation. To friends, neighbors, old acquaintances, and strangers alike he was simply Abraham Lincoln. He saw two tall young men—farmers, he judged by their appearance—bashfully looking into his office.

“How do you do, gentlemen? What can I do for you? Won’t you come in and take a seat?”

“We are much obliged to you, Mr. Lincoln,” said one. “You see, we are a little curious to know which is the tallest, you or Jim here. I told him he was as tall as you.”

“Oh, that is it. Well, let us see. Stand up beside the wall, young man.”

Jim stood against the wall of the room, and Mr. Lincoln placed a cane on the top of his head—the end against the plastering.

“That is your height. Now, you hold the cane, and let me see what I can do.”

He steps under the cane, wags his hair against it.

“Well, young man, you are good at guessing. We are exactly the same height.”⁽⁴⁾

The act was in keeping with his good-nature. Did he lose anything by gratifying their curiosity? Did he not rather gain their friendship?

A farmer’s wife drove into Springfield, bringing butter and eggs to sell, and called to see the man who had been selected as candidate for the Presidency.

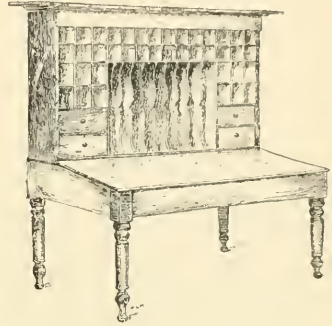
“I thought I’d call and shake hands with you once more,” she said.

Mr. Lincoln tried to remember when and where she had shaken hands with him.

“Oh, don’t you remember? Why, you’ve stopped at our house to get something to eat when you’ve been riding the circuit.”

“Oh yes. Now I know. Well, I’m right glad to see you once more.”

“Don’t you remember, Mr. Lincoln, that day when you called and I hadn’t anything to eat?”



DESK UPON WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN WROTE HIS FIRST INAUGURAL.

“No, I don’t remember the time, for you always had a good dinner.”

“But you called one day when we had finished dinner and eat up every scrap, and I hadn’t nothing but some bread-and-milk for you, and you smacked your lips and said it was good enough for the President of the United States, and now you are going to be President. I’m right glad to see you so pert.” (6)

They were not flattering words, but a sincere and honest expression of her regard for him.

While the Republican Convention was in session in Chicago, the two Democratic Conventions were reassembling in Baltimore. Mr.

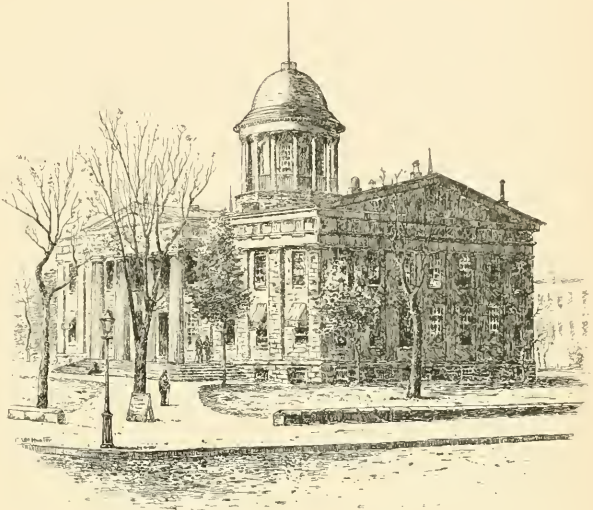


LINCOLN & HERNDON’S OFFICE IN THE THIRD BUILDING FROM THE CORNER.

[From a photograph taken by the author in October, 1890.]

Douglas's friends nominated him for the Presidency, with Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, for Vice-president. The delegates from the cotton-producing States nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for President and Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for Vice-president.

I remained in the vicinity of Springfield several weeks. Every train brought people to that city to see Mr. Lincoln. Politicians who wanted to be Secretary of War, or of the Navy; who wanted to be made Minister Plenipotentiary or Consul in some foreign coun-



THE STATE-HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., 1860.

[The executive chamber was the corner room of the upper story in line with the cupola.]

try, position in a custom-house, surveyor of lands, Governor or Secretary of a Territory, postmaster somewhere—all thinking to take time by the forelock by making the acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln in advance of his election. So many came that the Governor of the State kindly allowed him the use of the executive chamber in the State-house, where he courteously welcomed all those who wanted office, as well as those who only wished to shake hands with him.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XI.

(¹) "Century Magazine," September, 1857.

(²) Letter to N. B. Judd, December 9, 1859, quoted in "Century Magazine," September, 1887.

(³) I. N. Arnold, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 163.

(⁴) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 233.

(⁵) *Ibid.*, p. 235.

CHAPTER XII.

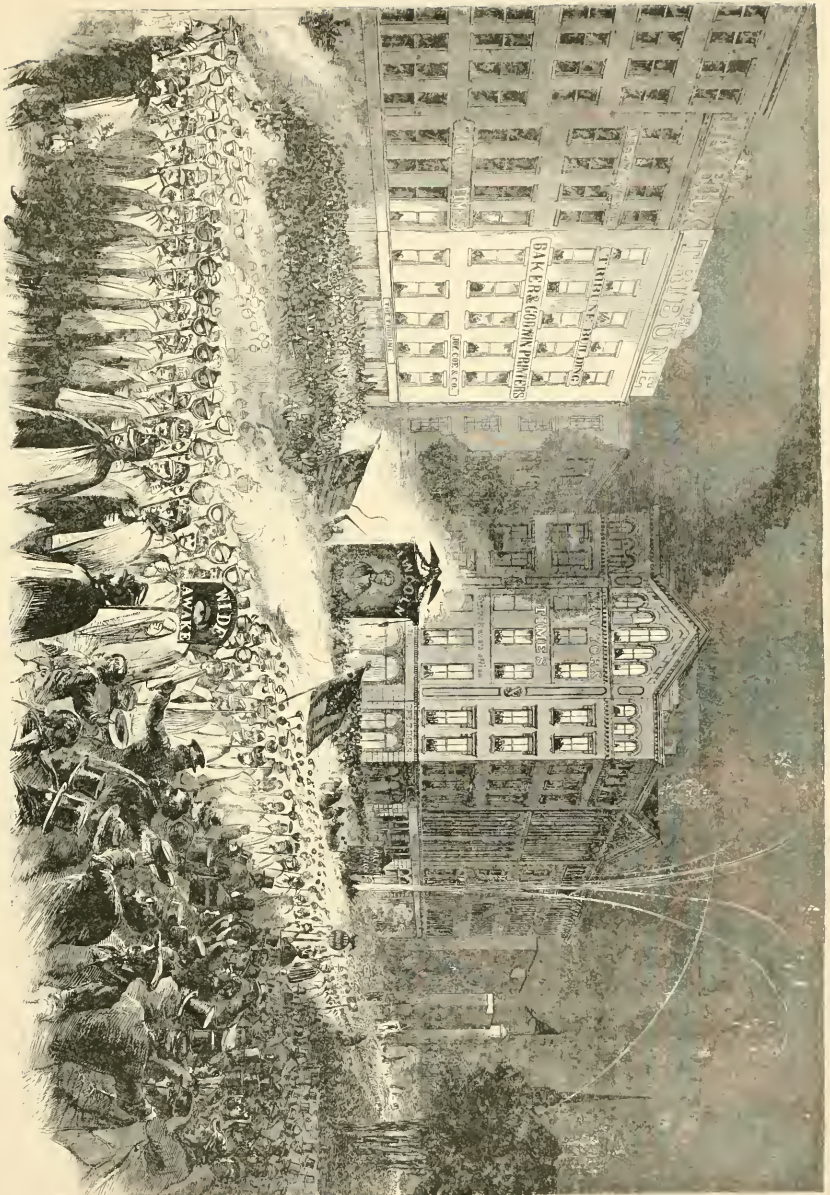
THE ELECTION, 1860.

THE campaign was one of intense excitement and unbounded enthusiasm on the part of the Republicans, who felt that with the Democratic Party divided they could bring about the election of Mr. Lincoln. Mass meetings were held throughout the Northern States. ^{1860.} The vital questions of the hour were the aggressions of the slave power, the attempt to force slavery into the Territories and the Free States, the Dred Scott decision, and the preservation of the Union. The young men organized "Wide Awake" clubs. They wore uniforms and carried torches. Little did they, in their enthusiasm, comprehend what would be the ultimate outcome of their midnight drilling and marching. Further on we shall see them making other midnight marches as soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The friends of Senator Douglas saw from the outset that they were doomed to defeat. The men who supported the nomination of Bell and Everett in the Northern States endeavored to awaken enthusiasm by ringing bells mounted on wagons and drawn by horses, as their processions paraded the streets of towns and cities.

Breckinridge had not many supporters in the Northern States. It was but a small portion of the Democratic Party that followed his lead.

We are not to think because there was an uprising of people to restrict the further extension of slavery, the party supporting Abraham Lincoln was for its immediate abolition. The printer imprisoned at Baltimore thirty years before for saying the slave-trade was piracy, took no part in advocating the election of Abraham Lincoln, who was not an Abolitionist. Public sentiment cannot be changed in a day. Many good men in the Northern States, including ministers, lawyers, judges, opposed the Republican Party. They said it was sectional, and its success would bring about a dissolution of the Union. The slaveholders were threatening to secede, and establish a Southern Confederacy if Lincoln should be elected. He saw a dark and forbidding



WIDE - AWAKES.

future. Shall we wonder that his friends beheld the old look of sadness upon his face at times?

“Mr. Bateman,” said Mr. Lincoln to the Superintendent of Instruction, whose office joined the chamber where he received his friends, “here is a book—a canvass of this city, which my friends have made—the name of every citizen, and how he probably will vote. Here are the names of twenty-three ministers of different denominations, and all but three of them are against me. Here are the names of a great many men who are members of churches, and a very large majority of them are against me. Mr. Bateman, I am not a Christian. God knows that I want to be one. I have read the Bible ever since I sat at my mother’s knee. Here is the New Testament which I carry with me. Its teachings are all for liberty. Now, these ministers and church members know that I am for freedom in the Territories—for freedom everywhere as far as the Constitution and law will permit, and that my opponents are for slavery. They know this, and yet with this book in their hands, in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going to vote against me. I don’t understand it.” He rises and paces the room. His voice is tremulous as he goes on, and there are tears upon his cheeks.

“Mr. Bateman, I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know that I am right because I know that liberty is right. Jesus Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Christ and reason say the same, and they will find it so. Douglas doesn’t care whether slavery is voted up or down; but God cares, humanity cares, and I care. With God’s help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated, and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles right.”

He paces the floor in silence a while, and then goes on:

“Doesn’t it seem strange that men ignore the moral aspects of this contest? A revelation could not make it plainer to me that slavery or the Government must be destroyed. The future would be something awful, as I look at it, but for this.” He holds up the New Testament.

“There is the rock on which I stand. It seems to me as if God had borne with slavery until the very teachers of religion had come to defend it from the Bible, and to claim for it a divine charter and sanction,

till the cup of iniquity is full, and the vials of wrath must be poured out." (1)

Before Mr. Lincoln was thought of as a candidate for the Presidency the slave-holders of South Carolina had purchased a cargo of slaves brought direct from Africa. They were sold to the cotton-planters. It was an attempt to reopen the slave-trade. No preachers of the gospel in the Slave States uttered a word in condemnation of the traffic. On the contrary, the leading religious publication of the South, the "Presbyterian Review," published in Columbia, S. C., was advocating the system of slavery as an institution expressly ordained of God for the welfare of the human race. (2)

Mr. Lincoln made a hurried trip to Chicago on business, and was received with great enthusiasm by Democrats as well as Republicans.

At the house of a friend he beholds a group of little girls. One of them gazes at him wistfully.

"What is it you would like, dear?"

"I would like, if you please, to have you write your name for me."

"But here are several of your mates, quite a number of them, and they will feel badly if I write my name for you and not for them also. How many are there, all told?"

"Eight of us."

"Oh, very well; then get me eight slips of paper and pen and ink, and I will see what I can do."

Each of the little misses, when she went home that evening, carried his autograph.

If we had been in the village of Westfield, on the shore of Lake Erie, Chautauqua County, N. Y., on an October evening, we might have seen little Grace Bedell looking at a portrait of Mr. Lincoln and a picture of the log-cabin which he helped build for his father in 1830.

"Mother," said Grace, "I think that Mr. Lincoln would look better if he wore whiskers, and I mean to write and tell him so."

"Well, you may if you want to," the mother answered.

Grace's father was a Republican and was going to vote for Mr. Lincoln. Two older brothers were Democrats, but she was a Republican.

Among the letters going west the next day was one with this superscription, "Hon. Abraham Lincoln, Esq., Springfield, Illinois." It was Grace's letter, telling him how old she was, where she lived, that she was a Republican, that she thought he would make a good President, but would look better if he would let his whiskers grow. If he would she would try to coax her brothers to vote for him. She thought the

Private

Springfield, Ills Oct 19 1860

Miss Grace Beedell

My dear little Miss

Your very agreeable letter
of the 15th received—

I regret the necessity of saying I
have no daughter— I have three
sons— one seventeen, one nine, and
one seven, years of age— They, and
their mother, constitute my whole
family—

As to the whispers, having mentioned
any, do you not think people would
take it a piece of silly affection
if I were to begin it now?

Your very sincere well-wisher
A. Lincoln.

FAC-SIMILE OF LINCOLN'S LETTER TO GRACE BEDELL.

rail-fence around the cabin very pretty. "If you have not time to answer my letter, will you allow your little girl to reply for you?" wrote Grace at the end.

Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his room at the State-house with a great pile of letters before him from the leading Republicans all over the

Northern States in regard to the progress of the campaign; letters from men who would want an office after his inauguration; letters abusive and indecent, which were tossed into the waste-basket. He came to one from Westfield, N. Y. It was not from any one who wanted an office, but from a little girl who wanted him to let his whiskers grow. That was a letter which he must answer.

A day or two later Grace Bedell comes out of the Westfield post-office with a letter in her hand postmarked Springfield, Ill. Her pulse beats as never before. It is a cold morning—the wind blowing bleak and chill across the tossing waves of the lake. Snow-flakes are falling. She cannot wait till she reaches home, but tears open the letter. The melting flakes blur the writing, but this is what she reads:

MISS GRACE BEDELL:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 19, 1860.

MY DEAR LITTLE MISS,—Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons; one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affection (affectation) if I should begin it now?

Your very sincere well-wisher,

A. LINCOLN. (3)

Before the clocks in the church-towers of the Union tolled the midnight hour on the day of election, it was known that Abraham Lincoln was to be President. There was great rejoicing throughout the ^{Nov. 6,} _{1860.} North, for it was the verdict of the people that slavery was not to be extended into the Territories. There was also much rejoicing in Charleston, for South Carolina was ready to secede from the Union.

In the hall of the South Carolina Institute a convention called by the Governor voted that the union with the United States be dissolved.

Men tossed their hats into the air; women waved their hand-^{Dec. 20,} _{1860.}kerchiefs. A procession was formed which marched to St.

Michael's Church-yard, where, around the grave of Calhoun, a solemn oath was taken to give their lives and fortunes to secure the independence of the State. Lieutenant-colonel Gardner, with a few soldiers, was in command of the forts in Charleston harbor. He saw that the Secessionists were getting ready to seize the fortifications. The Secession members of Congress called upon the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, of Virginia, and asked for Gardner's removal. The request was granted, and Major Robert Anderson, of Kentucky, was appointed to succeed him. The Secessionists did not know how dearly he loved

the flag of his country, or how true he was to his convictions. He, too, saw what the Secessionists intended to do, and asked General Scott for reinforcements. Secretary Floyd thereupon sent a very curt letter to Anderson. "Your communications," he wrote, "in the future will be addressed to the Secretary of War." There was a stormy scene in the executive chamber of the White House when it was known that Anderson had called for reinforcements. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, true and loyal, could no longer remain in the Cabinet when the President yielded to the demand of the Secretary of War that no troops should be sent. Mr. Black, Attorney-general, who had given an opinion that the President could not coerce a State, also resigned. Quite likely Floyd would have removed Major Anderson, but he had other things to think of. He had made a contract with the firm of Russell & Co. to transport supplies for the army from St. Louis to Utah, and had paid them more than two million dollars in excess of money due for work done—making the payments in drafts. But the banks in New York would not advance money on the drafts, whereupon Floyd's nephew, who had charge of bonds belonging to the Government, took them from the safe and exchanged them with Russell & Co., taking the drafts as security—doing what he had no right to do. In effect, it was robbery. The interest on the bonds was coming due, and then the theft would be known.

Christmas came with its joyful scenes. Major Anderson was at a dinner-party in Charleston. He heard remarks which caused him to take immediate action. No reinforcements had been sent him,
Dec. 25,
1860.

In the darkness of night he abandoned Fort Moultrie and occupied Sumter. The sun of the next morning was rising. The soldiers stood around the flag-staff. Major Anderson kneeled, holding the halcyards, while the Rev. Matthew Harris, the chaplain, offered prayer, and the Stars and Stripes rose to the top-mast to float serenely in the morning sunlight.

The people of Charleston, looking across the bay, beheld with astonishment the flag at Sumter, and a column of smoke rising from Moultrie, caused by the burning of the gun-carriages set on fire by Major Anderson. The plans of the Secessionists had been upset by this action. Sumter, standing on a reef in the bay, could not be seized. The telegraph flashed the news to Washington. Secretary Floyd hastened to the White House, demanding that Anderson be ordered back to Moultrie; but the President did not comply with the demand.

The coupons on the bonds stolen by Floyd's nephew were due, but when presented there was no money to pay them. Floyd had done what he could to destroy the Union, and rear a Confederacy on its ruins. He could remain in office no longer. The court indicted him, and he fled to escape arrest. President Buchanan appointed Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, to succeed Floyd; Edwin M. Stanton, of Pittsburg, of whom we have previously spoken (p. 162), to succeed Mr. Black as Attorney-general, and John A. Dix, of New York, to succeed Howell Cobb as Secretary of the Treasury. They were able men, and true to the Union. They were in position to render great service to the country.

Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, ordered the Darlington Guards and Columbia Artillery to take possession of Morris Island. Slaves were sent by the planters, and were set to work building batteries and mounting cannon for the bombardment of Sumter.

Jan. 1,
1861.

Major Anderson had only a small amount of food. It was decided at a meeting of the Cabinet in the White House to send him reinforcements and supplies. President Buchanan, perhaps, did not know that one of the members of his Cabinet, Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior, was a traitor. The members were in honor bound not to make known what was going on, but Thompson sent a telegram to Charleston informing the Governor of the decision.

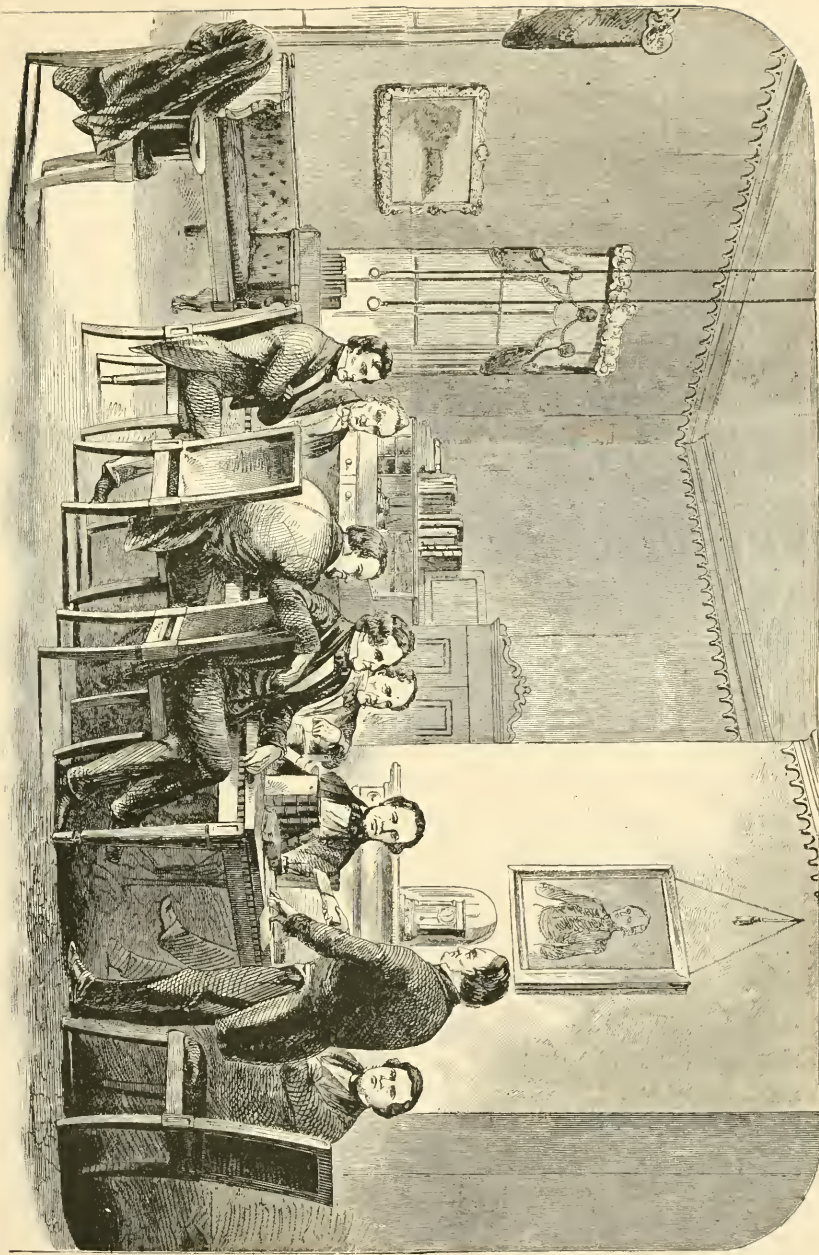
The steamer *Star of the West*, with troops and provisions, reached Charleston harbor, but, being fired upon, turned back. Very boastful the language of the Charleston "Mercury" the next morning: "We would not exchange or recall that blow for millions. It has wiped out half a century of scorn and outrage. The decree has gone forth. Upon each acre of the peaceful soil of the South armed men will spring up as the sound breaks upon their ears." Secession newspapers were saying that the South never would submit to Republican rule—Lincoln would not be allowed to take his seat.

In one of the committee-rooms of the Capitol at Washington there was a secret midnight meeting of the Senators from Florida, Georgia,

Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, at which it was resolved to seize all the forts along the southern coast, with all

Jan. 5,
1861.

the arsenals, and to urge the Southern States to follow South Carolina and secede from the Union. Governor Brown, of Georgia, thereupon ordered a military company to take possession of Fort Pulaski. A company went up the Mississippi from New Orleans, and



BUCHANAN'S CABINET.

took possession of the arsenal at Baton Rouge. In all the seaports the Secessionists seized the revenue-cutters. The new Secretary of the Treasury, John Adams Dix, sent Mr. Jones to New Orleans with an order to Captain Breshwood, commanding the revenue-cutter there, to sail to New York. Breshwood was a Secessionist, and prepared to haul down the Stars and Stripes and turn the vessel over to the Governor of the State. This the despatch sent by Mr. Dix :

“If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.”

The people of the Northern States had been stupefied by the succession of events. They had seen the Union crumbling to pieces—the Secessionists having everything their own way, without a word of protest from President Buchanan or anybody else connected with the Administration. The despatch awakened intense enthusiasm for maintaining the honor of the country’s flag.

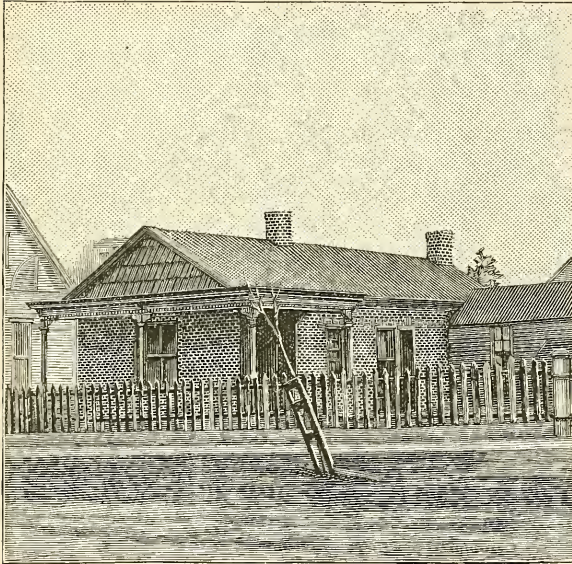
Florida was the first of the States (January 12, 1861) to follow South Carolina out of the Union, and then Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas in turn seceded.

In the hall of Willard’s Hotel in Washington delegates from all the States except those which had seceded assembled in what Feb. 4,
1861. was called a Peace Convention—an effort to bring about harmony. The seceding States on the same day assembled in convention at Montgomery, Alabama, to organize a Confederate Government.

Had we been in Springfield during those days and inquired for Abraham Lincoln, his secretary would have informed us that he could not be seen. He was not in the State-house—neither in his own house, but in an out-of-the-way chamber over a store, the key turned in the lock. Upon the table before him were books containing a speech of Henry Clay, made in 1850, upon the compromise measures then before the country; President Andrew Jackson’s proclamation, made when South Carolina, thirty years before, attempted to nullify the laws of the United States; and Daniel Webster’s speech in the Senate in reply to Hayne in 1830, together with the Constitution of the United States. He was preparing the address to be delivered at his inauguration. He submitted it to no one, asked no advice as to what he should say.

The time had come when he must bid good-bye to his friends. He visited Farmington, Coles County, where was still standing the log-cabin

which he assisted in building. He gave directions for the erection of a suitable monument to his father, and then rode to Charleston, where his step-mother was living. A great crowd had gathered to welcome him. Many remembered him as he appeared on that day when he put Dan Needham on his back in the wrestling-match (see page 60).



THE CHAPMAN HOUSE, CHARLESTON, ILL.

[Where Abraham Lincoln bade farewell to his step-mother. From a photograph taken by the author in October, 1890.]

“I am afraid your enemies will kill you, Abraham,” said Mrs. Lincoln.

His voice was tremulous, and the tears coursed down his cheeks as he gave the good-bye kiss. There had ever been the utmost confidence between them: she was loving and helpful—he obedient, kind, and tender.

Returning to Springfield, he found his old friends of New Salem there to shake hands with him once more; among them Hannah

Armstrong, whose son he defended when accused of murder.

“I am afraid that those bad people will kill you,” said Hannah.

“Well, they can’t do it but once,” the reply.⁽¹⁾

It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was setting when Isaac Colgate called. They talked of old times, of those whom he used to know in New Salem. Mr. Lincoln spoke tenderly of Ann Rutledge. “I have ever loved the name of Rutledge. I loved Ann honestly, truly, dearly. She was beautiful, intellectual, good. I think of her often.”⁽²⁾ So he unbosomed himself to his dear old friend in the twilight of that winter evening.

His business in Springfield was closed, his trunks packed. He entered the office of Lincoln & Herndon to bid his partner farewell. He was weary, and threw himself upon the lounge. He was once more looking far away. He broke the silence at last.

Feb. 10,
1861.

"Billy, how long have we been together?"

"Over sixteen years."

"We haven't had a cross word during all that time, have we?"

"Not one."

The old smile was upon his face as he went over the past.

"Don't take down the sign, Billy; let it swing that our clients may understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln & Herndon." He took a farewell glance at the room—the books, the table, the chairs. Together the partners descended the stairs.

"Oh, Billy, I am sick of office-holding, and I shudder when I think of what is before me. The chances are that I never shall return."

The old sadness was upon him.

"Oh, that is an illusory notion. It is not in harmony or keeping with the popular ideal of a President," the remark of Herndon, who did not know what else to say.

"But it is in keeping with my philosophy. Good-bye."⁽⁶⁾

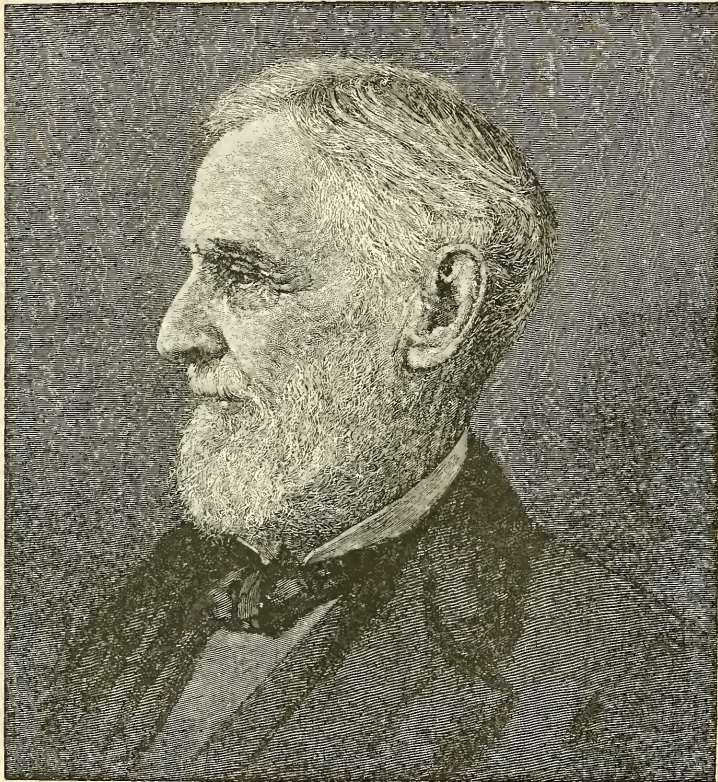
The Provisional Government of the Confederate States had been organized—Jefferson Davis, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-president of the Confederacy. Mr. Davis was on his way from ^{Feb. 11,} _{1861.} Mississippi to Montgomery, addressing the people in all the principal towns. He stood upon the balcony of the Exchange Hotel in that city the evening before his inauguration, with a negro by his side holding a tallow candle, which threw its flickering light upon the crowd in the street.

"England," he said, "will not allow our great staple, cotton, to be dammed up within our present limits. If war must come, it must be on Northern, not on Southern soil. A glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in Northern cities where the pavements have been worn off by the tread of commerce. We will carry war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch await our armies in the densely populated cities."

Mr. Davis had some reason for using such language, for a great many people in the Northern States had assured the Secessionists that they sympathized with them.

"If there is to be any fighting, it will be within our own borders, and in our own streets," wrote ex-President Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire. Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York, proposed that New York City secede from the State of New York.

"If force is to be used, it will be inaugurated at home," said the Democratic politicians of Albany.



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

“If the cotton States can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace,” wrote Horace Greeley, editor of the New York “Tribune,” who had done what he could to elect Mr. Lincoln.

The snow was falling in Springfield, but people were hastening to the railroad station to see once more the man whom they honored and loved. The conductor of the train which was to bear the Presidential party to Washington was about to give the signal for starting, but waited, for Mr. Lincoln was standing upon the platform of the car with his hand uplifted. These his parting words:

“My friends · No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one of them is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon

Washington. Without the assistance of that divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Mr. Lincoln had invited several gentlemen to accompany him to Washington; among others, Norman B. Judd, David Davis, Edwin V. Sumner, John Pope, David Hunter, and Ward Laman.

Mr. Lincoln was very much affected as he entered the car, after saying good-bye to his friends. He was on his way to become the chief executive of a great nation. But instead of elation at the prospect before him of exercising influence and power, there was depression of spirit.

In Montgomery, Jefferson Davis was talking of carrying the sword and torch into Northern cities, of conquest, war, and devastation. In Springfield, the words of Abraham Lincoln were in the spirit of those spoken by Jesus Christ in the "Sermon on the Mount." His voice trembled and its tender pathos brought tears to the eyes of those who heard him.

It was natural that the people should desire to see the man who had been elected President, and the route to Washington was arranged to take in a number of the large cities—Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Buffalo. In each of these he spent a night and addressed great crowds of people. When the train left Cleveland, Mr. Patterson, of Westfield, was invited into Mr. Lincoln's car.



RAILROAD STATION, SPRINGFIELD.

"Did I understand that your home is in Westfield?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"Yes, sir; that is my home."

"Oh, by-the-way, do you know any one living there by the name of Bedell?"

"Yes, sir, I know the family very well."

"I have a correspondent in that family. Mr. Bedell's little girl, Grace, wrote me a very interesting letter advising me to wear whiskers, as she thought it would improve my looks. You see that I have followed her suggestion. Her letter was so unlike many that I received—some that threatened assassination in case I was elected—that it was really a relief to receive it and a pleasure to answer it."

The train reached Westfield, and Mr. Lincoln stood upon the platform of the car to say a few words to the people.

"I have a little correspondent here, Grace Bedell, and if the little miss is present, I would like to see her."

Grace was far down the platform, and the crowd prevented her seeing or hearing him.

"Grace, Grace, the President is calling for you!" they shouted.

A friend made his way with her through the crowd.

"Here she is."

Mr. Lincoln stepped down from the car, took her by the hand, and gave her a kiss.

"You see, Grace, I have let my whiskers grow for you." (')

The kindly smile was upon his face. The train whirled on. His heart was lighter. For one brief moment he had forgotten the burdens that were pressing him with their weight.

At Buffalo, Albany, and New York great crowds welcomed him. No boastful words fell from his lips. He gave no hint as to his course of action other than to preserve the Union and faithfully execute the trust committed to him by the people.

His speeches were disappointing. People expected he would give an outline of what he intended to do. It seems probable that he himself did not know. He had faith in God, in the people, and in himself. He would endeavor to execute the laws in accordance with the Constitution, and do the right thing at the right time.

Would he ever become President? There were rumors that the electoral vote never would be declared—that something would happen to prevent its being counted.

February 13th was the day fixed by law. Strange faces appeared



JOHN POPE.

in Washington. The boarding-houses were filling with dark-visaged men who lounged in the saloons and swaggered along the streets, who jostled Northern men into the gutter.

“That Black Republican Abolitionist never will be President,” the common remark uttered with oaths.

Few Northern men at the capital doubted that there was a plan to seize the Government. It was known that General Scott

Feb. 8,
1861.

was loyal. What would he do to put down a conspiracy? Mr. L. E. Chittenden, a member of the Peace Congress, called upon him at his headquarters in Winder's Building. He was lying on a sofa.

“A Chittenden of Vermont! Why, that was a good name when Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga! Well, Vermont must be as true to-day

as she always has been. What can the commander of the army do for Vermont?"

"Very little at present. I called to pay my personal respects. In common with many other loyal men, I am anxious about the count of the electoral vote on next Wednesday. Many fear that the vote will not be counted or the result declared."

"Pray, tell me why it will not be counted? There have been threats, but I have heard nothing of them recently. I supposed I had suppressed that infamy. Has it been resuscitated? I have said that any man who attempted by force or parliamentary disorder to obstruct or interfere with the lawful count of the electoral vote for President and Vice-president of the United States should be lashed to the muzzle of a 12-pounder and fired out of a window of the Capitol. I would manure the hills of Arlington with fragments of his body were he a Senator or chief magistrate of my native State! It is my duty to suppress insurrection—*my duty!*"^(*)

The ruffianly-looking men who had frequented the bar-rooms when they reached the Capitol on the morning of February 13th found they could not gain admittance to the building without a ticket. ^{Feb 13,} _{1861.} Soldiers of the United States in their blue uniforms guarded every entrance. The tickets were signed either by the Vice-president, John C. Breckinridge, or by the Speaker of the House, and they had been issued so sparingly that the galleries of the representatives' chamber and the corridors were not crowded. The members of the Peace Conference in session at Willard's Hall were admitted by a vote of both Houses of Congress, but Senators and representatives could not admit their friends except by authority of the presiding officers. Ruffians might shake their fists at the soldiers and use vile language, but neither by bribe or threat could they enter the Capitol. No soldiers were to be seen except those that were guarding the doors. Within the Capitol were several hundred men, who entered as citizens, but who, upon a preconcerted signal, would be transformed into soldiers armed with rifles.

The hour for the Senate and House to meet in convention arrives, and the Senators enter the hall. Mr. Breckinridge occupies the chair as presiding officer. For four years he has been Vice-president of the United States, sworn to obey the laws. He has been loyal to the Constitution. He has too high a sense of obligation to countenance any plan for a seizure of the Government, or to obstruct the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. His voice is clear and distinct: "It is my duty

to open the certificates of election in the presence of the two Houses, and I now proceed to the performance of that duty."

Another voice breaks in: "I rise to a point of order. Is the count to proceed under menace? Shall the count be made under menace? Shall members be required to perform constitutional duty before the janizaries of Scott are withdrawn from the hall?"

"The point of order is not sustained," the calm reply of Breckinridge as he hands the certificate of Maine to Senator Trumbull, who reads it. There is no other interruption. The last certificate is read,



DAVID HUNTER.

and Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin are declared to be elected President and Vice-president of the United States. The Senate retires.

The pent-up anger of the Secession members from the Slave States that had not seceded burst forth. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" "Scott is a traitor to his native State!" "He is a coward!" "An old dotard!" "What right had he to put his blue-coated janizaries in the Capitol?" Oaths and curses rent the air. Impotent the rage. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin had been legally declared elected, but would they be allowed to take their seats?

The plan to prevent the declaration of their election was abandoned several days before that event, and another far darker conspiracy was entered upon. Miss Dorothy Dix, of New York, who had been in the South, informed Samuel M. Felton, president of the railroad leading from Baltimore to Philadelphia, that the Southern conspirators had determined Mr. Lincoln should never reach Washington. He read in Southern newspapers the threatening words that he would not be allowed to take his seat. Mr. Felton knew there were many brutal men in Baltimore—ruffians who had no regard for anything except brute force. They went by the name of "Plug Uglies." They were Secessionists, and were determined to carry the State out of the Union. He knew they were ready to do any violent act to insure their success. He discovered that organizations were forming in the villages along the line of the railroad, and decided to investigate what was going on. "Will you come to Philadelphia?" the message to Mr. Pinkerton, a detective, who hastened to that city.

A few days later the men drilling at Perryville, Magnolia, and Havre de Grace received new recruits—rough-looking men—who announced themselves as Secessionists.⁽¹⁾

Among the guests at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore was one who signed his name "Joseph Howard, Montgomery, Alabama." Timothy Webster, from Richmond, arrived at another hotel, not quite so aristocratic as Barnum's. Mr. Howard was very much of a gentleman—so polite, well-educated, and handsome that the ladies in the parlor were charmed with him. In the smoking-room he was very courteous, and the cigars which he presented to the young gentlemen who spent their evenings at Barnum's were delicately flavored. Mr. Howard listened to what they had to say about secession, and the intimations that Lincoln might not get to Washington. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Kane, marshal of the Baltimore police, member of a secret society. They gained entrance to a chamber by signs and passwords. Captain

Ferrandini, president of the society, declared that the election of Lincoln was an insult to the gentlemen of the South.

"This hireling, Lincoln," he shouted, "shall never be President. My life is of no consequence. I am ready to die for the rights of the South, and to crush out the Abolitionists."

He flourished a dirk to let the members of the society understand that he was ready to use it.

Mr. Howard from Montgomery, with a friend from Georgia, met Captain Ferrandini in Mr. Guy's restaurant. The captain was pleased to meet the gentleman from Georgia, who, as Mr. Howard assured him, was "all right."

"Are there no other means?" somebody asked.

"No; as well might you attempt to move that monument yonder with your breath as to change our purpose. He must die; and die he shall," said Captain Ferrandini.

"There seems to be no other way," Mr. Howard remarked.

"The cause is noble; and on that day every one of us will prove himself a hero. With the first shot he will die, and Maryland will be with the South," the captain added.

"But have all the plans been matured, and are there no fears of failure? A misstep would be fatal to the South, and everything ought to be well considered," said the gentleman from Georgia.

"Our plans are fully matured, and they cannot fail. If I alone must strike the blow, I shall not hesitate or shrink from the task. Lincoln will not leave this city alive. Neither he nor any other Abolitionist shall ever set foot on Southern soil, except to find a grave," said Captain Trichat.

"But about the authorities; is there no danger to be apprehended from them?" asked the gentleman from Georgia.

"Oh no. They are all with us. I have seen the chief of police, and he is all right. In a week from to-day the North will want another President, for Lincoln will be a corpse," the reply.

Mr. Howard became quite intimate with Lieutenant Hill. They walked the streets arm in arm, drank each the other's health, talked over the plans in their own rooms.

"I shall immortalize myself by plunging a knife into Lincoln's heart," said the Lieutenant.⁽¹⁰⁾

Timothy Webster, of Richmond, Va., joined the military company at Perryville. The chamber in which the members met was hung with quilts, that no listening ears in adjoining rooms might hear what was said.

The bridges on the railroad were to be set on fire, the tracks torn up so that no troops could reach Baltimore from the North. Little did the men mistrust that Timothy Webster, from Richmond, was in constant communication with the gentleman from Georgia, in Baltimore; that Mr. Howard was also informing the gentleman from Georgia of all that was going on, and that he was giving full information of the conspiracy to Norman B. Judd, at Buffalo.

Mr. Lincoln had planned to go from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and from that city to Baltimore. There would be a great crowd at the Northern Central station, where he would enter a narrow passage to reach a carriage. It would be an easy matter to get up a row in such a crowd. When the police left the passage to quell the disturbance, the fatal bullet would be fired, or the knife plunged into his breast. A steamboat would take the assassin to South Carolina—secure from capture.

Senator Grimes, of Iowa, and Elihu B. Washburne, member of the House of Representatives from Galena, Ill., were in consultation with General Scott, commanding the army. He was receiving letters from honest and true-hearted men in the South, informing him of a deep-laid plot to murder Mr. Lincoln. Senator Grimes and Mr. Washburne were made a "Committee of Public Safety" by the loyal Senators and members of Congress. They knew that Chief of Police Kennedy, in New York, was loyal and true, and that he had trustworthy men in his employ, and so put themselves in communication with him.

Men who wore slouched hats and seedy coats, who smoked cheap cigars and drank whiskey, were sent to Richmond, Alexandria, and Baltimore. They also learned the details of the plot to murder Lincoln.⁽¹¹⁾

Mr. Lincoln is at Trenton, N. J. Things have arrived at a serious pass. Mr. Seward and Mr. Washburne, in Washington, have unmis-
 takable evidence, apart from what has come to Mr. Judd, that
^{Feb. 20,}
^{1861.} Mr. Lincoln is to be assassinated in Baltimore. They cannot
 with safety telegraph any information. A messenger must be
 sent, and Mr. Frederick W. Seward, son of the Senator, with letters
 from his father and from General Scott, makes his way to Philadel-
 phia. The train from Trenton is just arriving with Mr. Lincoln. A
 young man slips a piece of paper into the hand of Mr. Judd, who
 reads only this:

"Call for J. H. Hutchinson at the St. Louis Hotel."

It is not Mr. Hutchinson whom Mr. Judd finds, but Mr. Pinkerton, the "gentleman from Georgia." He lays before Mr. Judd all the details of the plan. Mr. Seward confirms them; also Mr. Sanford, sent by General Scott. Mr. Felton, who has had several gangs of men whitewashing the bridges across the rivers between Philadelphia and Baltimore, but who were instructed to keep their eyes on the structures day and night for fear they might be set on fire, adds information confirming the testimony gathered by the detectives.

What shall be done? The time has come when Mr. Lincoln must know what is going on. His secretary, Mr. Nicolay, calls him from the parlor of the Continental Hotel. Mr. Judd and Mr. Sanford propose that he shall go at once to Washington. That he will not consent to do. He has promised to raise a flag over the hall in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, and will keep his word. He has promised to go to Harrisburg, and will go; but it is arranged that instead of remaining at Harrisburg over night, and going to Baltimore on the Northern Central road, he shall return to Philadelphia, and go by the regular night train through Baltimore to Washington.

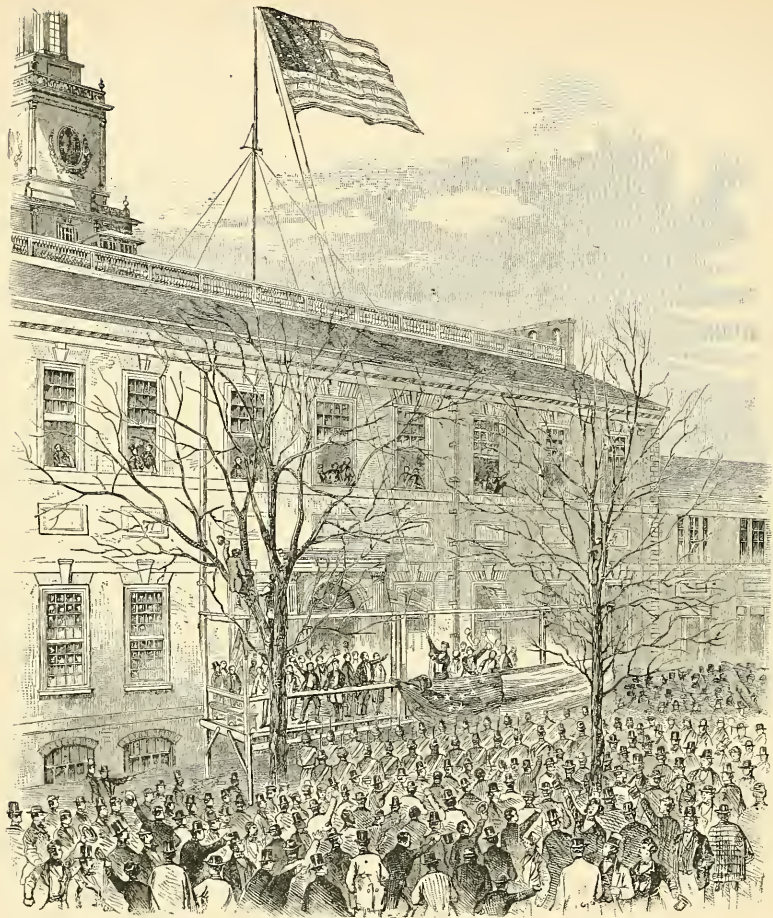
It is the anniversary of George Washington's birth. For the first time in his life Mr. Lincoln enters the hall where the Declaration of the Independence of the United States was signed. The street and square, the houses, windows, and roofs are occupied by a vast crowd of people. These words fall from the lips of Mr. Lincoln :

Feb. 22,
1861.

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in, and were given to the world from, this hall. . . . It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world for all future time."

The flag rises to the top-mast, and the vast multitude rends the air with cheers as they behold the bright new banner floating in the breeze.

From Philadelphia, Mr. Lincoln proceeds to Harrisburg, and meets the Legislature and Governor Curtin. The ceremonies of the day are ended. Judge Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major John Pope, Major David Hunter, and Mr. Lamon, who are travelling with Mr. Lincoln,



RAISING THE FLAG OVER INDEPENDENCE HALL.

have received hints that the programme for the journey to Washington has been changed. Mr. Lincoln cannot slip away without taking them into his confidence. He has not been quite sure that it will be manly to go through Baltimore in the night. No hospitalities have been extended to him by the Governor of Maryland or the authorities of Baltimore, but will people not look upon him as a coward? He lays the matter before his friends.

“Well, Mr. Lincoln, what is your judgment?” Mr. Davis asks.

“I have thought this matter over considerably since I went over the ground with Mr. Pinkerton. The appearance of Mr. Frederick Seward

with information from another source confirms my belief in Mr. Pinkerton's statements. Therefore, unless there are some other reasons than the fear of ridicule, I am disposed to carry out Mr. Judd's plan."

"That settles it," said Mr. Davis.

"So be it," says Colonel Sumner, brave and true soldier. "It is against my judgment, but I have undertaken to go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, and I shall do it." He does not comprehend the malignity of the desperadoes who are looking forward to the coming noon as the hour when they will rid the world of the man whom they hate.

The hands of the clock in the hotel office steal on to 5.45. The gentlemen at dinner are munching the nuts and raisins, and sipping their coffee. Mr. Nicolay enters, and whispers to Mr. Lincoln, who leaves the room, followed by the Governor, Mr. Judd, and others. He retires to his chamber, changes his clothing, and descends the stairs.

"He is going to the Governor's," the whisper that runs through the crowd as they see Governor Curtin and Mr. Lincoln arm in arm.

A carriage is waiting at the door. Mr. Lincoln, Governor Curtin, and Lamon enter. Colonel Sumner is just stepping in when Mr. Judd touches his shoulder. He turns to see what is wanted; the driver starts his horses, and the vehicle whirls down the street—not to the Governor's house, but to the railroad station, where an engineer and fireman are waiting in the cab of an engine. It is a light train: a baggage car and one passenger car—a special to take the superintendent of the railroad and a few friends to Philadelphia. The track has been cleared, and the engineer can make quick time.

It is a midwinter night, and the twilight is fading from the sky, but the darkness does not prevent a lineman of the telegraph from climbing a pole just outside of Harrisburg, and attaching a fine copper wire to the line, and carrying it to the ground. Possibly the man might wonder what sort of an experiment Mr. Westervelt, who had come up from Philadelphia, was carrying on; but when it was done, the operatives in Harrisburg and Baltimore might finger their telegraph keys by the hour, but would not be able to send a message between the two cities.

In Philadelphia, Mrs. Warne, employed by Mr. Pinkerton, has engaged two berths in the sleeping-car ostensibly for herself and invalid brother, and the porter has hung a curtain so they can be separated from the other passengers on their trip to Washington.

"You will hold your train till I give you a package which Mr. Felton wishes you to take," the instructions of Mr. Kinney, superintendent of the railroad between Philadelphia and Washington, to the



ANDREW G. CURTIN.

conductor of the midnight train. A carriage rolls up to the station in Philadelphia. A tall man steps out—the invalid brother for whom the lady has engaged the berth. She is delighted to see him. He enters the sleeping-car, followed by three other gentlemen—Judd, Lamon, and Pinkerton. The superintendent hands a package to the conductor, who lifts his hand—the signal for starting. The engineer pulls the throttle, and the train speeds away.

Neither conductor, porter, nor any one else has any inkling that Abraham Lincoln and the invalid brother of the lady are one and the same. Possibly the engineer wonders why men are standing by the bridges with lanterns as the train thunders across them, but Mr. Pinkerton knows that everything is as it should be.

The train from Philadelphia at an early hour rolls into the Washington station. A gentleman standing behind one of the pillars of Feb. 23, 1861. the building is looking eagerly at the passengers as they step from the cars, and is about to turn away, disappointed, when he sees a tall man wearing a soft felt hat, with a muffler round his neck, step from the sleeping car, accompanied by two gentlemen.

“The tall man looks like an Illinois farmer—as if he had come to Washington to get a patent for his farm,” the thought of the man by the pillar.

“How are you, Lincoln?” the greeting.
Lamon and Judd are startled.



EDWIN V. SUMNER.

"Oh, this is only Washburne," says Lincoln, introducing Mr. Washburne to his two companions.

A carriage whirls them to Willard's Hotel. Mr. Seward comes, and the two men who had been rivals for the nomination at Chicago grasp each other's hands.

"Faith, it is you, then, who have brought us the new President," the greeting of the smiling porter to Mr. Washburne.⁽¹²⁾

While Mr. Lincoln is eating his breakfast in Washington, the conspirators in Baltimore, who had so carefully planned his assassination, are comprehending that he has escaped them.

Long ago, a poet far away in Oriental lands, wrote these comforting and assuring words concerning God's guardianship of his children :

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XII.

(¹) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 236.

(²) "Presbyterian Review," vol. xiii., No. 4.

(³) Correspondence in possession of the Author.

(⁴) William H. Herndon, "Lincoln," p. 481 (edition 1889).

(⁵) *Ibid.*, p. 482.

(⁶) *Ibid.*, p. 483.

(⁷) Document in possession of the Author.

(⁸) L. E. Chittenden, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," p. 37.

(⁹) S. M. Felton to William Schoules in "Massachusetts in the War."

(¹⁰) Allen Pinkerton, "Story of a Detective."

(¹¹) E. B. Washburne, "Reminiscences of Lincoln," p. 34.

(¹²) *Ibid.*, p. 39.

CHAPTER XIII.

OUTBREAK OF THE REBELLION.

“PEACE! Peace at any price!” said those who did not comprehend the eternal antagonism between Freedom and Slavery. People who stood aghast at the prospect of civil war with its attendant horrors were willing to surrender their convictions of what was right, if by so doing they could prevent hostilities between the North and the South. The Virginia Legislature proposed a National Peace Convention, to be held in Washington. All the States, except those which had seceded, appointed delegates. While Mr. Lincoln was making his way from Springfield to Washington, the convention, with ex-President Tyler presiding, was holding daily sessions in the great hall connected with Willard’s Hotel. It was an effort to conciliate the Secessionists, who had no desire to be conciliated. They were dreaming of future empire, greatness, glory, and power for the South; and no measure short of complete surrender to their demands would be accepted.

The members from Virginia were surprised when informed that Mr. Lincoln was in the hotel. It seems probable that one delegate knew of the plot to assassinate him.

“How did he get through Baltimore?” his exclamation. (1)

“Mr. Chairman,” said John A. Logan, of Illinois, “I move that the president of the conference wait on the President-elect, and inform him that the conference would be pleased to wait upon him in a body at such time as will suit his convenience.”

“No!” “No!” “Lay it on the table!” “Vote it down!” “Rail-splitter!” “Ignorance!” “Clown!” shouted the Southern delegates.

“I trust that no Southern member will decline to treat the incoming President with the same respect that has already been given to the present incumbent of that office,” said Mr. Tyler. The resolution was adopted.

What sort of a man was this rail-splitter? What did he look like? There must be something unusual about one who could rise from such a low estate to be elected President. Curiosity was awakened.

Evening came. Mr. Lincoln was in the parlor of the hotel. The members of the Peace Conference entered. They beheld a tall man wearing ill-fitting clothes. What was it that instantly arrested their attention? Was it the kindly face? Was it the perfect ease with which he greeted each one when introduced by Mr. Chittenden?

"You are a smaller man, Mr. Rives, than I supposed—I mean in person; every one is acquainted with the greatness of your intellect. It is indeed pleasant to meet one who has so honorably represented his country in Congress and abroad."⁽²⁾ Mr. Rives comprehended that a man so familiar with his personal history was not an ignorant boor.⁽³⁾

"The clouds," said Mr. Rives, "that hang over us are very dark. I can do little, you can do much. Everything now depends on you."

"I cannot wholly agree to that. My course is as plain as a turnpike road. It is marked out by the Constitution. I am in no doubt which way to go. Suppose we all stop discussing and try the experiment of obedience to the laws and the Constitution. Don't you think it will work?"

"May I answer that question?" Mr. Summers, of West Virginia, made the request. Mr. Lincoln waited for him to go on. "Yes, it will work. If the Constitution is your light I will follow it with you, and the people of the South will go with us."

"Your name, Mr. Clay (James B. Clay, of Kentucky), is all the indorsement you require. From my boyhood the name of Henry Clay has been an inspiration to me."

"Does liberty still thrive in Eastern Tennessee?" the question to Mr. Zollicoffer, who had been member of Congress from that State. Little did Mr. Zollicoffer think that before a twelvemonth passed he would meet death on the battle-field of Mill Springs.

The deep, sepulchral voice of John A. Seddon, of Virginia, who was doing what he could to bring about the secession of that State, broke in: "It is your failure to enforce the laws of which we complain—to suppress your John Browns and Garrisons, who preach insurrection and make war upon our property."

There was humor and firmness in Mr. Lincoln's reply: "If my memory serves me, John Brown was hung and Mr. Garrison imprisoned. You cannot justly charge the North with disobedience to statutes, or with failure to enforce them. You have made some which are very offensive, but they have been enforced, notwithstanding."

"You do not enforce the laws. You refuse to execute the statute

for the return of fugitive slaves. Your leading men openly declare that they will not assist the marshal to capture or return them," said Seddon.

"You are wrong in your facts again, Mr. Seddon. Your slaves have been returned from the shadow of Faneuil Hall, in the heart of Boston. Our people do not like the work. They will do what the law commands, but they will not volunteer to act as tipstaves and bum-bailiffs. The instinct is natural to the race. Is it not true of the South? Would you join in the pursuit of a fugitive slave if you could avoid it? Is it the proper work for gentlemen?"

"Your Press," said Seddon, "is incendiary. It advocates servile insurrections, and advises our slaves to cut the throats of their masters. You do not suppress your newspapers. You encourage their violence."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Seddon; I intend no offence, but I will not suffer such a statement to pass unchallenged, because it is not true. No Northern newspaper, not even the most ultra, has advocated a slave insurrection, or advised slaves to cut their masters' throats. A gentleman of your intelligence should not make such assertions. We do maintain the freedom of the Press. We deem it necessary in a free government. Are we peculiar in that respect? Is not the same doctrine held in the South?"

The haughty Virginian could make no reply. (4)

"Is the nation, Mr. Lincoln, to be plunged into bankruptcy? Is the grass to grow in our streets?" asked William E. Dodge, merchant, of New York.

"If it depends upon me, the grass shall not grow anywhere except in the fields, where it ought to grow," the reply.

"Then you will permit the South to control our institutions?"

"I do not know that I quite understand you. I do not know what my acts or opinions may be in the future. If I ever come to the great office of President of the United States I shall take an oath to the best of my ability to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution. This is a great and solemn duty. With the support of the people and the assistance of the Almighty I shall undertake to perform it. I have full faith that I shall perform it. It is not the Constitution as I would like to have it, but as it *is*, that is to be defended. The Constitution will not be preserved and defended until it is enforced and obeyed in every part of every one of the United States. *It must be so respected and defended, let the grass grow where it may.*"

His words were deep and solemn, as if spoken at the funeral of a

departed friend. Those around him could all but hear the beating of their hearts in the hush and stillness.

“Should the North make further concessions to avoid civil war? Shall we consent that the people of a Territory shall determine the question of having slaves?” the questions by a delegate.

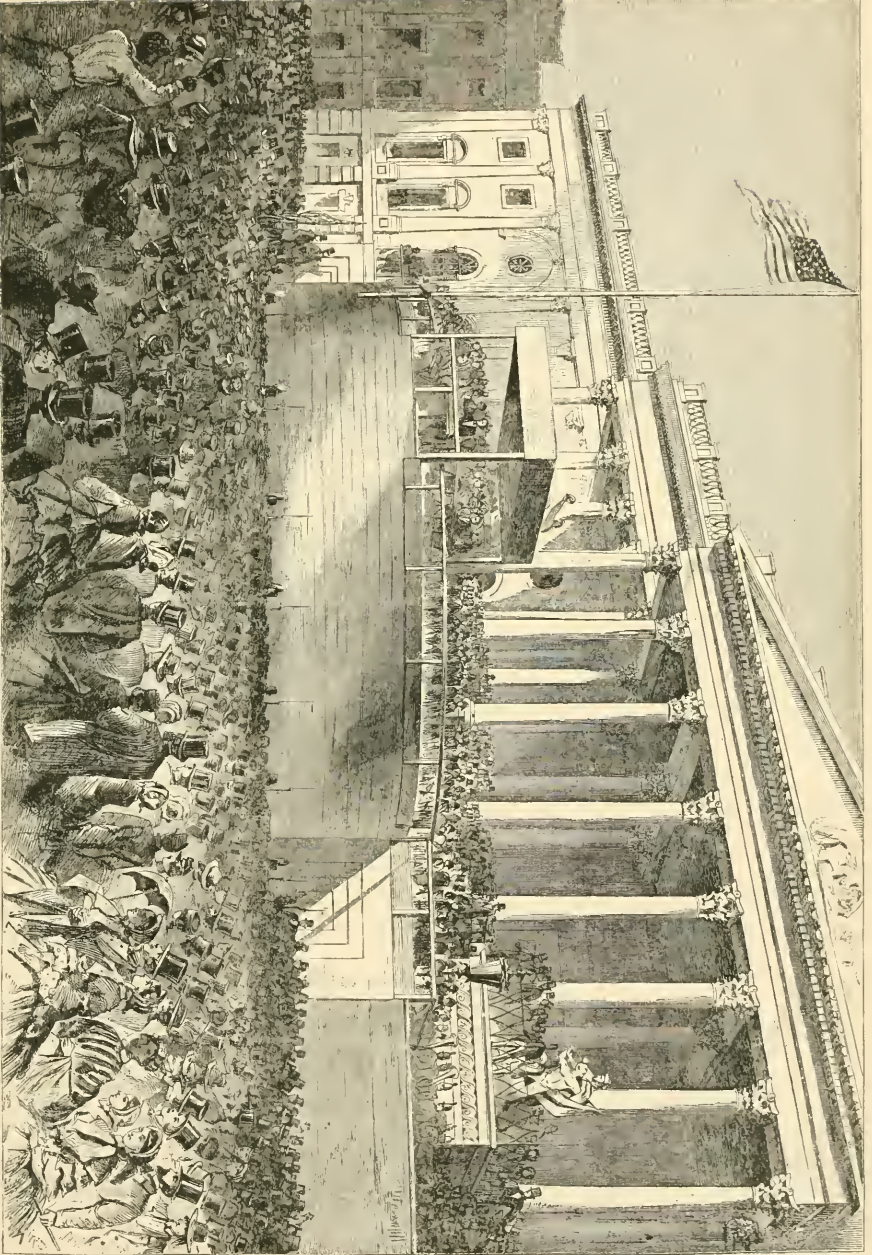
“It will be time to consider such a question when it arises. Just now we have other questions to decide. The voice of the civilized world is against slavery. Freedom is the natural condition of the human race in which the Almighty intends men to live. Those who fight the purposes of the Almighty will not succeed. They always have been, they always will be, beaten,” the reply. (°)

“Mr. Lincoln,” remarked Mr. Rives, of Virginia, to Mr. Chittenden, “has been misjudged and misunderstood by the Southern people. They have looked upon him as an ignorant, self-willed man, incapable of independent judgment, full of prejudices, willing to be used as a tool by more able men. This is all wrong. He will be the head of the nation and do his own thinking. He seems to have studied the Constitution, and to have adopted it as his guide. I do not see how any fault can be found with the views he has expressed this evening. He is probably not so great a statesman as Mr. Madison, he may not have the will-power of General Jackson; he may combine the qualities of both. His will not be a weak administration.” (°)

The day for inauguration came. Never before had there been so many people in Washington. Soldiers were stationed in groups along Pennsylvania Avenue and on the roofs of buildings. Cavalry-
Monday,
March 4,
1861. men rode beside the carriage that bore President Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln from Willard’s Hotel to the Capitol. Not far away artillerymen were sitting on their caissons or on their horses, ready to move in an instant should General Scott give a signal. But the conspirators who had plotted the death of Mr. Lincoln did not dare attempt his assassination.

From the Senate-chamber came Mr. Lincoln, President Buchanan, Mrs. Lincoln and her sons, Chief-justice Taney, in his black robe of office, and the clerk of the Supreme Court bearing a Bible. They passed to the eastern portico. Thousands had gathered to witness the inauguration. The Capitol was unfinished. Above the throng rose the huge derricks by which the marble and iron for the construction of the dome were lifted.

Many of those standing beneath the portico were inseparably connected with the history of the country. James Buchanan, old, feeble,



INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

retiring from the Presidency, was representative of a political era which on that day was to have an ending. Abraham Lincoln, by his side, was the incarnation of the idea which impelled the men of the *Mayflower* to cross the Atlantic and establish a government of the people. Roger B. Taney had trailed the ermine of the highest tribunal of justice in the mire at the behest of the slave power. Stephen A. Douglas had been a willing agent of the slave-holders for the extension of slavery; he had lost the Presidency through his want of fidelity to liberty. The life-work of Buchanan and Taney was ended; that of Douglas was soon to close. Mr. Lincoln had once alluded to them as house-builders (see p. 167). The fourth carpenter, "Franklin," was not present. Once only after his retirement from the Presidential chair had the world heard from Franklin Pierce. A letter which he had written to Jefferson Davis indicated to his fellow-citizens that his sympathies were with the Secessionists. The four "house-builders" were passing into oblivion, and the uncultured backwoodsman, under divine Providence, was to be architect of the new Temple of Liberty.

Clear and distinct the words of Mr. Lincoln:

"In view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws shall be faithfully executed in all the States. . . . In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imports; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. . . .

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it.

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

"The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Mr. Lincoln lays his right hand upon the open Bible. A hush falls upon the vast multitude as he repeats after Chief-justice Taney the words:

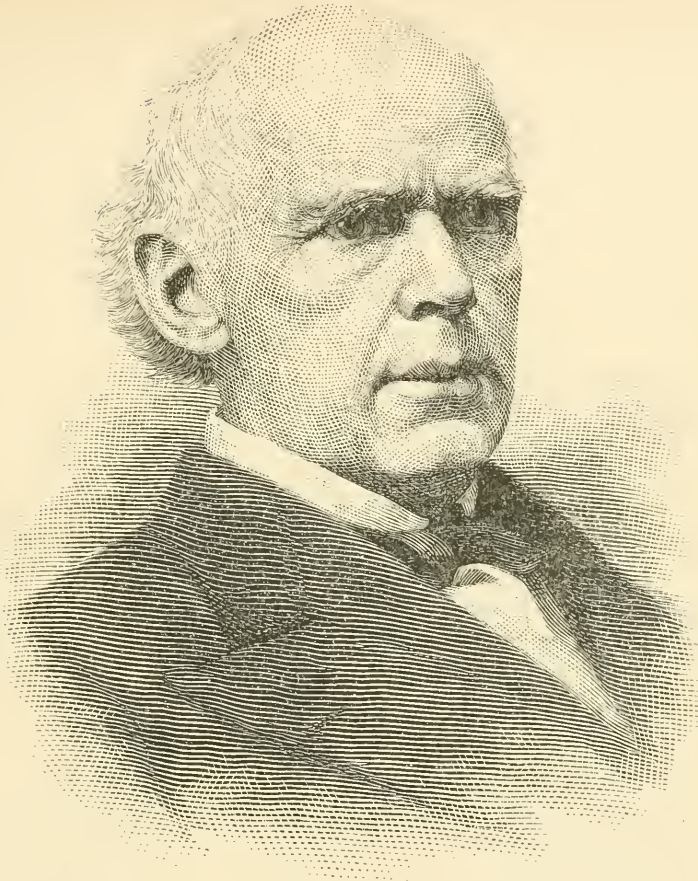
"I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best

of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.”

It is done. The cannon thunder a salute — cheers rend the air. James Buchanan, citizen, and Abraham Lincoln, President, ride to the executive mansion, one never again to enter it; the other to take up the work assigned him in the councils of divine Providence.

In November, on the evening of the election, when sitting in the telegraph office in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln had selected the men whom he would invite to become members of his Cabinet: Mr. Seward, of New York, Secretary of State; Mr. Chase, of Ohio, Treasury; Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, War; Mr. Welles, of Connecticut, Navy; Mr. Smith, of Indiana, Interior; Mr. Blair, of Maryland, Postmaster-general; Mr. Bates, of Missouri, Attorney-general.

No President of the United States, upon his inauguration, ever had so difficult a task to accomplish as that which confronted Abraham Lincoln. Seven States had seceded from the Union, established a government, elected a President and Vice-president. Other slave-holding States were preparing to secede. Forts, arsenals, vessels, post-offices had been seized. Officers of the army and navy were resigning their commissions. All but two of the justices of the Supreme Court by their decisions had shown their sympathy with the slave oligarchy. The officials in the various departments knew they would be compelled to seek other employment. Those belonging to the Democratic Party from the Northern States were angry and morose under the prospect of losing their comfortable positions. Treason was everywhere. Neither the President nor any of the Secretaries knew upon whom they could rely. The people of Washington were far more in sympathy with the South than with the North. A very large proportion of them looked with disdain upon a man who had pulled an oar and swung an axe to earn his daily bread. They called him “Abe the Rail-splitter.” The newspapers of the Southern States published false and malicious stories about his parentage and birth. They said he had negro blood in his veins. The “Black” Republican Party had elected him. It was natural for ignorant people in the South to believe that the mother of Abraham Lincoln might have been a negress. He was called an “ape,” a “baboon.” A few weeks after the inauguration a “Dramatic Poem,” entitled “The Royal Ape,” was published in Richmond. Women who gloried in their ancestry could not bear to think of one so low-born occupying the White House. One lady, who took pride in



SALMON P. CHASE.

her ancestors, saw Mr. Lincoln in the parlor of Willard's Hotel before his inauguration.

"Is that Abe Lincoln?" she asked, greatly astonished to see he was a courteous gentleman.

"That is Mr. Lincoln, and I will introduce you to him," said Mr. Seward. "Shall I have the pleasure of introducing Mrs. Howard?"

Very stately the bowing of the lady. "I am from South Carolina," she said.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Howard."

No gentleman in Charleston could have been more courteous. She

looked into his face and beheld nothing but kindness. She listened in amazement to his conversation.

"Why, Mr. Lincoln, you look, act, and speak like a kind, good-hearted, generous man!" she exclaims.

"Did you expect to meet a savage?"

"Certainly I did, or something worse. But I am glad that I have met you. The best way to procure peace is for you to go to Charleston and show the people what you are, and tell them you have no intention of injuring them."

She left the parlor and met her friends.

"I have seen him."

"Who?"

"That terrible monster, Lincoln; and instead of being a monster he is a gentleman, and I mean to attend his first reception." (7)

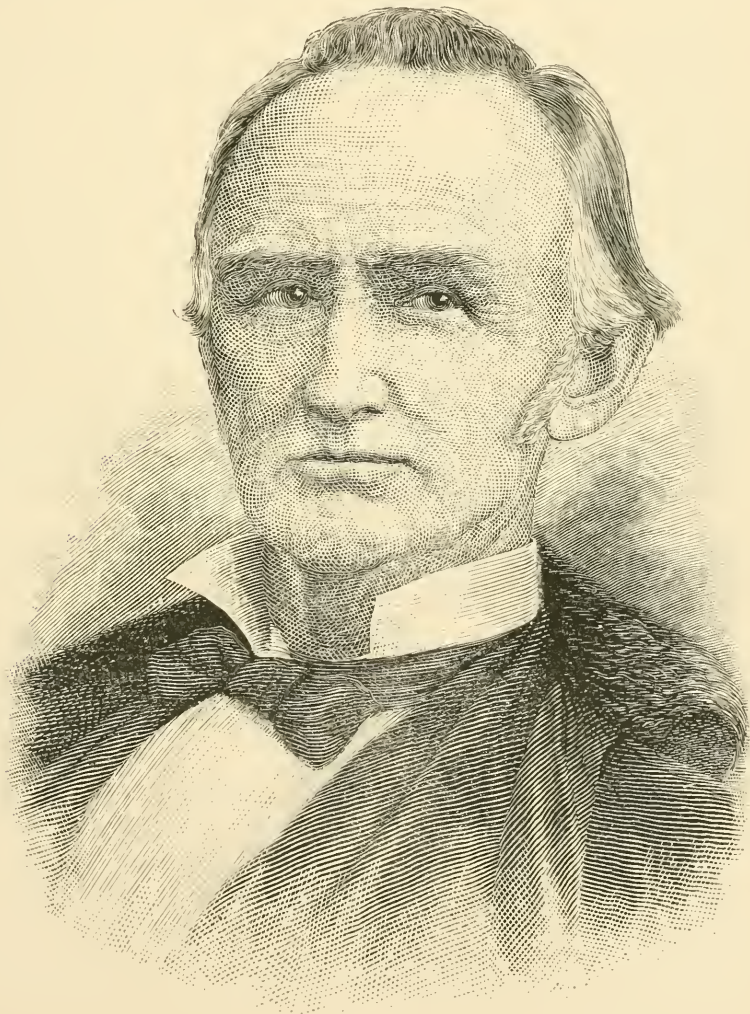
While Mr. Lincoln was taking his oath to support the Constitution, Mr. Holt, Buchanan's Secretary of War, was reading a letter received from Major Anderson, commanding Fort Sumter, informing him that the bread he had on hand would be gone in twenty-eight days. His pork would last a little longer, but in forty days the last particle of food would be consumed. He could not buy anything in the Charleston markets. Slaves were building batteries on Morris Island and mounting cannon. A floating battery protected by railroad-iron would soon be completed.

Several days passed before all the members of the new Cabinet arrived in Washington. They listened in amazement to the communication from Major Anderson. General Scott had informed President Lincoln that it would require 20,000 men to force their way into Sumter. No such number could be had. Captain Gustavus V. Fox believed that vessels of light draft could cross Charleston bar in the night and supply the fort with provisions. Each member of the Cabinet was asked to give his opinion as to what should be done. Nearly all said it would not be wise to attempt to relieve the garrison.

Three gentlemen, sent by Jefferson Davis, arrived in Washington: Martin J. Crawford, John Forsyth, and A. S. Romans. They requested President Lincoln to give up Sumter, and also Fort Pickens, at Pensacola. They held consultations with Mason and Hunter, of Virginia, and Breckinridge, of Kentucky. They found J. A. Campbell, one of the judges of the Supreme Court, an able ally. He was from Alabama, but professed loyalty to the Union. He had the confidence of Mr. Seward, who did not mistrust that Campbell was in constant communi-

cation with Jefferson Davis's commissioners. Mr. Seward was pleased to see the gentlemen, but could not hold any official relations with them. He thought there would not be war. Fort Sumter probably would be evacuated. Nothing would be done without notice, he thought. Mr. Seward gave Judge Campbell no assurance as an officer of the Cabinet, but only as a private citizen. He had no authority to speak officially.

I was in Washington during those March days. The hotels and



MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

boarding-houses were filled with men from nearly every Northern State, and many from Maryland and Virginia, seeking office. They swarmed into the White House, filled the corridors and stairways leading to the executive chamber, waiting for the moment when they could see the President. Each had letters of recommendation for some office—consul, marshal, or postmaster. Senators and members of the Cabinet, entitled to precedence, who made their way through the crowd, were looked upon as intruders. Some of the most importunate office-seekers were from Virginia. They had not voted for Mr. Lincoln, did not belong to the Republican Party; they were Whigs, and had voted for Mr. Bell, of Tennessee. As there were no Republicans in Virginia, they would stand some chance of obtaining an office. Many of the loud-talking men from the seceded States were loath to give up the salaries they were receiving from the Government. They were predicting war. They said the Northern men were craven creatures, who never would fight the gentlemen of the South. They did not regard Northern men as gentlemen. It was the expression of a sentiment engendered by slavery. Men who worked for a livelihood, who did not have bond-servants to do their bidding, could not be “gentlemen.”

Mr. Seward publicly expressed his opinion that all trouble between the North and South would be speedily settled. Not so promising was the outlook to me. On a calm evening, soon after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, I visited the White House in company with Senator Wilson. (*) The President was engaged and we did not tarry. We walked towards Mr. Wilson's apartments in the direction of the Capitol. The moon was full, revealing the beautiful proportions of the uncompleted edifice.

“What is that unfinished Capitol so beautiful in design worth?” I asked.

“Nothing. We are going to have civil war, and God only knows what the end will be,” the reply.

Others saw the coming storm. A gentleman who had applied for the consulate at Callao, South America, withdrew his application. He said: “We are going to have one of the greatest struggles the world has ever seen. These fellows are determined to fight. I am going home to get ready to meet them.” (°)

From the hour of his inauguration President Lincoln was badgered and hounded by office-seekers. We little know the severity of the mental strain during those days to him. Seven States had left the Union. Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee were getting ready to

go. Forts and arsenals had been seized, Major Anderson was cooped up in Sumter. Batteries were being erected on Morris Island. The vessels of the navy were on distant seas, the soldiers of the army thousands of miles away among the Indians of the West. Traitors were in the departments. The members of the Cabinet were strangers to each other. Affairs at home and abroad were drifting to chaos. Civil war was imminent. The credit of the Government was gone. Many people in the Northern States were doubtful if an uneducated man, without experience in affairs of State, would be able to administer the Government at such a critical period. Alone at night in his chamber Mr. Lincoln bore the nation on his heart.

A train going south from Washington carried two passengers, Mr. S. A. Hurlburt and Mr. Lamont. The first was born in Charleston, and



HENRY WILSON.

had a sister residing there. He had studied law with James L. ^{March 22,} Petigru, who was loyal to the Union. Mr. Lamont, whom we _{1861.} have seen travelling from Springfield to Washington with President Lincoln, was agent of the Post-office Department. He was allowed by Governor Pickens to visit Fort Sumter. Mr. Hurlburt, in the home of Mr. Petigru, learned much about public sentiment in South Carolina. The merchants believed the world could not get along without cotton. Charleston was to become a great commercial emporium. They hated the Union, and spat on the Stars and Stripes. The two gentlemen returned to Washington, and informed Mr. Lincoln of the determination of the seceded States to establish a separate nationality.

During the last week in March the President invited the members of the Cabinet to his first State dinner. When the repast was over they assembled in the executive chamber to listen to a letter written by General Scott, who advised the giving up of forts Sumter and Pickens. He thought such a course would keep the other Slave States in the Union. The members of the Cabinet were astonished. Something must be done at once. Provisions must be sent to Sumter, or the fort given up. Which?

Through the night the President walked the floor of his chamber.

He did not seek to be President. Divine Providence has called him; the people elected him. A trust of unparalleled greatness has been committed to him—the trust bequeathed by Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, the patriots of the Revolution. The Constitution is assailed, the laws defied. The life of the nation is threatened. The people are divided in opinion. Traitors are around him; he knows not whom to trust. A great crowd of men seeking office swarm into the White House and through the departments, blind to the peril of the nation, seeking only individual advancement.

The Cabinet is sitting around the table in the executive chamber, considering the vital question of the hour. One member, the ^{March 29} Attorney-general, in order to condense his ideas into a few words, writes his conclusion. The President reads it.

“Gentlemen, will you all write your opinions as to what shall be done?” the request of the President. In brief, these are the responses:

Mr. Bates—“It is my decided opinion that Forts Pickens and Key West ought to be reinforced and supplied, so as to look down opposition at all hazards. As to Fort Sumter, the time has come either to reinforce or evacuate.”

Blair—“It is acknowledged to be possible to relieve Fort Sumter. South Carolina is the head and front of this rebellion, and when that State is safely delivered from the authority of the United States it will strike a blow against our authority, from which it will take years of bloody strife to recover. For my part, I am unwilling to share the responsibility of attempting to relieve Sumter.”

Smith—“Believing that Fort Sumter cannot be defended, I regard its evacuation as a necessity, and I advise that Major Anderson’s command shall be unconditionally withdrawn.”

Welles—“I concur in the proposition to send an armed force off Charleston, with supplies of provisions and reinforcements for the garrison of Fort Sumter. . . . Armed resistance to a peaceable attempt to send provisions to one of our own forts will justify the Government in using all its powers.”

Chase—“I am in favor of maintaining Fort Pickens and provisioning Sumter. . . . If war is to result, I see no reason why it may not begin in consequence of military resistance to the efforts of the Administration to sustain troops of the Union in a fort of the Union.”

Seward—“I advise against the expedition in every view. . . . I would instruct Major Anderson to retire forthwith.” (19)

President Lincoln paces the floor. The Cabinet is divided in opin-

ion. He must decide. He has sworn to maintain the Constitution. He cannot abandon a fort. If war comes, those who bring it about must bear the responsibility. He directs that an order shall be issued for the relief of Sumter and Pickens.

Mr. Seward's ideas and opinions on many points are not in accord with those of the President nor with a majority of the members ^{April 1,} _{1861.} of the Cabinet. He has been outvoted. While the order for fitting out a ship is on its way to Brooklyn he is writing a communication to the President.

This the opening sentence: "We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign." These the closing words: "But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it. For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly. Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide."

It is as if Mr. Seward had said: I will take the reins, if you please, Mr. President.

A little later the Secretary of State reads a letter written by Mr. Lincoln:

"Upon your closing proposition—that 'whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it; for this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly, either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it,' or 'devolve it on some member of his Cabinet; once adopted, debates on it must end and all agree and abide'—I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet. Your obt serv't,
A. LINCOLN."⁽¹⁾

Mr. Seward awakens from his dream of being the one to direct the affairs of the nation. Abraham Lincoln is still President—himself Secretary of State—nothing more. The President is calm and unruffled, and his greeting is as kind and hearty as ever when next they meet. The man whose school-days were comprised in a twelvemonth,



GIDEON WELLES.

who has had little acquaintance with public affairs, has become master and teacher, and the cultured and honored Secretary is sitting at his feet and learning a lesson.

Two steamers with provisions sailed from New York to Sumter. A messenger was sent by President Lincoln to inform Governor Pickens that no arms or ammunition, but only provisions, would be landed.

Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet were in consultation at Montgomery. What should be done? Virginia had not seceded. The convention in session at Richmond was composed largely of men who hesitated about leaving the Union.

"I will tell you what will put Virginia in the Southern Confederacy in less than an hour: sprinkle blood in their faces!" said Roger A. Pryor, in a speech to the people of Charleston.

Jefferson Davis and Robert Toombs, and the men composing the Confederate Cabinet, knew the seven States then forming the Confederacy must be joined by Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and the other Slave States to succeed in what they had undertaken: the formation of a nation with slavery for its corner-stone. The time had come when they must strike a blow. All the world would laugh at them if, after they had planted cannon on Morris Island, built a

^{April 11,}_{1861.} floating battery, they allowed provisions to be landed. To open fire on the fort would be war, but war it must be. The telegraph flashed an order from Montgomery to General Beauregard:

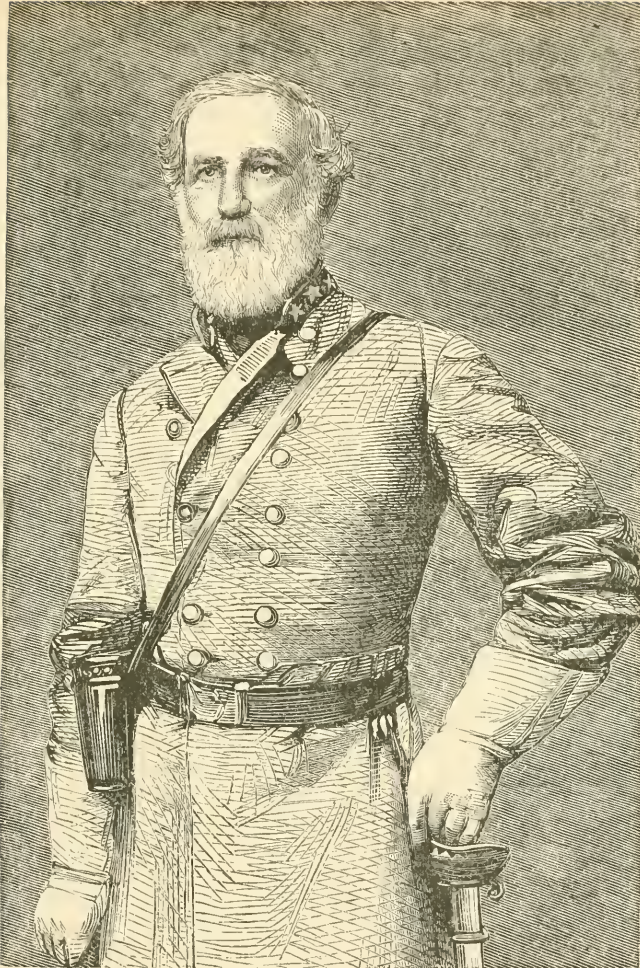
"Demand the immediate surrender of Fort Sumter."

The reply of Major Anderson to the summons:

"I cannot surrender the fort. I shall await the first shot, and if you do not batter me to pieces, I shall be starved out in three days."

The vessels with provisions had not arrived. Why did not Jefferson Davis wait till they came, and open fire upon them rather than upon the fort? Because he and his fellow-conspirators did not wish to wait. So long as the Stars and Stripes floated above Sumter the Confederacy amounted to nothing. Starving out the garrison would not be victory. The booming cannon must announce to the world that the Confederacy was a power by itself, entitled to a place among the nations. The United States must be the first to feel and acknowledge its power.

With the first glimmer of day (April 12, 1861) the bombardment began. (See "Drumbeat of the Nation.") The fleet made its appear-



ROBERT E. LEE.

ance, but did not attempt to relieve the fort. Major Anderson's provisions were gone. He could no longer continue the contest, and surrendered, the garrison being allowed to depart for New York, Sunday April 14, 1861.

Let us recall the words uttered by Abraham Lincoln, March 4, when he took the oath to support the Constitution: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors."

He has kept his word. War has begun, but not by him. He has done what he could, consistent with his oath to support the Constitution, to avert it. Never before such a Sunday in the United States. The telegraph has flashed the news to every city. Bulletins read: Fort Sumter surrendered! The flag humiliated! Two governments: one in Washington—the other in Montgomery. The great republic crumbling to pieces! Government by the people a failure! In Montgomery, predictions that before April is ended the flag of the Confederacy will be waving in triumph over the Capitol at Washington, and Jefferson Davis installed in the White House!(¹²)

In Charleston the people were wild with excitement. Governor Pickens, from the balcony of the Charleston Hotel, addressed a surging crowd:

“Thank God, the day has come! The war is open, and we will conquer or perish. We have defeated their twenty millions, and we have humbled their proud flag of the Stars and Stripes that never before was lowered to any nation. We have lowered it in humility before the Palmetto and Confederate flags, and have compelled them to ask surrender. I pronounce before the civilized world that your independence has been baptized in blood, and you are now free in defiance of the world in arms.”

Throughout the North the people are gazing into each others' faces in wonder and amazement. Never before such sinking of hearts. Tears glisten in the eyes of men unaccustomed to weep. The Constitution defied! The Government a wreck! What will Abraham Lincoln, untried in statesmanship, do in this woful extremity?

In Washington the church-bells are tolling the hour for worship. Mournful their pealing in the ears of loyal men. The President needs no one to tell him what he ought to do. That question is settled. It is a government of the people, and the people alone must decide whether or not their authority shall be defied. He will call for 75,000 men from the several States to suppress this combination against the laws. The laws shall be enforced.

The members of the Cabinet discuss the question. Seventy-five thousand! Will that number of men respond to the call? It is a great army. Do we need so many? How can they be armed? How fed? What can be done with them? Will the “gentlemen” of the South, as they call themselves, fight? Will they not soon weary of military restraint? President Lincoln hears the opinions.

“We must not forget,” he remarks, “that the people of the seceded States, like those of the loyal ones, are American citizens, with essentially the same characteristics and powers. Exceptional advantages on

one side are counterbalanced by exceptional advantages on the other. We must make up our minds that man for man the soldier from the South will be a match for the soldier from the North and vice versa." (13) They are the words of one calmly looking into the future.

Through the day men have been coming and going. As the shadows of evening fall, Stephen A. Douglas enters the White House. He ascends the stairs and meets the President. Their hands clasp in cordial greeting. The door closes upon them. They are alone. No ears other than their own hear the words spoken during the two hours' interview. A quarter of a century has passed since they first met in the corridor of the State-house in Vandalia (see p. 82). During this period they have been opposed politically, but on this night Douglas is ready to stand by Mr. Lincoln to secure the enforcement of the laws.

Millions of people are reading the proclamation of the President—in the Southern States with shouts of laughter, in the Northern with an outburst of gratitude.

Monday,
April 16,
1861.

Never has the world beheld such a spectacle. Political parties disappear in a twinkling. For the moment there is no Republican, no Democratic Party; only one: that for the preservation of the Union, and the avenging of the insult to the flag. One State is ready to respond instantly to the call for troops—Massachusetts. In 1860 Nathaniel P. Banks, Governor, saw the coming of the crisis. In September he marshalled the troops of the State, 13,000 men, upon the field where the first battle of the Revolution began. His successor, Governor John A. Andrew, has in like manner looked into the future, and seen the necessity of being ready to respond to any call which the President might make upon the State.



JOHN A. ANDREW.

One of the delegates from Massachusetts to the Democratic Convention which assembled at Charleston was Benjamin F. Butler, who voted for Breckinridge during all the ballotings. In December, after the election of President Lincoln, Butler visited Washington and talked with the Secessionists.

"Your men of the North will not fight," said a gentleman from Mississippi.

"Yes, they will."

“Who in the North will fight if we secede from the Union?”

“I will.”

“Oh, there will be plenty of men in the South to take care of you.”

“When we march to the defence of the Union we will hang on the trees every man who undertakes to destroy it,” said Butler.

He informed Governor Andrew in regard to the plans of the Secessionists. Measures were at once taken for the complete equipment of the militia.

“If you have troops ready, send them.”

So read the telegram from Senator Wilson to the Governor of Massachusetts. Though not an order from the War Department, Governor Andrew, comprehending its significance, issued orders for the immediate departure of the Sixth and Eighth Regiments. (See “Drum-beat of the Nation.”)

On the anniversary of the battle of Lexington the Sixth Regiment was in Baltimore, fighting its way through the streets of that ^{April 19.} city, manifesting its forbearance, discipline, steadiness, and power. This regiment reached Washington to aid in holding the Capitol.

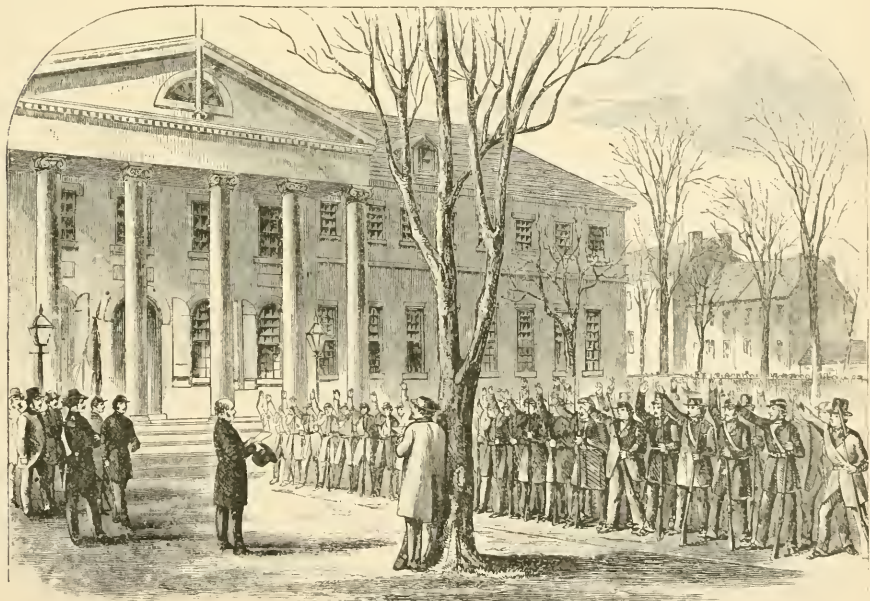
Never in the history of any nation has there been such a succession of great events as during these April days. Never has there been another such uprising of the people. The Union is dissolved, but there shall be one country, one destiny, for all the people. Cost what it may of blood, treasure, sacrifice, suffering, the Government of the people shall not perish. In every city and town the drum-beat breaks the stillness. Bankers hear it, and hasten to tender their money to the Governors of the several States. Ministers of the gospel hear it, and from this hour through the coming four years they will preach the gospel of patriotism. Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell, Mass., hears it. He is a general, commanding a brigade of Massachusetts militia. For four years the spiders will spin their webs undisturbed on his law-books. Ulysses S. Grant, educated at West Point, citizen of Galena, Ill.—so obscure that few of his fellow-citizens are aware that such a person walks their streets—hears it, and consents to preside at a public meeting, little comprehending the work which Providence has planned for him. Stephen A. Douglas hears it, and makes his way from Washington westward to arouse his fellow-citizens. “It is not a question of union or disunion. It is one of order; of the stability of Government; of the peace of communities. The whole social system is threatened with destruction and with disruption,” the words of Mr. Douglas.

Robert E. Lee, held in high esteem by General Scott, was in Washington. Two members of the Cabinet conferred with him, un-
April 17. officially tendering him from President Lincoln command of the army.

“I look,” said he, “upon secession as anarchy. If I owned four million slaves I would sacrifice them all for the Union, but how can I draw my sword upon Virginia, my native State?”

His beautiful home at Arlington overlooked a lovely landscape: the gleaming Potomac, green fields, the City of Washington, the stately Capitol. He was patrician by birth and education, and cast his lot with the slave power.

The Secessionists burned the bridges on the railroads leading north from Baltimore, that no more troops might reach Washington. They were doing their utmost to bring about the secession of Maryland. Clerks in the departments at Washington appointed from the Southern States were hastening from the city. Citizens, under the command of Major David Hunter, were guarding the White House and Treasury. In the executive mansion, through the weary hours, President Lincoln calmly performed his arduous duties.



ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

It was a joyful hour in Washington when the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment and the New York Seventh reached that city. Their presence guaranteed the safety of the Capitol. In Illinois, troops from April 25. Chicago took possession of Cairo. The occupation of that point greatly offended John M. Johnson, of Paducah, Ky. He had been elected to the Senate of that State, and deemed it his duty to send a solemn protest to the President.

"If I had suspected," wrote Mr. Lincoln in reply, "that Cairo, in Illinois, was in Dr. Johnson's Kentucky Senatorial district, I would have thought twice before sending troops to Cairo." (1)

By the prompt arrival of troops in Washington, and the occupation of Cairo, the plans of the Secessionists were overthrown.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIII.

(1) L. E. Chittenden, "Recollections of President Lincoln," p. 66.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 72.

(3) William Cabell Rives was born in Nelson County, Va., 1793. He was educated at Hampden, Sidney, and William and Mary Colleges. Studied law under Jefferson. He was member of Congress, 1823-29. Minister to France, 1829-32. United States Senator, 1832-45. Again he was Minister to France from 1849-53. After the secession of Virginia he became a member of the Confederate Congress.—Author.

(4) James A. Seddon was born at Falmouth, Va., 1815. He studied law at the University of Virginia. He began practice in Richmond. He was member of Congress from 1845 to 1849; Mr. Lincoln was a member during his second term. The Governor of Virginia appointed him member of the Peace Conference. Upon the secession of the State he was appointed by Jefferson Davis Secretary of War for the Confederate States, succeeding Mr. Walker.—Author.

(5) L. E. Chittenden, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," p. 76.

(6) *Ibid.*

(7) Isaac N. Arnold, "Life of Lincoln," p. 199.

(8) Henry Wilson was born at Farmington, N. H., February 16, 1812. His parents were poor. His first years were spent on a farm, and in making shoes. He earned enough money to attend an academy at Concord, N. H., in 1837. He was studious, and became interested in politics. He began public speaking in 1840, advocating the election of Harrison. He was elected to the House of Representatives and Senate of Massachusetts. He was an uncompromising opponent of slavery. He was elected to the Senate, 1855. Was Vice-president of the United States during the Presidency of General Grant. He wrote a "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power." He died November 10, 1875.—Author.

(9) Joseph C. Abbott. He was proprietor of the Manchester, N. H., "Mirror," and had been an earnest opponent of slavery. He had held the office of Adjutant-general of New Hampshire. He was appointed Lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh New Hampshire Regiment; took conspicuous part in the assault upon Fort Wagner, Morris Island.

After the war he settled in North Carolina, and was elected Senator from that State.—
Author.

(¹⁰) "Century Magazine," February, 1888.

(¹¹) Ibid.

(¹²) "Century Magazine," March, 1888.

(¹³) J. G. N. (J. G. Nicolay.) "Century Magazine," March, 1888.

(¹⁴) "Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 455.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST MONTHS OF THE WAR.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, looking from the southern windows of the White House, could see the flag of the Confederacy floating above the houses of Alexandria. Confederate troops were pouring into Richmond, with the avowed intention of marching upon Washington. Very confident were the predictions of Southern newspapers that the Confederate flag would ere long be flying above the unfinished dome of the Capitol, and Jefferson Davis occupying the White House.

This the telegram (April 22, 1861) from Davis to Governor Letcher:

“In addition to the forces heretofore ordered, requisitions have been made for thirteen regiments, eight to rendezvous at Lynchburg, four at Richmond, one at Harper’s Ferry. Sustain Baltimore, if possible. We reinforce you.”

James M. Mason, of Virginia, a week before, had been in the Senate of the United States. He had gone to Baltimore, and was supplying the Secessionists with fire-arms.⁽¹⁾

Reverdy Johnson,⁽²⁾ the great lawyer in the patent law case, whom the President had met in Cincinnati (see page 162), hastened to Washington to obtain assurance that the South was not to be subjugated. A committee from the churches, with a clergyman as chairman, also came. “We ask that you recognize the independence of the Southern States,” the request. This the reply of the President: “You, gentlemen, come here to me and ask for peace on any terms, and yet have no word of condemnation for those who are making war upon us. You express great horror of bloodshed, and yet would not lay a straw in the way of those who are organizing in Virginia and elsewhere to capture this city. The rebels attack Fort Sumter, and your citizens attack troops sent to the defence of the Government and the lives and property in Washington, and yet would have me break my oath and surrender the Government without a blow. There is no Washington in that—no Jackson in that—there is no manhood or



REVERDY JOHNSON.

honor in that. I have no desire to invade the South, but I must have troops to defend this Capitol. Geographically it lies surrounded by the soil of Maryland, and mathematically the necessity exists that they should come over her territory. Our men are not moles, and can't dig under the earth; they are not birds, and can't fly through the air.

There is no way but to march across, and that they must do. But in doing this there is no need of collision. Take care of your rowdies in Baltimore, and there will be no bloodshed. Go home and tell your people that if they will not attack us we will not attack them; but if they do attack us, we will return it, and that severely."

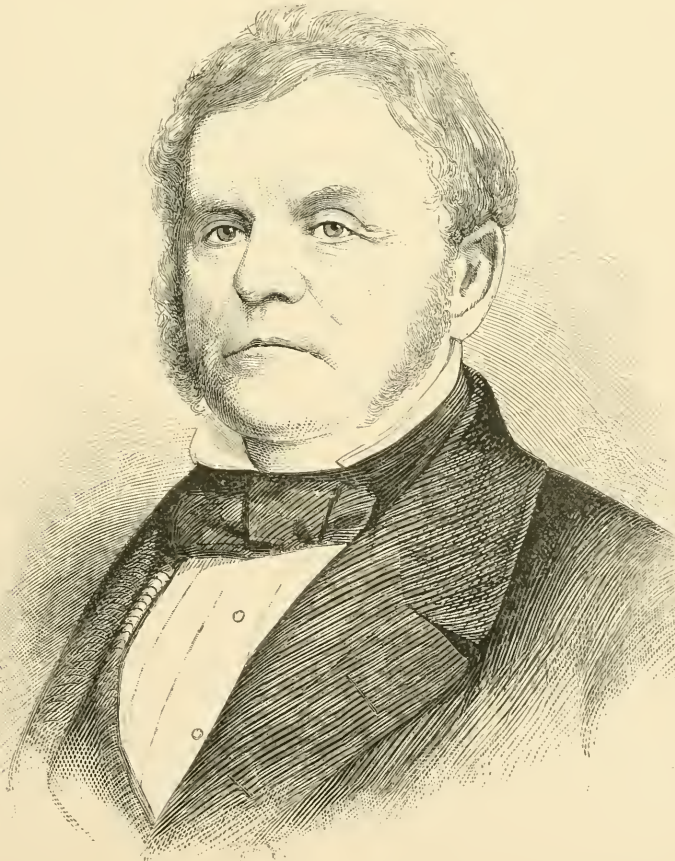
Governor Hicks,⁽³⁾ of Maryland, was loyal to the Union, but was surrounded by Secessionists. He was timid about taking responsibility. Those whom he highly esteemed were using their influence to bring about the secession of the State. The Legislature assembled at April 27. Frederick. The Governor, in his message, said the only safety for the State was to remain neutral. He admitted the right of the United States to take troops through Baltimore.

Once more regiments were passing through that city and moving on to Washington—troops of the United States Army from the Far May 9. West: Sherman's battery, which had won fame on the field of Buena Vista; three months' men, responding to the call of the President.

The sky was lurid with lightning and rain falling on the evening of May 13th; but the driving storm, the flashing lightning, did not bring to a halt the 1000 men commanded by General Butler. They entered Baltimore and took permanent possession of the city. The crisis had passed; the Confederate flag never would wave above the dome of the Capitol; Jefferson Davis never enter the White House; Maryland never secede.

It was seen that cannon planted near the home of Robert E. Lee, on Arlington Heights, might send their missiles crashing into the White House. Nearly 20,000 troops had arrived in Washington. May 24. The time had come to take possession of the hills commanding the Potomac and the Capitol. The night was calm and still, the full moon shining, when the Union soldiers rolled up their blankets, fell into line, and marched across the Long Bridge. Three regiments crossed at Georgetown. The "Fire Zouaves," commanded by Colonel Ellsworth, went down the Potomac on a steamer and landed at Alexandria. Colonel Ellsworth had studied law in Mr. Lincoln's office, and was one of the party that accompanied him to Washington. He saw a Confederate flag waving above the Marshall House, kept by Mr. Jackson. He went to the roof and tore it from the staff; but while descending was shot by Mr. Jackson, who in turn was killed by a Zouave. Great the grief of the President. It was the beginning of his many sorrows. The first hostile shot had struck into his own household, as it were, and taken one whom he tenderly loved.

We must remember that Mr. Lincoln was not, like William Lloyd Garrison, an Abolitionist. Mr. Garrison advocated a dissolution of the Union because slavery was wrong; Mr. Lincoln believed the Union was the greatest boon in civil government which had ever come to the human race. He was confronted by a vital question: how to keep Kentucky from leaving the Union. It was his native State. Some of his dearest friends resided there. Governor Magoffin was doing what he could to bring about the secession of the State. The people were divided in sentiment. The Legislature adopted a resolution affirming "armed neutrality" as the position which the State would maintain. Citizens of Louisville passed resolutions denouncing the President for attempting to bring the seceding States back into the Union. At the same time they



THOMAS H. HICKS.

declared the Union ought to be preserved, but maintained it was the duty of Kentucky to oppose the attempt to make war upon a seceding State!

“Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States,” said Governor Magoffin, in his reply to the call of the President for troops.

The Secessionists were organizing. “The Knights of the Golden Circle,” as they called themselves, were drilling in the streets of Louisville. The members of the “Working-men’s Association” in that city knew that slavery was antagonistic to free labor. They succeeded in electing J. M. Dolph as mayor, who was loyal to the Union. The Secessionists became very bold and arrogant. The Union men were threatened with assassination. Not intimidated but emboldened, they formed a “Union Club.” The members swore unconditional loyalty to the Union. Their ritual was compiled from the sayings of Washington, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay. The great statesman of Kentucky, Mr. Clay, loved and revered by President Lincoln, once said: “If Kentucky to-morrow unfurls the banner of resistance, I never will fight under that banner. I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union; a subordinate one to my own State.”

The Legislature had declared for strict neutrality. President Lincoln comprehended that in a conflict between two diverse civilizations there could be no neutrality on the part of a State. He had said that “a house divided against itself cannot stand, that the entire country must be one thing or another.” What measures could he take to prevent it from becoming the other thing? How foster the Union sentiment in the State? How develop an abiding and aggressive loyalty which would finally marshal it on the side of the Union? Major Anderson, native of Kentucky, had shown his unswerving loyalty to the Union at Sumter. William Nelson,⁽⁴⁾ lieutenant in the navy, had declared in forcible language his fealty. The President sent them to their native State to ascertain the exact condition of affairs. They found that the volunteer militia, known as the “State Guard,” was under the control of the Secessionists. General Simon B. Buckner was in command. The law under which it was organized was drafted by him. He intended to use the troops in behalf of the Confederacy. Governor Magoffin sent Dr. Luke Blackburn to Montgomery for arms. He purchased a few worthless muskets. Kentucky had not seceded, and the Confederate Government had no arms for that State. He made a speech in New Orleans, in which he stated that the people of Kentucky would soon be marshalled on the side of the Confederacy.



MARSHALL HOUSE.

Another military body came into existence—the “Home Guard.” It was organized in Louisville under an ordinance passed by the City Council. It was founded upon a vague clause in the city charter. Mayor Dolph approved the act, and two regiments were organized for the defence of the city. The mayor was commander-in-chief, with authority to appoint a brigadier general. He selected Lowell H. Rosecrans, who soon became an officer in the United States Army. James Speed was appointed as his successor. It was the beginning of organized loyalty in Kentucky. The Union sentiment was developing. George D. Prentice, whose writings had pleased Abraham Lincoln for many years, was still wielding his pen in behalf of the Union.

Lieutenant Nelson hastened to Washington. “If you will furnish

arms to the Union men of the State," he said to Mr. Lincoln, "they will fight for the restoration of the State to the Union."

"It shall be done," the President replied, and directed that 10,000 muskets be placed at his disposal. Mr. Nelson hastened to Kentucky, and arranged with James Speed for a secret meeting of the leading Unionists. There were only twelve at the meeting—John J. Crittenden, Garret Davis, James Harlan, Joshua F. Speed,^(*) James Speed, Charles A. Wickliffe, Thornton F. Marshall, Lieutenant Nelson, and four others. They selected suitable persons to distribute the arms. Joshua F. Speed was appointed general agent by the President. Companies of Home Guards were forming throughout the northern and central sections of the State. The magazine containing the ammunition of the State was under the control of Buckner; but Mayor Dolph demanded the keys. Buckner knew that if he did not give them up the mayor would take forcible possession of the property, and he therefore surrendered them. The mayor demanded the arms of the members of the "State Guard" in Louisville, and they were given up. By the wisdom and prudence of the President, acting in concert with Joshua F. Speed and his few Union friends, Kentucky was saved to the Union.

The President ardently labored to foster the Union sentiment in Missouri. With that end in view he had selected Mr. Bates to be Attorney-general.^(*) During the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the war the Germans in St. Louis had manifested their opposition to the extension of slavery. They voted for Abraham Lincoln. The Governor of the State, Claiborne F. Jackson, favored secession. He called a State convention, but the delegates elected were opposed to seceding. It was a great disappointment to Governor Jackson and Jefferson Davis. Francis P. Blair,^(?) one of the energetic Republicans of St. Louis, brother of Montgomery Blair, whom Mr. Lincoln had appointed Postmaster-general, discovered that Jackson was intending to seize the arsenal, which contained 60,000 arms.

"We must prevent it," said Mr. Blair, privately, to a few of his friends, who agreed with him, and formed themselves into a military company. It was organized before the inauguration of President Lincoln. The commander of the arsenal was from North Carolina. He had a secret understanding with Governor Jackson to hand it over to the State. Before their plans were ripe Captain Nathaniel Lyon, of the army, appeared, appointed by General Scott. He was energetic, bold, fearless, and soon had barricades erected for the protection of the arsenal.

A steamer from Memphis came up the Mississippi. At night boxes labelled "Marble" were unloaded at the levee, which were quickly carted away. A man who was lounging about the landing followed the teams to a military camp which Governor Jackson had established, and where General Frost was in command. It was no secret that his soldiers were in sympathy with Jefferson Davis. The next morning a gentleman and lady drove to the camp. The lady smiled graciously upon the soldiers, and was pleased to see them performing their evolutions. She noticed that the boxes marked "Marble" were being opened. They contained cannon, shot, and shell. The carriage returned to the city, the lady to her lodgings. She removed bonnet, gown, and veil, and put on her uniform. She was no longer a woman, but Captain Lyon, who thus in disguise had seen for himself the cannon sent by the Confederate Secretary of War to Governor Jackson. Suddenly, as if moved by a common impulse, six regiments of Union troops with six cannon approached Camp Jackson. The cannon unlimbered, and wheeled into position. General Frost was amazed.

"Your command," said Captain Lyon, "is regarded as hostile to the United States. I demand your surrender with no other conditions than that all persons shall be humanely and kindly treated." There was no alternative for the Secessionists. Thus the arsenal was saved and treason stamped out in the chief commercial city of the Mississippi valley. Unfortunately, the troops came in collision with a mob, and several soldiers and citizens were killed in the mêlée, which greatly intensified the antagonism between the Unionists and the Secessionists.

The complications growing out of the movements in the border States required the exercise of great wisdom and judicious action on the part of the President. From morning till late at night he must receive delegations, listen to long documents, charge his memory with facts, make many decisions affecting the welfare of the nation. While bearing present burdens he was looking into the future.

Major Anderson, on his return from Sumter, called upon the President and rehearsed the story of the bombardment. "The Confederates had a floating battery protected by railroad iron: cannon-shot had no effect upon it," he said. Mr. Lincoln was much interested by the remark.

Among the vessels partly burned and then scuttled at the Norfolk Navy-yard was the frigate *Merrimac*. Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, learned that the Confederates were intending to raise the hull.

They would cover it with iron, and transform the frigate into a vessel more powerful than any craft afloat.

Mr. Gustavus V. Fox, who had accepted the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, called upon the President. "We must not let the rebels get ahead of us in such an important matter as plating vessels with iron," said Mr. Lincoln.⁽⁸⁾

"Naval officers doubt the stability of armored ships. They think that the amount of iron needed to make them effective would send them to the bottom," said Mr. Fox.

"Is not that a sum in arithmetic? On our Western rivers we can figure how many tons will sink a flat-boat. Can't your clerks do the same for an armored vessel?"

"I suppose they can; but there are other difficulties. With such a weight a single shot piercing the armor would sink the vessel so quickly that no one could escape," said Mr. Fox.

"Now, as the very object of the armor is to get something that the best projectile cannot pierce, that objection does not appear to be sound," Mr. Lincoln replied.

Mr. Fox was greatly impressed, and an investigation for building iron-clad vessels was begun at once. A few weeks later Captain Ericsson exhibited some plans of a craft, the like of which had never been seen—a hull wholly below water, carrying a revolving iron-clad turret. President Lincoln, after hearing the explanation of Ericsson and looking over the plans, remarked, "As the darkey said in putting on his boot and finding a thistle in it, 'I reckon dars someting in dar.'"⁽⁹⁾

The plans were accepted. The result was seen at Hampton Roads eight months later. The memorable battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* revolutionized naval architecture.

The great crowd of place-hunters increased. Every morning they flocked to the White House to gain an audience with the President—each applicant with his package of recommendations—to be postmaster in some country town, or a consul to a foreign port, or some position as agent for the purchase of supplies. The President, with all the great questions of the hour pressing upon him, did not lose his patience with this swarm of gadflies. With unflinching humor he brushed them away.

"I am like a man who is busy letting rooms at one end of his house, which is on fire at the other end," he said.⁽¹⁰⁾

Not feeling well, he sent for a physician. "You are having a mild attack of the small-pox," said the doctor.

"Tell all the office-seekers to come at once, for now I have something that I can give them," the President gleefully replied. (")

Two applicants for a post-office came with their packages of recommendations signed by ministers, doctors, selectmen, and citizens generally.

"Put them on the scales and see which is the heaviest. The one which weighs the most gets it," said the President. He did not doubt that both were qualified for the position.

Many of the officers in the army, especially those educated at West Point, were very conservative in their views of slavery. They were ready to fight to maintain the Union, but did not desire there should be any interference with slavery. General George B. McClellan, appointed by the Governor of Ohio to command the troops from that State sent to West Virginia, issued a proclamation to the people of that section.

"Understand one thing clearly," he said. "Not only will we abstain from all interference with your slaves, but we will, on the contrary, crush with an iron hand any attempt at insurrection on their part."

No occasion had arisen for his giving expression to such a sentiment. There was no sign of an uprising of the slaves against their masters. It indicated his desire to protect slavery. The Vice-president of the Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, had said that African slavery was "the corner-stone of the Confederacy." The great majority of those who supported Mr. Lincoln knew the slave-holders brought about the war; they did not relish the uncalled-for expression by McClellan.

General Benjamin F. Butler, in command at Fortress Monroe, took a far different view of the question. A slave named Luke, who had been working upon Confederate fortifications, escaped to the Union lines. His master, Colonel Mallory, came to reclaim him.

"There is no authority for sending Luke back to his master," said Captain Tyler, a subordinate officer.

"How so?" Butler asked.

"The case is this," Tyler replied. "Luke's master sent him to be employed in constructing the Confederate fortifications. That made Luke contraband of war, and liable to be confiscated to the United States in case he should ever be found in our lines. His master cannot claim him, because he is only property. The United States cannot hold him, because, as a government, we do not recognize slavery as a national institution. Luke is free, and never can again be legally a slave."

General Butler was a lawyer. He was quick to comprehend the statement. The time had come when he could strike a blow at the corner-stone of the Confederacy.

"I am greatly embarrassed," he wrote to the Secretary of War, "by the number of slaves that are coming in from the surrounding country and seeking protection within the lines of my camp. I have determined to regard them as *contraband* of war, and to employ their labor at a fair compensation, against which should be charged their support."

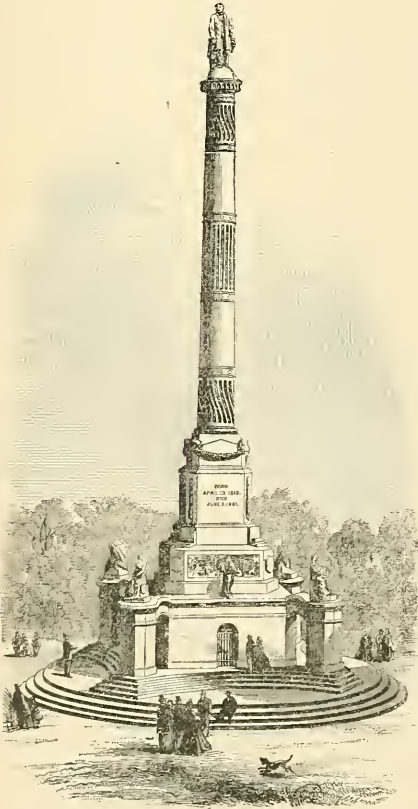
"The Government approves of your course," replied the Secretary. May 30. "You are not to interfere between master and slave on the one hand, nor surrender slaves who may come within your lines."

Under the decision of General Butler the "corner-stone" began to crumble. We have seen that the President did not believe in the sudden and immediate abolition of slavery. He thought it would not be well for the country. We shall see further on how time and the sequence of events enabled him at the right time to abolish slavery."

Sad news came to the President from Chicago: the death of Senator Douglas, his old political opponent, yet his hearty supporter in the crucial hour at the June 3. beginning of the war. By his patriotic action Douglas had turned the great multitude of his followers to the support of Mr. Lincoln.

Once more Congress was in session, called by the President. During all the turmoil, commotion, and the consideration of great questions,

July 4. he found time to write a message detailing the events from the time of his inauguration. He asked for an army of 400,000 men and for \$400,000,000. They were granted. The pulse of the country was beating high. More



DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

than 30,000 troops had gathered at Washington—men who were to serve three months. Another large army had gathered at Harper's Ferry. "On to Richmond!" the cry.

A like activity in the South had organized two large Confederate armies: one at the Manassas Junction, under Beauregard; one in the Shenandoah Valley, under General Johnston. The Confederates had been swept out of West Virginia and Missouri. Eastern Tennessee had declared for the Union. President Lincoln earnestly desired to send a body of troops to aid in holding that section of the State. Judge Robertson and another gentleman hastened to Washington to protest against the marching of Union troops across Kentucky. The President heard what they had to say: That Kentucky must be neutral. If Union troops were to enter the State, Confederates would do the same. Both parties must be kept out.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "my position in regard to your State is like that of the man who one night found that a rattlesnake had crawled into bed where his children were sleeping. What should he do? Leave the snake to bite the children the moment they stirred? If he struck a blow it might kill them. He could not leave them to certain death. He must strike, even if in so doing he were to kill them. So it is with me. I know Kentucky and Tennessee are infested with the enemies of the Union, but I know that there are thousands of patriots in both, who will be persecuted even unto death unless the strong hand of the Government is interposed for their protection and rescue. We must go in. The old flag must be carried into Tennessee at whatever hazard."

At heart the gentlemen were Secessionists, and went home greatly chagrined over the result of their mission.⁽¹²⁾

The term of service of many regiments would expire before the end of July. The time had come for a movement of the troops. The Northern people expected to see the army under Beauregard swept aside, the Union soldiers marching into Richmond, and Jefferson Davis fleeing southward. President Lincoln did not share in the general enthusiasm. Through life he had accustomed himself to look at both sides of a case. In his law practice he had endeavored to see what his opponent could do, and to shape his own course accordingly. He knew there was little difference between the men of the North and the South; that both were brave, both would fight, both endure.

The advance, the battle, the stealing away of Johnston from the Shenandoah, the failure of Patterson to prevent the junction of Johnston

with Beauregard, the arrival of Johnston's last brigade when the battle was going against Beauregard, the panic of the Union troops, their drifting back to Washington, is given in the history of the war. July 19. (See "Drum-beat of the Nation.") No one in Washington—official or private citizen—could feel more keenly than the President the mortification of the disaster.

Mr. Lincoln saw that General Scott was too old and feeble to organize a great army. Whom should he appoint? General McDowell had been defeated. General Patterson had failed to accomplish what was expected of him. The only officer who had won distinction was General McClellan, in command of the Ohio troops in West Virginia. General Rosecrans, in command of a brigade, planned and executed a movement at Laurel Mountain, resulting in victory which had been much glorified by McClellan's despatch:

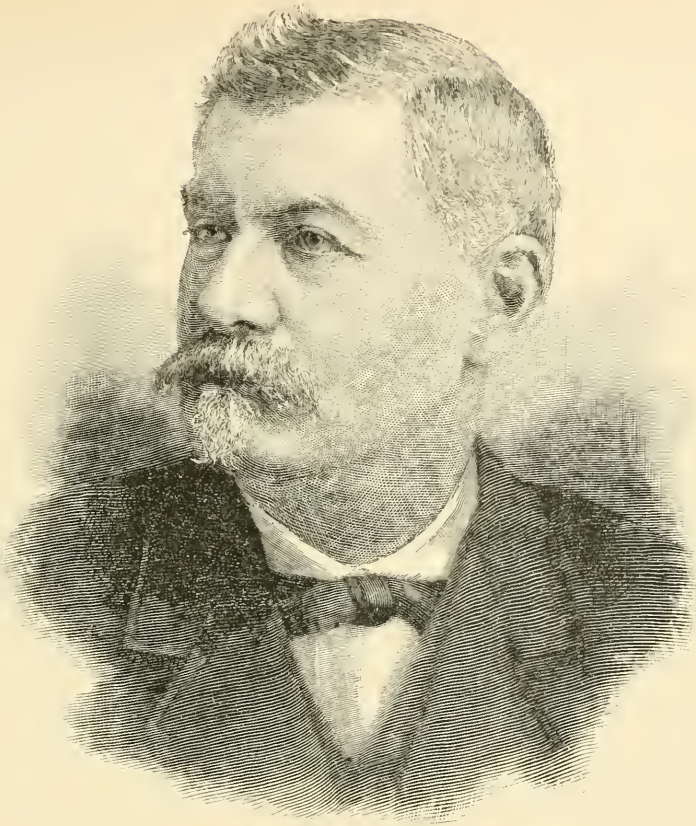
"Garnett and forces routed. His army demolished. Garnett killed. We have annihilated the enemy in Western Virginia. Have lost thirteen killed and not more than forty wounded. We have killed in all at least two hundred of the enemy, and the prisoners will amount to at least one thousand. Have taken seven guns in all. The troops defeated are the crack troops of Eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseans, and Carolinians. Our success is complete, and secession is killed in this country." (13)

It was such a bulletin as Napoleon was accustomed to issue to awaken enthusiasm. The despatch brought McClellan prominently into notice. He was looked upon as a great commander. By the advice of General Scott, the President called him to Washington to organize the troops arriving in that city and make preparations for a vigorous campaign.

He established his headquarters in an elegant mansion and appointed a large staff. His coming, however, did not diminish the troubles experienced by the President, but increased them.

McClellan informed General Scott there were 100,000 Confederate troops at Manassas, and urged that all available regiments be hurried to Washington regardless of other localities. He wanted a very large section of the Northern States merged into one department and placed under his own control. (14) He intimated to the President that General Scott was remiss in his duties and incompetent to command. (15) The venerable lieutenant-general could not condescend to reply to a letter which he regarded as very offensive and insulting. He asked the President to retire him from further service.

Mr. Lincoln endeavored to restore amicable relations between the



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

two commanders—one old and honored, the other young and inexperienced. The President called in person upon the venerable commander. He addressed a kind and conciliatory letter to McClellan, who replied, desiring to withdraw the letter he had written reflecting upon Scott. General Scott received a second letter from McClellan, which he regarded as offensive.

General McClellan was subordinate to General Scott, but he made no report of his proceedings. He consulted with members of the Cabinet, and not with his superior commander. "He is," wrote Scott to the Secretary of War, "in frequent conversation with portions of the Cabinet on matters pertaining to me. That freedom of access and consultation have, very naturally, deluded the junior into a feeling of indifference towards his senior. With such supports on his part, it would

be as idle for me as it would be against the dignity of my years to be filing daily complaints against an ambitious junior."

The request of General Scott to be placed upon the retired list was granted. The President and Cabinet waited upon him in a body at his residence to pay their respects to one who had rendered great service to his country. With his retirement General McClellan became commander of the great army assembling at Washington.

A fleet under Commodore Stringham sailed from Fortress Monroe southward to Hatteras Inlet and rained shells upon the Confederate

fortifications at that point, compelling their surrender. General Aug. 28. Butler, with a body of troops, took possession, thus closing the passage to vessels from England, which had been furnishing the Confederates with supplies, and it enabled the Union fleets to gain access to Pamlico and Albermarle sounds.

General Butler received a letter from the President, who desired to see him.

"You are out of a job, general," said Mr. Lincoln. "Now, if we only had the troops, I would like to send an expedition either against Mobile, New Orleans, or Galveston. But the regiments are filling up slowly."

"Mr. President, you have given me leave to tell you wherein I differ from the Administration," said Butler. "In one thing you are making this too much a party war. That, perhaps, is not the fault of the Administration, but the result of political conditions. All Northern Governors are Republicans, and they, of course, appoint only their Republican friends as officers of regiments, who, of course, only recruit Republicans. Now this war cannot go on as a party war; you must get Democrats into it, and there are thousands of patriotic Democrats who would go into it if they could see any opportunity to do so on equal terms with the Republicans. Besides, it is not good politics. An election is coming on for Congressmen next year, and if you get all the Republicans sent out as soldiers, and the Democrats not interested, I do not see but you will be beaten."

"There is meat in that, general. What is your suggestion?"

"Empower me to raise volunteers and select the officers, and I will go to New England and raise a division of six thousand men in sixty days. If you will give me the power to select the officers, I shall choose all Democrats."

"Draw such an order as you want, but don't get me into a scrape with the Governors about the appointment of the officers if you can help it."¹⁶



LAST MEETING BETWEEN GENERAL SCOTT, THE CABINET, AND PRESIDENT.

The order was drawn and signed. One month later an expedition under General Butler was on its way to New Orleans to take possession of that city.

The Union men of Maryland informed the Government that the secession members of the Legislature intended to vote the State out of the Union at an adjourned session. Attorney-general Bates had given an elaborate opinion as to the power of the President to make arbitrary arrests of persons contemplating treason, and also to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. It was the duty of the President to prevent

the contemplated action. General McClellan was directed to arrest the members.

“When they meet,” read McClellan’s order to General Banks, “you will please have everything prepared to arrest the whole party, and be sure that none escape.”

The order was enforced, the members arrested, their plans overturned. “I believe,” said Governor Hicks, “that it saved the State from destruction.”

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIV.

(¹) James Murray Mason was born in Fairfax County, Va., 1798. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania. Studied law; was member of Congress, 1837–39; elected United States Senator, 1847. He remained in the Senate till 1861. When Virginia seceded he did not resign, but used his position to aid the Confederates, for which he was expelled the following July. He was appointed diplomatic agent of the Confederacy to England. Sailed with Mr. Slidell from Charleston to Nassau; took passage on the steamer *Trent*, from which he was taken by Commodore Wilkes, commanding the *San Jacinto*, and confined in Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. He was released by President Lincoln, and delivered to an English vessel. He presented his credentials to Lord John Russell, Secretary of English Foreign Affairs, but could only be recognized as a private gentleman. After the war he returned to the United States, and died at Alexandria, Va., 1874.—Author.

(²) Reverdy Johnson was born at Annapolis, Md., 1796. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar of Maryland at the age of 19. He served in the Senate of the United States 1845–49. He was a Whig in politics, and upon the accession of Zachary Taylor to the Presidency was appointed Attorney-general. Mr. Johnson was regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of the country. He was Senator during President Lincoln’s term in Congress. They were opposing counsel in the celebrated McCormick reaper case, in which Mr. Lincoln expected to take conspicuous part, but from which he was excluded by Edwin M. Stanton. Mr. Johnson was delegate to the Peace Conference. He was again in the Senate from 1863 to 1868.—Author.

(³) Thomas Holliday Hicks, born 1798, in Dorchester County, Md., was a farmer. He served many terms in the Legislature, and was Governor of the State from 1858 to 1862, and served in the United States Senate from 1862 to 1867. He was loyal to the Union, but had a difficult part to perform. By his prudence the Secessionists were thwarted, and the State saved to the Union.—Author.

(⁴) Lieutenant William T. Nelson was born in Maysville, Ky., 1825. Entered the navy 1840, was at the siege of Vera Cruz during the war with Mexico. His outspoken loyalty led the President to appoint him a brigadier-general in the army. He commanded a division under General Buell. He reached the battle-field of Shiloh at a critical hour and rendered efficient service. In an unfortunate quarrel with General Jefferson C. Davis he received a wound from which he died, September 29, 1862.—Author.

(⁵) Joshua F. Speed was born near Louisville. He emigrated to Springfield, Ill., and opened a store. He early became a friend to Abraham Lincoln. He was successful in business, and returned to Louisville and became a prominent citizen. His great friendship for Mr. Lincoln and his intense patriotism made him a central figure among the Union men of Kentucky. Several years after the death of the President he gave a

lecture which is replete with information relative to the early manhood of Mr. Lincoln.—Author.

(⁸) Edward Bates, Attorney-general, was born in Virginia, 1793. He was of Quaker descent. He was educated at Charlotte Hall, Md. In 1814 he emigrated to Missouri, and began the practice of law in St. Louis. He was elected Attorney-general of the State, 1820. He became member of Congress, 1826—serving one term. President Fillmore appointed him Attorney-general of the United States, 1850, but the appointment was respectfully declined. He was outspoken in his denunciation of the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas. The Republicans of Missouri presented his name as a candidate for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention.—Author.

(⁷) Francis P. Blair, second son of Francis Blair, was one of the founders of the Republican Party in Missouri. He comprehended the plans of the Secessionists, and took radical and energetic measures to thwart them. He was appointed major-general by the President, and was selected by General Sherman to command an army corps in the March to the Sea. He was elected to Congress; although serving in that body, he retained his commission in the military service, which subjected him to much criticism. He was patriotic and brave, and efficiently aided the cause of the Union.—Author.

(⁸) L. E. Chittenden, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," p. 213.

(⁹) *Ibid.*, p. 216.

(¹⁰) Titian J. Coffey, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 337.

(¹¹) *Ibid.*, p. 338.

(¹²) John W. Forney, "Anecdotes of Public Men," vol. i., p. 265.

(¹³) "War Records," vol. xi., p. 3.

(¹⁴) *Ibid.*

(¹⁵) General Scott's Letters to Secretary of War, "Records," vol. xi., p. 3.

(¹⁶) B. F. Butler, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 140.

CHAPTER XV.

AUTUMN OF 1861.

DURING the summer of 1861 Congress was in session, called by President Lincoln. In his message he said :

“It might seem, at first thought, to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called ‘secession’ or ‘rebellion.’ The movers, however, will understand the difference. They knew that they never could make their treason respectable by any name which implies a violation of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people.”

President Lincoln used plain words, which everybody could understand, as is seen in the following sentences :

“They knew they could make no advancement *directly in the teeth* of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an *insidious debauching* of the public mind. They *invented* an *ingenious sophism*, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism is that any State may, consistently with the national Constitution, therefore lawfully and peacefully withdraw from the Union, without the consent of the Union or any other State. The *little disguise* that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judges of its justice, is *too thin* to merit any notice. With rebellion thus *sugar-coated*, they have been *drugging* the public mind of their section for more than thirty years.”

In these brief sentences we have the history of Secession.

“Would it not be better, Mr. President,” said Mr. Defrees, the public printer, “to use some other word a little more dignified than ‘sugar-coated’ in an important State paper which is to go down to all time?”

“Well, Defrees, if you think the time will ever come when the people will not understand what ‘sugar-coated’ means, I’ll alter it; otherwise I think I’ll let it go,” said Mr. Lincoln, with good-humor in every wrinkle of his face. (1)

Ulysses S. Grant presided at a public meeting in Galena, Ill. A



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

few days later he accompanied the troops from that town to the capital of the State. He had seen service in Mexico as lieutenant, and was acquainted with military affairs. At Springfield he met Major John Pope.

“You ought to go into the United States service again,” said Pope; and added, “I am acquainted with the public men of the State, and will get them to recommend you.”

“I do not think I will get any indorsement for permission to fight for my country,” replied Grant. He addressed a letter to the adjutant-general of the army, offering his services, but received no answer. From Springfield he journeyed to Covington, Ky., and visited his parents. The headquarters of Major-general McClellan being in Cincinnati, he crossed the river to that city, thinking he would apply for a position as staff-officer. Twice he entered the apartments of McClellan for that purpose, but did not meet him. Upon returning to Springfield, he found Governor Yates had appointed him colonel of the Twenty-first (Illinois) Regiment. He was sent to Missouri, and then to Cairo. Without solicitation on his part he was appointed brigadier-general.

A Confederate force under General Leonidas Polk ascended the Mississippi from Memphis and took possession of the high bluffs at Columbus, Ky. The neutrality of the State ended with that act. It had been violated by the Confederates just as President Lincoln expected it would be.

“The Confederates are getting ready to seize Paducah,” said a Union man from Columbus.

If the Confederates were in Kentucky, why should not Union troops be there? Paducah was an important position. Confederate cannon planted there would prevent steamboats passing that point. ^{Sept. 5.} It was at the mouth of the Tennessee. The party which first gained possession of that town would have great advantage. General Grant informed Fremont what he intended to do, and then proceeded to do it without waiting for orders. (2)

The people of Paducah the next morning were greatly astonished to see a fleet of steamboats crowded with Union soldiers moored at the landing. Most of the citizens were Secessionists, and were ^{Sept. 6.} expecting to welcome a Confederate force under General Thompson. The prompt action of General Grant was of incalculable benefit to the Union cause in Kentucky, and gave great satisfaction to President Lincoln. Grant issued a brief address to the people of Paducah. He said:

"I have come among you not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen ; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect the rights and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against one common Government has taken possession of and planted its guns on the soil of Kentucky and fired upon our flag. Hickman and Columbus are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assist and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your Government and mine. I have nothing to do with opinion. I shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors."

"I like that address," said President Lincoln, when he read it. "Its modesty and brevity show that the officer issuing it understands the situation, and is a proper man to command there at this time."⁽³⁾

With the coming of autumn a series of antislavery lectures was given in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. They were attended by the President, who was much pleased with one given by Horace Greeley, editor of the New York "Tribune."

"That lecture," he said to Mr. Greeley, "is full of good thoughts, and I would like to take it home with me and read it over next Sunday."⁽⁴⁾

Mr. Lincoln, as he walked out in the afternoons for exercise, often met a gentleman whose courteous bearing and kindly face arrested his attention.

"May I be so rude as to ask your name?" said the President, extending his hand.

"Joseph Henry," the reply.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Henry. I long have heard of you. Come to the White House. I want to know about the Smithsonian Institute, with which you are connected, and what is going on in the world of science."⁽⁵⁾

The acquaintance ripened into one of affectionate intimacy. Professor Henry spent many evenings in the family apartments at the White House. It was a great relief to the President, after the perplexities of the day, to converse with one of the foremost scientists of the age.

Whispers were in the air of a military movement at Edwards Ferry, near Leesburg. I hastened to General McClellan's headquarters, but

Oct. 21. aids and clerks had no information for a correspondent. There

was an air of mystery and reticence which usually acts as a stimulant to a journalist. While waiting to obtain an interview with General McClellan, President Lincoln entered the room. He gave me a cordial greeting, but there were signs of intense anxiety on his countenance.

“Is General McClellan in?” he asked.

“He is, Mr. President,” the reply of a lieutenant. Several minutes passed, during which the only sound breaking the painful silence was the clicking of the telegraph.

“Will you please walk this way, Mr. President?” said the lieutenant, returning from McClellan’s apartment.

A few minutes later, Mr. Lincoln, with his head bowed upon his breast, his hands clasped to his heart, shuffling, tottering, reeling as if beneath a staggering blow, moved once more through the room. Never before had I seen such anguish on a human countenance as upon his face. He stumbled, but did not fall. He walked towards the White House, carrying not only the burden of the nation, but unspeakable private grief—the intelligence of the disaster at Ball’s Bluff, and the death of his old-time friend, Colonel Edward Dickinson Baker. (See “Drum-beat of the Nation,” p. 117.) Very dear had been their friendship. They had practised law together in Springfield, “ridden the circuit” side by side till the outbreak of the war with Mexico, in which Baker served as colonel. He had been elected Senator from Oregon. When the Rebellion began he raised a regiment at his own expense in New York and Pennsylvania. President Lincoln offered to make him a brigadier-general, but the offer was declined. I recalled a scene in the Senate a few weeks before his death. Senator Breckinridge, Vice-president under Buchanan, was bitterly opposing the prosecution of the war.

“War is separation; it is disunion—eternal disunion,” he said. At this moment Colonel Baker, wearing his uniform, entered the chamber. He had not resigned his senatorship. He did not intend to remain, or notice what was going on, but stood for a moment as if riveted to the spot, then deliberately seated himself and looked into the face of the former Vice-president.

“We have,” Breckinridge went on, “separation now; it will be worse as the war goes on. In addition to the moans and cries of widows and orphans, you will hear the cry of distress for the wants and comforts of life. . . . The Pacific slope is now devoted, doubtless, to the Union; but if you increase the burdens of taxation, will they remain? You already see New England and the great North-west in a measure divided. Fight twelve months and you will have three confederacies, and a little longer and you will have four.”

Colonel Baker arose. “Mr. President,” he said, “what words are these? What their meaning? Are they not words of brilliant, pol-

ished treason? What would have been thought if, in another capital, another republic, in a yet more martial age, a Senator as grave—not more eloquent or dignified than the Senator from Kentucky, yet with the Roman purple flowing over his shoulders—had risen in his place, surrounded by all the illustrations of Roman glory, and declared that advancing Hannibal was just, and that Carthage ought to be dealt with in terms of peace? What would have been thought if, after the battle of Cannæ, a Senator had then risen in his place and denounced every levy of the Roman people, every expenditure of its treasure, and every appeal to the old recollections and the old glories?"

A voice was heard—that of William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine:

"He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock."

"Does not the Senator from Kentucky know," continued Baker, "that every word he has uttered will be an inspiration to every Confederate ear? For myself, I have no such words to utter. For me, amid temporary defeat, disaster, disgrace, it seems that my duty calls me to utter another word—a word for bold, sudden, forward, determined war, according to the laws of war, advancing with all the past glories of the republic urging us on."

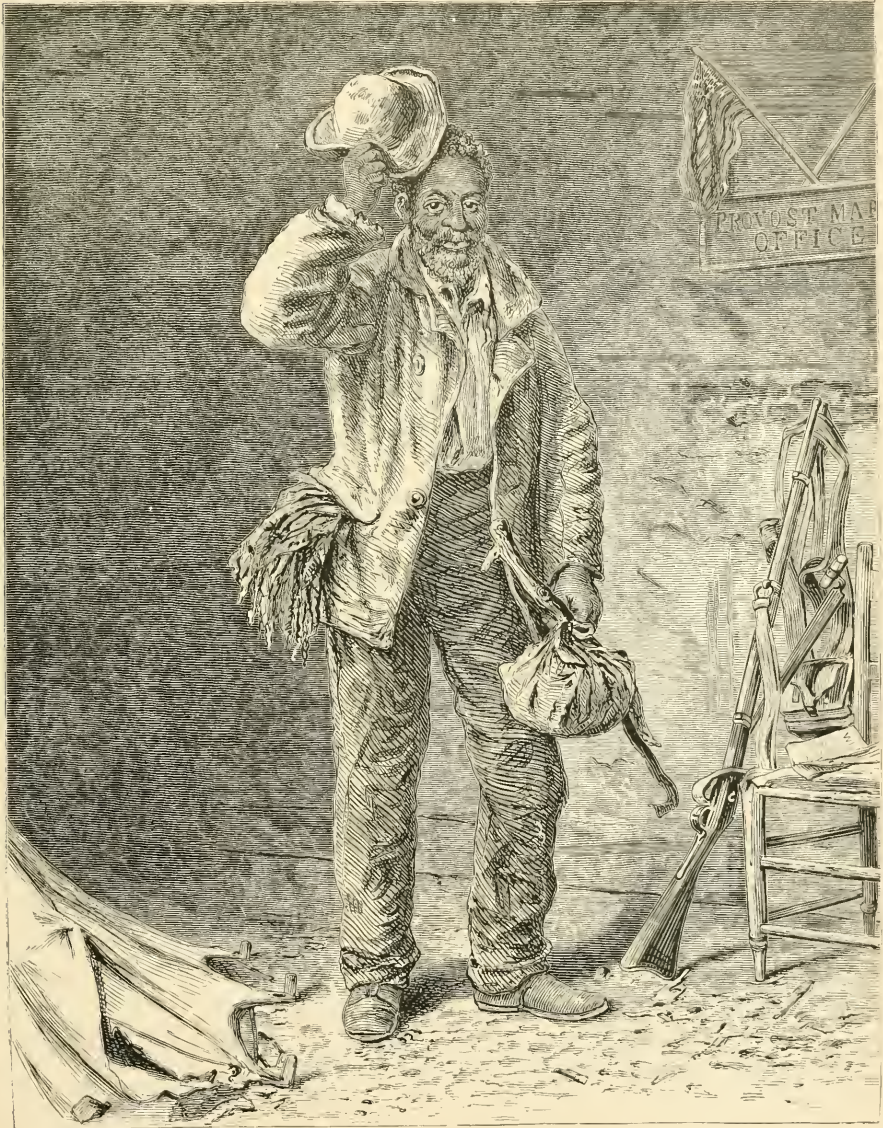
"I warn Southern gentlemen," said Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, "that if this war continues there will be a time when it will be declared a free nation, that every bondman of the South belonging to rebels—I confine it to them—shall be called upon to aid us in a war against their masters and to restore the Union."

Colonel Baker had obeyed the orders of his superior officer in an ill-planned movement resulting in disaster. A few hours after witnessing the agony of President Lincoln, I stood beside the body of the fallen commander, and beheld his face peaceful in death, and recalled the lines he had composed "To a Wave:"

"Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest
O Wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land,
To die in murmurs upon the strand?"

"I too am a wave on the stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand;
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And those who once reach it shall wander no more."

In Missouri and Virginia slaves were flocking to the Union Army. No argument was needed to convince them the war was being waged on their account—that the Stars and Stripes was the banner of freedom. They were ready to act as guides, use the spade and shovel,



A CONTRABAND COMING INTO CAMP.

drive teams, cook for officers and soldiers. We shall see as this biography goes on the gradual growth of the idea that slavery had caused the war, that it was in a great degree the strength of the Rebellion, and must be annihilated.

Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, introduced a bill in Congress which gave freedom to all slaves used by the rebels in carrying on the war. Senator Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and other members from the border Slave States opposed it. Those who advocated its passage said slaves were constructing fortifications, driving teams, and doing the drudgery in the Confederate armies without pay. It was the expectation of their freedom that led them to steal away from their cabins at night and enter the Union lines. The bill became a law.

General Fremont, (°) who had been Republican candidate for President in 1856, was military commander in Missouri, and proclaimed martial law, declaring slaves of rebels to be free men. The proclamation was hailed with joy by those who wanted to see slavery at once swept from the land, but it gave great offence to those who were prosecuting the war solely for the preservation of the Union. General Fremont had assumed an authority not conferred upon him by Congress, and the President was obliged to inform him and the public that the proclamation must be set aside. This act of President Lincoln was severely denounced by those who demanded the immediate abolition of slavery, and who saw only one phase of the struggle. There was another side which the President saw, and he made it very plain in a letter to one of his friends :

“The proclamation is simply dictatorship. It assumes that a general may do anything he pleases—confiscate the lands and free the slaves of *loyal* people, as well as disloyal ones. . . . I cannot assume this reckless position, nor allow others to assume it on my responsibility. . . . What I object to is that as President I shall expressly or impliedly seize and exercise the legislative function of government. . . . No doubt the thing was popular in some quarters. The Kentucky Legislature would not budge till the proclamation was modified, and General Anderson telegraphed me that on the news of General Fremont having actually issued deeds of manumission, a whole company of our volunteers threw down their arms and disbanded. I was so amazed to think that the very arms we had furnished Kentucky would be turned against us. I think that to lose Kentucky is nearly to lose the whole game. Kentucky gone, we cannot hold Missouri, nor, as I think, Maryland. These all against us, and the job on our hands is too large for us. On the contrary, if you will give up your restlessness for new positions and back me up manfully on the grounds upon which you and other kind friends gave me the election, we shall go through triumphantly.”

The man whom divine Providence had called to be ruler of the

nation knew that great ideas are of slow growth, and so, undisturbed by clamor of friend or foe, he chose the course which seemed to him best adapted for the ultimate welfare of the nation.

The setting aside of Fremont's proclamation marshalled Kentucky on the side of the Union, for which her sons were ready to lay down their lives. They had not advanced far enough to comprehend that slavery must be eradicated, root and branch, before there could be a restored Union. Only by the logic of events would they be able to understand it, and acquiesce in the edict which would give freedom to the slave.

A fleet of war-ships sailed from Fortress Monroe under the command of Admiral Dupont, also a large number of steamers carrying 12,000 soldiers under General W. T. Sherman. The captain of each vessel received a letter which he was not to open till after passing Capes Charles and Henry. None on board the fleet except Admiral Dupont and General Sherman knew their destination, but the morning after the fleet sailed, Mr. Benjamin, Confederate Secretary of War, was able to send a telegram to Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, informing him that it was bound for Port Royal. Confederate spies in Washington had furnished the information.

It was seen that the navy must have a harbor where the vessels blockading Charleston and Savannah could obtain coal and make repairs. The Confederates had erected two forts to defend it—
Sept. 29. Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, and Fort Beauregard, on the opposite shore. Fifty-two heavy cannon had been mounted.

Admiral Dupont had thirteen vessels. The frigate *Wabash* led in the attack, followed by the *Susquehanna* and the gunboats. The forts opened fire, but with little effect, the guns not being well aimed. Round and round in an ellipse sailed the ships, sending such a storm of shells into the forts that the troops soon fled in consternation. The fleet steamed on to Beaufort, from which the white inhabitants precipitately fled. When the gunboats reached the town the slaves were having a saturnalia: drinking costly wines and helping themselves to whatever suited their fancy. They did not run from the Union soldiers, but welcomed them as friends. So once more the old flag was waving in South Carolina, to the great joy of President Lincoln and the loyal people of the country.

The sympathy of England was seen at the beginning of the war by the haste with which the British Government recognized the Confederacy as a belligerent power. Jefferson Davis appointed James M. Mason, of Virginia, Minister to England, and John Slidell, of Louisiana,

Minister to France. They sailed from Charleston to Cuba, and from thence took passage on the English steamer *Trent* for England. Commodore Wilkes in the war-ship *San Jacinto* overhauled the *Trent*, took Mason and Slidell on board his own vessel to Boston, where they were confined in Fort Warren.

“I considered them,” said Commodore Wilkes, “as the embodiment of despatches. . . . The cargo was also liable, as all the shippers were knowing to the embarkation of these *live* despatches and their traitorous motives and actions to the Union.” He did not seize the vessel under international law, because by so doing he would greatly inconvenience the passengers on board. Great the rejoicing through the country. Mason and Slidell had been among the chief conspirators to bring about the war. Their course while in the Senate had been that of traitors. The Secretary of the Navy wrote Wilkes a letter approving his “brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct.” In Boston the citizens assembled in Faneuil Hall, applauded the action, and gave Wilkes a banquet. Congress passed without a dissenting voice a resolution of thanks. But there was one man in Washington who was looking at the other side of the case—how the transaction would seem to him if he were a member of the British Ministry. Before calling the Cabinet together, President Lincoln had a talk with the Secretary of the Navy and the Attorney-general.

“What shall we do with Mason and Slidell?” he asked. “Will they not be white elephants on our hands? The people are so incensed against them I fear it will be difficult to prevent an outbreak.(7) I am not getting much sleep out of that exploit of Wilkes’s, and I suppose we must look up the laws of the case. I am not much of a prize lawyer, but it seems to me pretty clear that if Wilkes saw fit to make the capture on the high seas he had no right to turn his quarter-deck into a prize court.” (8)

Upon the arrival of the *Trent* at Southampton, all England flushed with anger at the audacity of the outrage, forgetting that the frigates of England before the War of 1812 had stopped hundreds of American vessels, and seized American seamen, compelling them to serve in the English Navy. That war was waged chiefly by the United States for the protection of the rights of sailors.

In all the English dockyards there was the utmost activity. Eight thousand soldiers were sent to Canada. An imperious demand was made for the liberation of Mason and Slidell and their secretaries.

It seems probable that Mr. Seward at the outset may have felt, in

common with the people of the North and with Congress, a momentary exultation; but he saw, as the President had seen, that the United States ought not to hold Mason and Slidell. Before having any communication with Lord Lyons, the President and the Secretary of State outlined the proper course to be pursued. No State paper written by Mr. Seward surpasses in ability that in relation to the *Trent* affair. These the closing words :

“If I decide this case in favor of my Government, I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the law itself. . . . The four persons are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated.”

In the annals of diplomacy there are few triumphs more illustrious. England could have no pretext for a quarrel with the United States.

The beautiful autumnal days were passing away. McClellan was holding frequent reviews, as if preparing for a movement, but other than this there were no indications of a campaign. The people were becoming impatient. Why did not the army move? they asked. Why was there not some attempt made to drive the Confederates from the batteries they had erected along the Potomac below Mount Vernon? Why not do something to enable the frigate *Minnesota*, lying at Washington Navy-yard, to reach Chesapeake Bay? Why allow a handful of Confederates, not more than 4000 in number, to throw up fortifications on Munson's Hill within cannon-shot of the Potomac? Members of Congress could see from the windows of the Capitol the Confederate flag waving defiantly above the intrenchments. Instead of any movement, the nightly telegram was sent to the newspapers of the country :

“All quiet along the Potomac!”

It was not what loyal people wanted. Before September closed many expressions of discontent reached the President. By their secret agents and lines of communication the Confederates were cognizant of everything going on in Washington. The newspapers of New York were regularly received in Richmond the day after their publication.

The extravagance and inefficiency of General Fremont in Missouri was so manifest that the President felt it his duty to appoint another commander in that department. He selected General Halleck, Nov. 18. who had received a military education. The removal of Fremont greatly offended those who wanted to see slavery immediately abolished, and they attributed his removal to the President's dissatisfaction

with Fremont's proclamation. Halleck directed that fugitive slaves attempting to enter the lines of the army should be excluded. He assumed they would go back and give valuable information to the enemy. The soldiers knew the slaves would not return to their masters. The course pursued by the new commander increased the difficulties and perplexities of the President.

The expedition fitted out by General Butler was nearly ready to sail for the Gulf of Mexico.

"Get into New Orleans, if you can," said Mr. Lincoln, "and the backbone of the Rebellion will be broken. It is of more importance than anything else that can now be done; but don't interfere with the slavery question, as Fremont did in St. Louis."

"May I not arm the negroes?" Butler asked.

"Not yet; not yet."

"But Jackson armed them, Mr. President, in 1815."

"Not to fight against their masters, general, but with them."

"I will wait, Mr. President, for the word or the necessity."

"That is right. God be with you." (°)

With this benediction General Butler sailed with his army for the mouth of the Mississippi.

It is one of the anomalies of history that those members of Congress whose sympathies were with the Confederates should have been on most friendly terms with General McClellan. A loyal member, familiar with affairs, William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, has given this statement relative to McClellan's associates:

"The headquarters of the general-in-chief soon became a rendezvous for the master-spirits of the reactionary force. Here frequent conferences were held, in which Messrs. Vallandigham and George H. Pendleton, of the House, and Senators Milton S. Latham and Henry M. Rice were conspicuous. These meetings were characterized by a prominent Democrat, who revolted from their objects (Mr. Odell, of New York), as a "continuing caucus" for the consideration of plans of resistance to all measures which proposed to strengthen the army and navy, to provide means for their pay, sustenance, the munitions of war, and means of transportation; and to devise means of embarrassing the Government by constitutional quibbles and legal subtleties."

Let us remember that these consultations were had, according to this statement, in the headquarters of General McClellan. Mr. Kelley goes on: "It was here, so it was then said, that Vallandigham was inspired to take such a course with reference to the surrender of Mason and Sli-

dell as might result in war with Great Britain. Here, too, a preliminary draft of the resolutions of Mr. Pendleton, which declared that Congress alone has the power, under the Constitution, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, was said to have been discussed. . . . Here, too, at the headquarters of the general-in-chief, indignities as gross, if not more gross, than those which drove General Scott into retirement, were flagrantly inflicted upon the President of the United States. Among General Scott's complaints was that his subordinate refused to confer with him; and when the President, impelled by anxiety for the country, waived questions of official etiquette and proceeded to headquarters, the announcement of his presence was more than once greeted with boisterous and derisive laughter, evidently intended for his ears; and there was one occasion when it was more than whispered by those immediately about the President, that he was made to wait nearly an hour, while men who denied the right of the Government to maintain the Union by force of arms engaged McClellan's attention; and when, at his own good time, the general concluded to see his commander-in-chief, his departing guests visibly sneered as they passed the cold chamber in which he had been so long imprisoned." (10)

To understand this indignity towards the President we must take into account the ideas underlying the war. It was a conflict between two forms of society—on the one side Aristocracy, in which a cultured few ruled the uneducated many and lived upon their unrequited toil; on the other side Democracy, the rule of all the people. It was far more than the preservation of the Union. Jefferson Davis, representing aristocracy, had been educated by the nation at West Point. The aristocratic government of which he was the head had made slavery its foundation. The members of Congress who gathered in the spacious mansion selected by General McClellan for his military residence had received their education in college and university. McClellan, elevated by President Lincoln to command the army, had also been educated at West Point. He had been an honored delegate to observe military operations in the Crimean War. He was cultured and refined. He had suddenly been called when a young man from the management of a railroad to command half a million men in arms. He desired the preservation of the Union, but it must be restored just as it was before the conspirators began the conflict. Slavery was not to be harmed.

Abraham Lincoln was the representative of democracy. His poverty had been so pinching that he had received only a few weeks' instruction in the log school-house of the frontier. Life had been a battle with

hardship and privation. His heart went out to every needy and struggling being, irrespective of race or social condition. He lived not for himself, but for his fellow-men. The question once uttered by pharisaical lips in the marble corridors of Herod's temple—"How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"—after eighteen centuries was repeated in the drawing-room of the general-in-chief of the army of the republic. But in that mansion it was accompanied by contumely and contempt.

Great benefactors have ever been maligned by their fellow-men. Moses, Elijah, Socrates, William the Silent, were reviled—and Him of Nazareth, the greatest of all. Mr. Lincoln was not an exception. He was scoffed by his enemies, and depreciated by hypocritical friends.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV.

(¹) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 322.

(²) U. S. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," vol. i., p. 239.

(³) A. H. Markland, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 322.

(⁴) Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to learn the art of printing, at Poultney, Vt. His parents moved to Erie, Pa., and he twice visited them, walking most of the distance. In 1831 he began work in New York City as a journeyman printer. He thought the public would patronize a cheap paper, and with Mr. H. D. Shepard established the "Morning Post," the first penny paper ever published. He became editor of the "New Yorker" in 1834; it was devoted to literature, and attained a circulation of 9000 in a short time. During the political campaign of 1840 Mr. Greeley edited the "Log Cabin;" it had a circulation of more than 80,000. On April 10, 1841, in company with Mr. McElrath, he began the publication of the "Daily Tribune." He continued as its editor till his death. He gave many lectures and public addresses. He was an able journalist, impulsive and erratic. He thought it would be better for the country to allow the seceded States to establish a confederacy. He supported and opposed by turns the Administration of President Lincoln, but ever earnestly labored to promote what seemed to him the best welfare of the country. In 1872 he accepted the nomination of the Democratic Party as President—the party which through life he had strenuously opposed. He published a history of the war, entitled "The American Conflict." The unremitting labor of a third of a century during a most exciting period, the turmoil of a political campaign, the death of a beloved wife, exhausted the powers of nature. He died November 29, 1872, a few weeks after the close of the political campaign.—Author.

(⁵) Joseph Henry was born December 17, 1797, at Albany, N. Y. He began life as a watch-maker. He early gave his attention to science, and was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Albany Academy, 1826. He began experiments in electricity by using an electro-magnet. He rang a bell by electricity in 1831, demonstrating its use by conveying signals. He was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in Princeton College. He was appointed Regent of Smithsonian Institute, 1846. He was one of the founders of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. President Lincoln found great pleasure in his society. He died May 13, 1878.

(⁶) General John Charles Fremont was born in Savannah, Ga., January 21, 1813. He was educated at Charleston College. He was appointed instructor of mathematics in the navy, 1833-35. He received the appointment of second lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, 1837. He became son-in-law to Senator Benton, of Missouri, and through Mr. Benton's influence was appointed to command an expedition to explore an overland route to the Pacific Ocean. He assisted in the conquest of California, and was appointed Military Governor. He was elected Senator from that State upon its admission to the Union. He explored a new route to the Pacific at his own expense, 1853. Upon the formation of the National Republican Party, 1856, he was nominated as candidate for the Presidency, and received 114 electoral votes against 174 given to Buchanan. He was appointed major-general in the United States Army, 1861, and assigned to command the Western Department. His military administration was conducted without regard to economical considerations. His proclamation in relation to the freedom of slaves greatly embarrassed the President. In 1862 he was assigned to West Virginia, but resigned his commission, not being willing to serve under an officer of inferior rank. —Author.

(⁷) Gideon Welles, "Galaxy Magazine," 1883, p. 647.

(⁸) Titian J. Coffey, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 142.

(⁹) B. F. Butler, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 142.

(¹⁰) William D. Kelley, "Lincoln and Stanton," p. 6.

CHAPTER XVI.

WINTER OF 1862.

THE year opened with half a million men in arms. Very little had been accomplished by the Union generals. McClellan had organized a great army, but with the coming of winter it was dwindling rather than increasing. The hospitals were filled with patients. He had no plan for a movement. General Halleck was in command in Missouri, General Buell in Kentucky. There was no co-operation between them. The President endeavored to bring about unity of action. "I state," he wrote to Buell and Halleck, "my general idea of the war to be that we have the greater numbers, and the enemy has the greater facility of concentrating forces upon points of collision; that we must fail unless we can find some way of making our advantage an overmatch for his; and this can be done only by menacing him with superior forces at different points at the same time." He went on to say he wanted Halleck to menace Columbus on the Mississippi, and Buell at the same time to move upon the force under Johnston, at Bowling Green, in Central Kentucky. Buell took no notice of the letter, possibly thinking, though Mr. Lincoln was commander-in-chief, he knew nothing about military affairs.

Halleck sent no reply to the President, but wrote McClellan the idea of moving down the Mississippi was impracticable, or at least premature. He thought it better to move up the Tennessee and carry out a plan which had been suggested. He must have 60,000 men before undertaking it.

The President awoke to the fact that the three commanders were three do-nothings. Neither McClellan nor Buell had any plan, and Halleck wanted a great army before undertaking any movement.

The people of eastern Tennessee, who had declared for the Union, were being arrested and imprisoned by Confederates from Georgia and Texas. Refugees had pitiable stories to tell of sufferings. The President was anxious that Buell should move to their relief, but nothing was done.

The Confederate Government determined to secure central Kentucky. Two expeditions were planned to invade the eastern section of that State. General Humphrey Marshall, with 3000 men, prepared to descend the valley of the Big Sandy River, and General Felix Zollicoffer, with 10,000, began a movement from Tennessee towards the central section of the State.

Colonel James A. Garfield, commanding the Forty-second Ohio regiment at Columbus, was directed by Buell to proceed with his own and ^{Jan. 9.} two other regiments against Marshall. He went up the Big Sandy and attacked him; the Confederates fled in confusion. The battle was quickly over, but the victory secured eastern Kentucky to the Union.

Two Union brigades—one under General George B. Thomas, at Columbia, the other under General Schoepf, at Somerset, twenty miles farther east—were moving towards Mill Springs to confront Zollicoffer. The Confederate commander resolved to make a rapid march by night, and fall upon Thomas before the brigades united.

In the dim light of the winter morning the Union pickets discovered the advancing Confederates. The drums beat the long roll, and

^{Jan. 19.} Thomas's lines were quickly formed. The battle raged furiously, but after an hour's struggle the Confederates fled in disorder. Zollicoffer, whom we have seen member of the Peace Con-
vention before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln as President, had been killed.

The successes of Garfield and Thomas aroused the enthusiasm of the country. The President issued a letter, congratulating the troops upon the victories. More than half of the Union soldiers engaged were Kentuckians. People began to see how wise and prudent the President had been in his course. The State had abandoned its neutral position, and was standing by the Union.

Mr. Lincoln suggested a general movement towards Richmond, which would threaten communication between that city and Johnston's army at Centreville. This the reply of McClellan:



HENRY W. HALLECK.

“Information leads me to believe that the enemy could meet us in front with nearly equal forces, and I have my mind actively turned towards another campaign that I do not think at all anticipated by the enemy, nor by many of our own people.”⁽¹⁾

The army in and around Washington numbered nearly 200,000 men. McClellan had employed Mr. Pinkerton to ascertain the number of Confederate troops at Centreville and Manassas. His spies reported there were 80,000 immediately in front of Washington, 18,000 of them supporting the batteries along the Potomac; that the total Confederate force in Northern Virginia was 115,000. The reports were greatly exaggerated. We now know the force was only 47,000.

The discontent of the people at the inaction of the army manifested itself in Congress by the appointment of a “Committee on the Conduct of the War.” McClellan paid little heed to the murmurings of the people or to the committee of Congress. He was taken ill and confined several weeks to his chamber.

The President was in distress over the prospect, and held a conference with General McDowell and General Franklin.

“I am in great trouble,” he said, “for if something is not soon done the bottom will be out of the whole affair. If General McClellan does not want to use the army, I would like to borrow it, provided I can see how it can be made to do something. What movement, General McDowell, can be made?”

McDowell replied that an advance against both flanks of the Confederate army would compel it to leave the intrenchments at Centreville and accept battle on terms favorable to the Union troops. General Franklin thought it would be better to move on Richmond by way of York River.

“But that will require a great number of vessels and involve a large expense,” the President replied. “Think the matter over, and let me know your conclusions to-morrow evening.”

“In view of the time and means it would require to take the army
Jan. 11. to a distant base, operations can best be carried on from the present position,” read the paper prepared by McDowell and Franklin. Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, Mr. Blair, and Quartermaster-general Meigs were present when the paper was submitted, but nothing was decided.

A second conference was held with McClellan present. McDowell,
Jan. 13. with proper deference to his superior officer, and to the President as commander-in-chief, said he had submitted his suggestions at the request of Mr. Lincoln.

“You are entitled to have any opinion you please,” the curt reply of McClellan.⁽²⁾

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, asked McClellan what his plans were, and what he intended to do with the army. It was a plain question, put by a member of the Cabinet upon whom rested the great burden of providing money for carrying on the war. The expenses were more than \$1,000,000 a day, and the army was doing nothing. Mr. Chase doubtless thought he had some right to know what the commander of the army intended to do.

“I must deny,” McClellan replied, “the right of the Secretary of the Treasury to question me upon the military affairs committed to my charge. The President and Secretary of War alone have the right to question me.”

McClellan was much disturbed because the President had conferred with two subordinate officers. He regarded it as an attempt to bring about his removal—“to dispose of the military goods and chattels,” he said, “of the sick man, so inopportunistically restored to life.”⁽³⁾

The conclusion was unwarranted. The President knew something must be done. The people were holding him responsible. As things were drifting, the war would soon end in failure.

“Well, General McClellan, I think you had better tell us what your plans are,” said Mr. Lincoln.

McClellan replied that the President knew in general what his designs were, but he should decline to give any information unless so ordered. He said: “I trust you will not allow yourself to be acted upon by improper influence, but still to trust me. If you will leave military matters to me, I will be responsible that I will bring matters to a successful issue, and free you from all troubles.”⁽⁴⁾

Gloom was settling upon the army. The soldiers were weary of the routine of camp drill. The hospitals were filled with sick. People from the North were sending them delicacies, books, and newspapers. The Hutchinsons—a family of vocalists who had been singing songs and ballads over the country—came to cheer them. President Lincoln had heard them in Springfield, and invited them to sing in the White House. The piano was opened, but found to be out of tune.

“If you will wait a moment we will use our own instrument,” said John W. Hutchinson. He ran to their carriage, standing under the portico at the door, and brought in a melodeon.

“I remember one song that you sung when you were in Springfield,” said the President. “It was a good while ago—ten years, perhaps—

but I never have forgotten it. It was about a ship on fire, and I want to hear it again.”(5)

The song was sung. The look of care and anxiety which had settled upon his face gave place to the old-time smile. He thanked them heartily for the pleasure they had given him.

“You must come over into Virginia and sing to the soldiers,” said a chaplain of a New Jersey regiment.

“Certainly. Go by all means, only don’t sing any secession songs,” said the Secretary of War.

With a pass from McClellan the vocalists made their way to Alexandria. The soldiers were delighted.

John G. Whittier for thirty years had been writing songs of Freedom. He was waiting for the deliverance of the land from the curse of slavery — biding God’s time. His soul was stirred with indignation as he read the proclamation of McClellan: that there should be no interference with slavery (see p. 265). Fremont’s proclamation freeing slaves in Missouri aroused his enthusiasm. It had been set aside by the President. The poet recalled a hymn written by Martin Luther—
“A Strong Fortress is our God.” His soul burst forth:

“We wait beneath the furnace blast,
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.”

This was sung by the Hutchinsons.

Some of the soldiers had enlisted solely to fight for the restoration of the Union; others wanted to annihilate the institution which had caused the war. Again the music:

“In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumph and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
*But blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of slavery forever.”*

A hiss—a long, loud, venomous hiss—from the surgeon of the regiment. “You do that again and I’ll put you out!” shouted the officer of the day. Cheers, hisses, and uproar followed. A few hours later a despatch came over the wires:

“By direction of Major-general McClellan, the permit given to the Hutchinson Family to sing in the camps and their pass to cross the Potomac are revoked, and they will not be allowed to sing to the troops.”

The vocalists returned to Washington, and called upon their old-time friend, Secretary Chase.

“I would like to take Whittier’s hymn into the Cabinet meeting. I never have seen it before, and I doubt if the members of the Cabinet are familiar with it,” he said. He thereupon read it to the President.

“I don’t see anything very bad about that. If any of the commanders want the Hutchinsons to sing to their soldiers, and invite them, they can go,” said Mr. Lincoln.⁽⁶⁾

Little did McClellan comprehend what would be the outcome of his revocation of the pass given to the Hutchinsons. Throughout the North it was interpreted as an indication that his sympathies were with the slave-holders. People sent letters to members of Congress, urging them to use their influence with the President to secure his removal. Mr. Lincoln listened patiently to their complaints, but made no promises.

There was much dissatisfaction with Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War. He had made extravagant contracts. The inactivity of the army was attributed partly to a lack of energy in the War Department. The time had come for a change. His resignation was accepted, and he was sent as Minister to Russia. Whom should the President appoint in his stead? Those who knew what service Edwin M. Stanton had rendered the country when in Buchanan’s Cabinet—how true he had been to the Union; how he had confronted John B. Floyd, Jacob Thompson, Howell Cobb, and the other conspirators—presented his name to the President. Edwin M. Stanton! Was it not he who treated Mr. Lincoln rudely in Cincinnati? (see p. 162). Would the President be willing to appoint a man to a responsible position with whom he must have daily conferences, who had all but insulted him on a former occasion? Yes. He would appoint him. True, Mr. Stanton was rude, and had a quick temper—could be hard, cold,



EDWIN M. STANTON.

insulting; but the life of the nation was at stake, and he would use him in his effort to save the country.

“Are you going to be Secretary of War?” It was an old-time friend who put the question to Mr. Stanton.

“Yes.”

“What will you do?” The friend had in mind the scene between Lincoln and Stanton at Cincinnati.

“Do? I intend to accomplish three things: I will make Lincoln President of the United States; I will force that man McClellan to fight or throw up; and last, but not least, I will pick Lorenzo Thomas up with a pair of tongs and drop him out of the nearest window.”(?)

Mr. Stanton had come to the conclusion that McClellan was ignoring

the authority of his superior—that his appointments were his favorites and pets, who were ready to subserve his personal interests and further his aspirations.

Lorenzo Thomas was adjutant-general of the army. Stanton, however, did not pick him up with a pair of tongs, for he remained in office through the war.

General George H. Thomas had marched through mud and storm, and won a victory. If the Union and Confederate troops in Kentucky could make marches in midwinter, why could not those around Washington? Mr. Lincoln could wait, but the time had come when waiting was no longer a virtue. There was no sign of a movement. As commander-in-chief, as head of the nation, he would take matters in his own hands. Without consulting any member of his Cabinet, he wrote a military order. The 22d of February would be the anniversary of the birth of George Washington—a day to awaken patriotic fervor. He directed a general movement of all the land and naval forces to be made on that day. All officers would be severally held to their strict and full responsibility for its prompt execution.

That McClellan might have some definite line for action, a second order was issued directing him to provide for the safety of Washington, and then move to gain the railroads leading south from
Jan. 25. Manassas. But McClellan wanted instead to take the army to Annapolis, down Chesapeake Bay, then up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and from thence march to York River.

These the questions written out by the President :

“If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions I shall gladly yield my plan to yours :

“*First.*—Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?

“*Second.*—Wherein is victory more certain by your plan than mine?

“*Third.*—Wherein is victory more valuable by your plan than mine?

“*Fourth.*—In fact, would it not be less valuable in this: that it would break no great line of the enemy’s communication, while mine would?

“*Fifth.*—In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?”

General McClellan did not answer the President’s questions, nor acknowledge the receipt of the letter. He sent a long communication to Mr. Stanton, in which he set forth the advantages of a move-

ment by water to Urbana, from whence he could march into Richmond, but made no allusion to any letter from the President, or to the questions asked. Railroad trains at that moment were speeding from Manassas loaded with supplies for the Confederate army. Jefferson Davis had read the order of President Lincoln. General Johnston had read it. They comprehended its meaning. They knew that with only a little more than 40,000 troops, the Union army of 150,000 could easily seize the railroad south of Manassas. More than 5,000,000 pounds of food had been accumulated, all of which was sent south of the Rapidan.

There was a general at Cairo, also a commodore, who had no desire to wait until February 22d before moving. "General Grant and myself," wrote Commodore Foote to General Halleck, "are of the opinion that Fort Henry can be carried by four gunboats and troops."

"From Fort Henry," wrote General Grant, "it will be easy to operate either on the Cumberland, twelve miles distant, on Memphis, or Columbus."

Fort Henry was on the Tennessee River, near the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. Fort Donelson was on the Cumberland.

Feb. 2. Admiral Foote, with four gunboats, attacked Fort Henry and compelled its surrender. A week passed and 14,000 prisoners were captured at Fort Donelson by General Grant. This movement forced the Confederates to evacuate Kentucky. The victories electrified the country.

President Lincoln had been called from the retirement of his home in the capital of Illinois to the executive mansion of the nation. He could find no time for study or contemplation. His oldest son, Robert, was in Harvard University, but Willie and "Tad" made the White House ring with their joyous shouts.⁽⁹⁾ They connected the many bell-wires, so when one was pulled every bell in the house began to tinkle. They slid down the balusters, and made themselves at home in every apartment. When the President entered the breakfast-room they climbed into his lap, pulled his ears, ran their fingers through his hair.

Both boys were seized with sickness. In addition to the weight of public cares came anxious days and sleepless nights to the President. How could he sleep when he saw that Willie was to be taken from him? "Why is it? Why is it? This is the hardest trial of my life," he said to the nurse. "Have you ever had any such trial?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln. I am a widow. My husband and my two chil-

dren are in heaven, and I can say that I can see the hand of my Heavenly Father in it. I did not love Him so much before my affliction as I do now."

"How has that come about?"

"God is my Father, and I know that He does everything well. I trust Him."

"Did you submit fully under the first loss?"

"Oh no, not wholly; but as one after the other went, I did submit, and am very happy."

"I am glad to hear that. Your experience will be a help to me."

The young life faded away, and the heart-broken father stood beside the coffin, looking for the last time upon Willie's face.

"Mr. Lincoln," said the nurse, "a great many people are praying for you to-day."

"I am glad to hear that. I want them to pray for me. I need their prayers; and I will try to go to God with my sorrow. I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of. I trust God will give it to me. My mother had it. She died many years ago. I remember her prayers; they have always followed me. They have clung to me through life."(^)

When all that was mortal of his child was laid to rest, the President went on with his duties for one week. On the succeeding Thursday he shut out all visitors, and gave way to his grief. Again, when the day came, his doors were closed. The old-time melancholy was taking possession of him, increasing as the weeks went by.

Little did Rev. Francis Vinton, rector of Trinity Church, New York, know, when he entered the cars for a visit to friends in Washington, how divine Providence was going to use him. He was acquainted with Mrs. Edwards, sister of Mrs. Lincoln, who was in Washington. He also had met Mrs. Lincoln, who, learning he was in the city, informed him in regard to the melancholy of the President. He visited the White House.

"Mr. President," said Mr. Vinton, "it is natural that you should mourn for your son—one whom you so tenderly loved; but is it not your duty to rise above the affliction? Your duties are to the living. They are far greater than those of a father to his son. You are at the head of the nation—a father of the people; and are you not unfitting yourself for a right exercise of the responsibility that God has laid upon you? You ought not to mourn for your son as *lost*—that is not Christianity, but heathenism. Your son is above. Do you not remem-

ber that passage in the Gospels, "God is not the God of the *dead*, but of the *living*?"

The President is sitting on the sofa, listening as if dazed.

"*Alive! alive!* Do you say that Willie is alive? Pray do not mock me."

He rises and looks with intense earnestness at Mr. Vinton.

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln, *alive*. Jesus Christ has said it."

He clasps the clergyman in his arms.

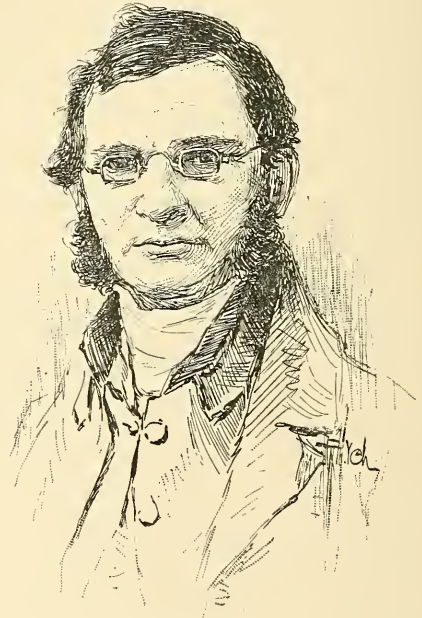
"*ALIVE! alive!*" he exclaims. Tears are rolling down his cheeks.

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln, it is one of God's most precious truths. You remember that the Sadducees, when questioning Jesus, had no other conception than that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were dead and buried; but Jesus said, 'Now that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush, when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto Him.' God has taken your son from you for some good end—possibly for your good. Doubt it not. I have a sermon upon this subject which possibly may interest you."

"Please send it to me, Dr. Vinton," said the President, as the interview closed.

The sermon came. Mr. Lincoln was so impressed by its treatment of the Resurrection and Immortality that he read it again and again, and caused it to be copied. No longer was Thursday a day for seclusion. With unwonted cheerfulness he took up the burden of the nation. The thought that in the radiant future he would once more clasp his boy in his arms made his sorrow easier to bear than ever before,⁽¹⁰⁾ and he cheerfully turned his thoughts to the affairs of the nation.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had been closed by the burning of the bridge at Harper's Ferry, and the destruction of the company's shops



FRANCIS VINTON.

and engines at Martinsburg. The President was very anxious that the railroad should once more be opened. McClellan informed him that he contemplated a grand strategic movement, which would result, he was confident, in the capture of the Confederate troops at Winchester and the reopening of the road. He would put down a pontoon-bridge at Harper's Ferry, which would deceive the enemy, they thinking it was only for a temporary purpose; but the real, substantial bridge would be the mooring of a line of boats which he was having built, and a bridge laid upon them. The President was delighted.

"A glad surprise awaits the country, which will restore the confidence of the people in McClellan," he said to a member of the Cabinet.

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes. He has left no loop-hole for escape. He has said to Stanton and myself that if this move fails he will have nobody to blame but himself."⁽¹⁾

General Hooker, with a body of troops, at the same time was to cross the Potomac below Washington and capture the batteries on the Virginia side.

On the day fixed for the surprise, a little before midnight, a telegram was received by the President, dated at Sandy Hook, February 26, 10.30 P.M.:

"The bridge was splendidly thrown by Captain Duane, assisted by Lieutenants Babcock, Reese, and Cross. It was one of the most difficult operations of the kind ever performed. I recommend Captain Duane to be made a major by brevet, for his energy and skill in this matter; also Lieutenants Babcock, Reese, and Cross, of the corps of engineers, to be captains by brevet."

The bridge was not composed of canal-boats, but ordinary pontoons. The officers thus recommended had stood upon the shore and told the soldiers belonging to the engineer's corps to take the boats from the wagons, launch them in the river, paddle and anchor them, and lay the stringers and planking. No Confederates were near, no picket looking on from the Virginia side. The despatch went on:

"We have 8500 infantry, eighteen guns, and two squadrons of cavalry on the Virginia side. I have examined the ground, and seen that the troops are in proper position and are ready to resist an attack. Burns's brigade will be here in a couple of hours and will cross at daybreak. Four more squadrons of cavalry and several more guns pass here. Reports that G. W. Smith, with 15,000 men, is expected at Winchester."

The town of Winchester is between twenty and thirty miles from

Sandy Hook. There were no Confederate troops between the two points and only a small force at Winchester. The despatch continued :

“ We will attempt the canal-boat bridge to-morrow. The spirit of the troops is most excellent. They are in a mood to fight anything.” (12)

It was an inspiring message. At last McClellan was doing something. Just what he intended to accomplish after getting the troops across the river the President did not know, except, possibly, to make Hooker's work easier down-stream. He read the telegram and retired for the night, happy in the thought that a portion of the army was in motion.

There was no telegram upon his table when the President sat down to work the next morning. The forenoon passed without further information. The afternoon waned, but neither the President nor Secretary Stanton had received any news from Sandy Hook.

General Marcy, chief of staff to McClellan, who had been left in Washington to carry out his orders, at one o'clock received this despatch :

“ Do not send the regular infantry until further orders. Give Hooker directions not to move until further orders.”

Two hours later came the following to Marcy :

“ The difficulties here are so great that the order for Keyes's movement must be countermanded until the railway bridge is finished, or some more permanent arrangement made. It is impossible to supply a large force here.”

“ It was not the canal-boat bridge, but the burnt railroad bridge, to which the despatch referred. The railroad was open from Sandy Hook to Washington and Baltimore. The troops of General Keyes had been taken thither in the cars ; the canal was intact, yet the 10,000 men could not, according to the information, be supplied with food.

The pontoons for the permanent bridge had been built on the banks of the canal. General McClellan was an engineer ; he had constructed railroads, and was familiar with practical engineering ; but his forethought did not provide for a measurement of the lift-locks of the canal by which the boats were to be taken to Harper's Ferry. A startling despatch came to Secretary Stanton :

“ The lift-lock is too small to permit the canal-boats to enter the river, so that it is impossible to construct the permanent bridge as I intended. I shall probably be obliged to fall back upon the safe and slow plan of merely covering the reconstruction of the railroad. This will be done at once, but it will be tedious. I cannot, as things now are, be

sure of my supplies for the force necessary to seize Winchester, which is probably reinforced from Manassas. The wiser plan is to rebuild the railroad bridge as rapidly as possible, and then act according to the state of affairs."

Secretary Stanton was amazed. He telegraphed :

"If the lift-lock is not big enough, why cannot it be made big enough? Please answer immediately."

A little before midnight he received a reply :

"It can be enlarged, but entire masonry must be destroyed and rebuilt and new gates made; an operation impossible in the present state of water, and requiring many weeks at any time. The railroad bridge can be rebuilt many weeks before this could be done."

We do not know why McClellan did not say that the boats had been built four inches wider than the locks, for such was the case.

Stanton telegraphed :

"What do you propose to do with the troops that have crossed the Potomac?"

This the answer :

"I propose to occupy Charlestown and Bunker Hill, so as to cover the rebuilding of the railways."

Through the day the President waited for a telegram, pacing the floor at times, absorbed in thought. The long-looked-for despatch came from McClellan :

"It is impossible for many days to do more than supply the troops now here and at Charlestown. . . . I know that I have acted wisely, and that you will cheerfully agree with me when I explain."

Such the outcome of the movement that was to surprise and gratify the country. With a sinking heart Mr. Lincoln retired to his chamber, but not to sleep. He was carrying the burden of the nation.

McClellan marched with a strong force to Charlestown, but found no enemy, and returned to Washington. He did not call upon the President.

The conversation between Mr. Lincoln and Captain Ericsson resulted in the building of an iron-clad vessel on a plan totally different from any ever constructed. The craft was launched at Brooklyn, January 30th, and instead of sinking, as many had predicted, drew less water by several inches than Ericsson had calculated. Day and night the hammers were ringing. The Union spies at Norfolk informed the Navy Department of the rapid progress made by the Confederates towards completing the *Merrimac*. The *Monitor* was also being hurried to completion.

Captain Fox called upon the President. "I do not expect the *Mer-*

Merrimac to make her appearance before day after to-morrow, Sunday," said Fox; "but she may come at any moment, for my agent Friday, Mar. 7, informs me that her engines are working and that her armor is complete. I am going to Fortress Monroe to be there when she comes down from Norfolk. I suppose, Mr. President, that you are prepared for disastrous news?"

"Oh no. Why should I be? We have three of our most effective war vessels in Hampton Roads, and any number of small craft that will hang on to the stern of the *Merrimac* like small dogs on the haunches of a bear. They may not be able to tear her down, but they will be able to interfere with the comfort of her voyage."

"I think that you do not take into account all the possibilities of the *Merrimac*," said Captain Fox.

"Have we not three good ships against her?"

"But the *Merrimac* may prove invulnerable. Suppose they are powerless, and she sinks them?"

"You are looking for disaster, I see."

"I anticipate nothing. If she sinks our ships, what is to prevent her from coming up and sending a shell into this room?"

"The Almighty! I expect set-backs, defeats; we have had them and shall have them. They are common to all wars. But I have not the slightest fear of any result which shall fatally impair our military and naval strength, or give other powers a right to interfere in our quarrel. The destruction of the Capitol would do both. I do not fear it. This is God's fight, and He will win it in His own good time."

"I sincerely hope you are right, Mr. President, but probably we cannot even guess what the *Merrimac* will do."

"Ericsson's vessel, the *Monitor*, ought to be at Hampton Roads now. I believe in the *Monitor* and in her commander, Captain Worden. I believe he will give a good account of himself," said the President.

"The new iron craft is an experiment, Mr. President. We know nothing about her. She is liable to break down. She went to sea without a trial trip, when she should have had several. We ought not to be disappointed if she does not reach the mouth of the James. If she arrives, she may break down with the firing of her first gun."

"No, captain; I respect your judgment, as you have good reason to know, but this time you are wrong. I believed in her when Ericsson showed me the plans. I am confident she is afloat and will give a good account of herself," said the President, with an enthusiasm which Captain Fox could but admire. (13)

Eleven days had passed since McClellan's return from Harper's Ferry, and he had not called upon the President. It was early in the morning—half-past seven—when a messenger informed him that
 Mar. 8. Mr. Lincoln desired his presence at the White House—an indication that the chief magistrate of the nation did not intend to again subject himself to the sneers of men who were opposed to the war. He obeyed the command. Just what was said by the President in this interview will never be known. McClellan, in his "Own Story," says:

"He appeared much concerned about something, and soon said that he wished to talk with me about a very ugly matter. I asked what it was, and, as he still hesitated, I said that the sooner and more directly such things were approached the better. He then referred to the Harper's Ferry affair. . . . He then adverted to the more serious, or ugly, matter, and now the effects of the intrigues by which he had been surrounded became apparent. He said that it had been represented to him (and he certainly conveyed to me the distinct impression that he regarded these representations as well founded) that my plan of the campaign (which was to leave Washington under the protection of a sufficient garrison, and to throw the whole army suddenly by water from Annapolis and Alexandria to the forts on James River) was conceived with the traitorous intent of removing its defenders from Washington, and thus giving over to the enemy the capital and the Government, thus left defenceless."—*Page 195.*

. . . "In a manner perhaps not altogether decorous towards the chief magistrate, I desired that he should retract the expression, telling him that I could permit no one to couple the word 'treason' with my name. He was much agitated, and at once disclaimed any idea of considering me a traitor, and said that he merely repeated what others had said, and that he did not believe a word of it. . . . I then informed him that I had called a meeting of the generals of division for that day with reference to the proposed attack upon the enemy's Potomac batteries, and suggested that my plan should be laid before them in order that he might be satisfied. This was done, and I heard no more of treason in that connection."—*Page 196.*

To understand the situation in which the President was placed, we must keep in mind the fact that the discontent of the people was increasing. The victories won in the West intensified it. If Garfield, Thomas, and Grant could move, why not McClellan? The failure at Harper's Ferry was commented upon in the newspapers, in the hotels of Washington, in the corridors of the Capitol. Men said McClellan had no heart in the war. The fact that the boats were too wide to be taken through the locks was regarded as evidence of design on the part of somebody to thwart a movement of the army.

Of the twelve division commanders, eight had been appointed by McClellan, and were said to be his pets. Many of the commanders of brigades appointed by him were said to be attached to his interests. Every morning letters came to the President, expressing fears that

McClellan was surrounded by men who wanted the war to end in failure. Members of Congress were outspoken in their denunciations.

With great frankness, according to McClellan's own account, the President informed him of the state of public opinion, and yet acknowledged his own disbelief in the stories. McClellan has not published all the President said to him: in substance, that if he were not ready in ten days with a plan which he could at once execute, he would be relieved of the command of the army.⁽¹⁴⁾ McClellan took his departure, and the President, anticipating what the verdict of the majority of the division commanders might be, wrote an order in advance of their assembling. No movement of the army should be made without leaving in and about Washington a force that would make the capital secure; not more than two army corps—about 50,000 troops—should be moved until the Potomac was freed from the enemy's batteries; that the movement should begin as early as March 18th, or within ten days.

The interview with the President and the issuing of the order produced a commotion among the Senators and members of Congress who were on intimate terms with McClellan. General Naglee, commanding a brigade in Hooker's division, received a note from Senator Latham, of California, saying that something must be done immediately by the friends of McClellan, as the patience of the President would bear no further strain.⁽¹⁵⁾ Naglee hastened to Washington. Latham had been called to New York, but a consultation was had with Senator Rice, of Minnesota, who understood the situation. It was decided that McClellan should not attend the meeting which had been called. Those generals who had been appointed by him were to write out their views on slips of paper of various sizes and colors, in order to avoid any appearance of concerted action. By such a procedure they would hoodwink the President.⁽¹⁶⁾

They did not mistrust that forthcoming events would compel a movement of the army. Startling the news: The *Merrimac* had sunk the frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*! Wooden war-ships were

Sunday,
Mar. 9. of no account in a contest with an iron-clad vessel. Telegrams were flying to all the seaboard cities. What was there to prevent the *Merrimac* from making her way to New York, or ascending the Potomac to Washington and sending a shell into the White House? As night came on workmen were loading canal-boats with stone, to be taken down the Potomac and sunk where the channel was narrowest.

There was other information: not a Confederate soldier remained at Centreville or Manassas. The great army which McClellan had de-

clared to be confronting him had departed: soldiers, cannon, supplies—all gone.

Glorious news! Ericsson's *Monitor* is at Hampton Roads, and the *Merrimac*, instead of sending the *Minnesota* and all the other vessels to the bottom, is staggering back to Norfolk. Since the days of Monday, Mar. 10. David and Goliath there has been no such contest. No need now to block the channel of the Potomac. The *Merrimac* will not make her appearance at Washington.

Just what McClellan's emotions were at the news of the departure of the Confederates we do not know, but orders were issued, and the Mar. 11. troops which previously could not move on account of mud marched to Centreville. They found deserted fortifications with wooden cannon behind the embankments, the railroad bridges burned, and the Confederate army beyond the Rapidan.

The division commanders assembled in council, eleven in number. General Hooker was absent. General Naglee had so managed things that no notice had been sent to Hooker. He himself was there instead. It was known that McDowell held opinions differing from theirs, and he was called upon to preside. A chairman could not express his own views without leaving the chair; with him presiding, his voice would not be heard opposing any plan.

Which is the best route to Richmond? Shall the army move overland from where it is? Four voted yes—the other eight against the proposition. Shall the army go to Fredricksburg and move along the line of the railroad to Richmond? Five voted in favor, seven against the plan. There was still another proposition. Shall the army go to Fortress Monroe by water and make that the base of operation?

Naglee—brigade, and not a division commander—said the last plan ought to be adopted.

President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton were present. Mr. Stanton noticed that when the President asked a question Naglee was quite ready to reply.

"General Naglee," said Mr. Stanton, "you are not a division commander; what are you here for?"

"General Hooker is indisposed, and I am here to represent him," the reply.⁽¹⁷⁾

Naglee did not say what he afterwards told a friend: that Hooker was known to be opposed to the movement to Fortress Monroe. The plan was adopted, although General Blenker said he did not understand it, but voted for it because McClellan had requested it. General Keyes

voted for it upon condition that the Potomac should be first opened. Four of the division commanders voted against the plan.

The President and the Secretary of War, upon the adjournment of the council, met for consultation. "We can do nothing else than adopt this plan and discard all others," the words of the President. "With eight out of twelve division commanders approving it, we can't reject it and adopt another without assuming all the responsibilities in case of failure of the one we adopt."

"I agree with you," said Stanton, "in your conclusion, but not in your arithmetic. The four generals who dissent from the plan are independent of the influence of McClellan, while all the others owe their positions to him, and are especially under his influence. so that instead of eight to four, it is really one to four. You, Mr. President, are a lawyer. In estimating the value of a witness you look not only at the words of the witness, but to his manner and all the surrounding circumstances of bias, interest, or influence that may affect his opinion. Now, who are the eight generals upon whose votes you are going to adopt the proposed plan? All made so since General McClellan assumed command, and upon his recommendation, and influenced by his views and subservient to his wishes. In fact, you have in this decision only the operation of one man's mind."

What shall the President do? The Secretary of War is opposed to the movement. Five division generals, including Hooker, are opposed to it, only seven in favor, leaving out Naglee, the brigadier. The man who has been accustomed to look at all sides of a case while riding the circuit in Illinois makes this reply:

"Mr. Secretary, I admit the full force of your objection, but what can we do? We are civilians. We should be justly held accountable for any disaster, if we set up our opinions against those of experienced military men in the practical management of the campaign. We must submit to the action of the majority of the council, and the campaign will have to go on as decided by that majority."¹⁸)

"What force, Mr. President, do you intend to have left behind to make Washington secure?"

"General McDowell will remain with 40,000 men to cover the capital."

During the Revolutionary War, General Washington was hampered and distressed by those who conspired against him. In like manner Abraham Lincoln was forced by the cabal surrounding General McClellan to consent to that which his judgment did not approve. He wisely dis-

cerned that the country would hold him responsible for any failure which might attend the carrying out of the plan which most commended itself to his judgment. Neither McClellan, Naglee, or the division commanders acting with him foresaw that by forcing the President to accept their project the country would hold McClellan responsible. Naglee and Senators Rice and Latham devised the scheme to blind the President and save McClellan from removal. They did not know the colored slips of paper were on file in the pigeon-holes of the War Department, and that Secretary Stanton knew all that had been going on. ⁽¹⁰⁾

McClellan had been in command of all the troops in the country.

Mar. 11. The President issued an order relieving him from such control, but continuing him as General of the Army of the Potomac.

General McClellan had not organized the army into corps, but divisions only, giving as a reason "that the mistakes of an incompetent division commander might be rectified, while those of a corps commander might prove fatal." After seeing what the division commanders were competent to do in battle, he might then divide the army into corps. The President had been studying authorities on military art. He thought an army organized into twelve divisions could not do the most effective work, and, without consulting McClellan, arranged the divisions into four corps, appointing Generals Sumner, Heintzelman, Keyes, and McDowell as commanders. This action of the President was very distasteful to McClellan. In his "Own Story" he says:

"It was the work of the President and the Secretary of War, probably urged by McDowell. It was issued without consulting me, and against my judgment."

The army was returning from Centreville. The withdrawal of the Confederates had left McClellan in a position where he must do something. He called the four corps commanders to counsel with Mar. 13. him. A plan for removing the army to York River, leaving enough to protect Washington, was agreed to unanimously. General Sumner said a total force of 40,000 should be left. Generals Keyes, Heintzelman, and McDowell said enough should be left to garrison the forts around the city, besides 25,000 men in front of it. The President reluctantly accepted the plan. Steamers at Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, also many sailing-vessels, were engaged to transport the army.

The operations of the *Merrimac*, together with information that the Confederates were likely to have gunboats from England, created

great uneasiness in New York, and a committee, representing moneyed men, hastened to Washington to see the President about protecting that city. Accordingly, fifty gentlemen called upon Mr. Lincoln, to duly impress him with the gravity of the situation. They said a British-built cruiser might suddenly appear in the harbor, destroy the shipping and bombard the city, or demand millions of dollars for its ransom. They represented \$100,000,000. It was the imperative duty of the Government to protect them by sending a gunboat to that port. The President listened attentively to the earnest speech of the chairman.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am, by the Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and, as a matter of law, I can order anything done that is practicable to be done; but, as a matter of fact, I am not in command of the ships of war. I do not know exactly where they are, but presume that they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me in the condition of things to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the Government is at a low ebb. The currency is depreciating. Now, if I was worth half as much as you, gentlemen, are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the Government."

The gentlemen never had looked at it in that light. They saw they had cheapened themselves by making the request, and in not taking into account the fact that the Government was employing its utmost energies to save the nation. With profuse apologies for troubling the President they left the White House.⁽²⁰⁾

More agreeable news than that regarding the fitting out of war vessels came from England. Princess Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark, had been married to the Prince of Wales with much pomp and ceremony. Lord Lyons, the British Minister, was directed to notify the President of this most important event. Every nation must be duly informed. Lord Lyons was a bachelor, but ever maintained the embassy with true British dignity. He rode in state to the executive mansion at an appointed hour to present the Queen's letter.

"Mr. President," he said, "it will be my duty and my great pleasure to transmit to my most gracious sovereign Victoria whatever response it may please the President of the United States to make."

There is a merry twinkle in the eyes of Abraham Lincoln, as he takes the official letter and replies:

"Lyons, go and do thou likewise."⁽²¹⁾

The dignity of the British realm was suddenly snuffed out. To the President the proceeding was farcical and ludicrous. He had relegated

it to the past, with the knee-breeches, ruffled shirts, and cocked hats of a by-gone age. It was perfectly proper for the Prince of Wales to get married; he had set Lord Lyons a good example; but to the millions of American people, who were themselves sovereigns, the event was of no more consequence than a marriage of a couple in a country village.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVI.

- (1) "Century Magazine," October, 1888.
 (2) *Ibid.*
 (3) George B. McClellan's "Own Story," p. 157.
 (4) *Ibid.*
 (5) J. W. Hutelinson to Author.
 (6) *Ibid.*
 (7) Donn Piatt, "Memories of Men who Saved the Union," p. 57.
 (8) J. G. Holland, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 435.
 (9) Robert Lincoln was born August 1, 1843; Edward Baker, March 10, 1846, died in infancy; William Wallace, December 21, 1850, died February, 1862; Thomas, April 4, 1853.
 (10) F. B. Carpenter, "Six Months in the White House," p. 117.
 (11) William D. Kelley, "Lincoln and Stanton," p. 22.
 (12) "War Records," vol. v., series i., p. 727.
 (13) L. E. Chittenden, "Recollections of President Lincoln," p. 209.
 (14) William D. Kelley, "Lincoln and Stanton," p. 40.
 (15) *Ibid.*
 (16) *Ibid.*, p. 42.
 (17) *Ibid.*, p. 43.
 (18) *Ibid.*, p. 33.
 (19) *Ibid.*, p. 41.
 (20) Chanucey M. Depew, "Reminiscences of President Lincoln," p. 433.
 (21) Schuyler Colfax, "Reminiscences of President Lincoln," p. 346.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRELIMINARY TO EMANCIPATION.

GENERAL GRANT was encamped at Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee. General Buell was leisurely moving from Nashville to join him. After the loss of Fort Donelson the Confederates concentrated at Corinth, twenty two miles from the position occupied by Grant. General Beauregard had been sent west by Jefferson Davis, to aid Albert Sidney Johnston in concentrating and organizing an army. They resolved to attack Grant, and crush him before the arrival of Buell. Though not expecting to be attacked, and although many of the men were asleep when the first volley of musketry broke the stillness of the morning, the Union soldiers did not flee, but fought obstinately through the day. (See "Drum-beat of the Nation.") General Nelson's troops of Buell's army arrived at sunset, and were placed in line of battle. Before morning other divisions joined them, and the Confederates suffered a disastrous defeat. General Grant had maintained the battle against a superior force during the first day of the conflict. He had displayed great ability at Donelson. Yet busybodies were depreciating him; they informed the President that he drank intoxicating liquor.

"Are you sure of it?" the President asked.

"So they say."

"Thank you. Now, if you will find out what kind of liquor he drinks, I'll send some of the same brand to other generals."

Gratifying news came from New Orleans: General Butler and Admiral Farragut were in possession of the city.

The negroes left behind by their masters on the Sea Islands of South Carolina were being fed and clothed by General Hunter, who had been appointed to command a military department comprising South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. He issued a proclamation, in which he said that slavery and martial law in a free country were incompatible. He declared that all slaves in his depart-

April 6,
1862.

May,
1862.

ment were therefore entitled to their freedom. It greatly gratified those who desired to see the system destroyed.

“General Hunter ought to be sustained,” said Secretary Chase to the President. (1)

By what authority had Hunter issued this order? Solely that of military law. But the President was commander-in-chief.

“No commanding general shall do such a thing upon my responsibility without consulting me,” his reply to Secretary Chase. An order was issued by Mr. Lincoln setting aside that of his personal friend, whom he knew to be loyal, honest, and true. Friendship did not have the weight of a feather in the decision.

“Whether it be competent for me,” reads the order, “as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, *and whether at any time or in any case it shall be* May 19. *come a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such supposed powers,* are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field.”

Once in the world's history, when a favored people gave themselves to wickedness, when violence and oppression ruled, when the dry and thirsty land was parched with summer heat, and the famine sore, a prophet of God sent up his supplication, and there appeared a cloud like a man's hand, as it were, above the sea—the sign of coming rain. So at an hour when the wickedness of the Rebellion was filling the country with woe; when the land was parched by the heat of war, red with human gore, lurid with the lightning of battle, resounding with the thunder of the cannonade; when supplications were ascending to God that the causes of the woe and anguish might be swept away—Abraham Lincoln, like the prophet of old, spoke the words which will ever remain as the sign of the coming of one of the greatest political and philanthropic events of all the ages: the gift of freedom to 4,000,000 bondmen.

Yet there were those who could not discern the little cloud. William Lloyd Garrison could not see it. He said, “All honor to General Hunter. With cheer upon cheer the welkin rings. Shame and confusion of face to the President for his halting, shuffling, backward policy. By his act he has dispirited and alienated the truest friends of freedom universally, and gratified the malignity of the enemies of his Administration, who at heart are traitors.” (2)

Some of the newspapers failed to comprehend the meaning under-

lying the revocation of General Hunter's orders. "He has declared against the Federal right of emancipation in the States," wrote the editor of the Albany "Argus."

There was no declaration in the order of his want of power under the Constitution to put an end to slavery, but, on the contrary, a clear intimation that the time might come when he would be called upon to exercise such authority. Other newspapers sustained the President.

"We are not surprised," said the New Bedford, Mass., "Standard," "at the action of the President. We know too well the strength of slavery. The difficulty is not so much in the President's mind as in public opinion. Abraham Lincoln had not for a moment considered whether or not his action would affect his standing with the people. He could not allow others to exercise an authority which was exclusively his own. His judgment decided that the people were not ready for emancipation."⁽³⁾

"The President has to-day a stronger hold than ever upon the confidence of the majority of the people," said the Boston "Advertiser."⁽⁴⁾

"He has shown his own good sense, his consistency, and steady adherence to the Constitution and the laws," the words of the Philadelphia "Ledger."

"He has given to the world evidence of that firmness and moral courage for which he is distinguished," the declaration of the Albany "Evening Journal."⁽⁵⁾

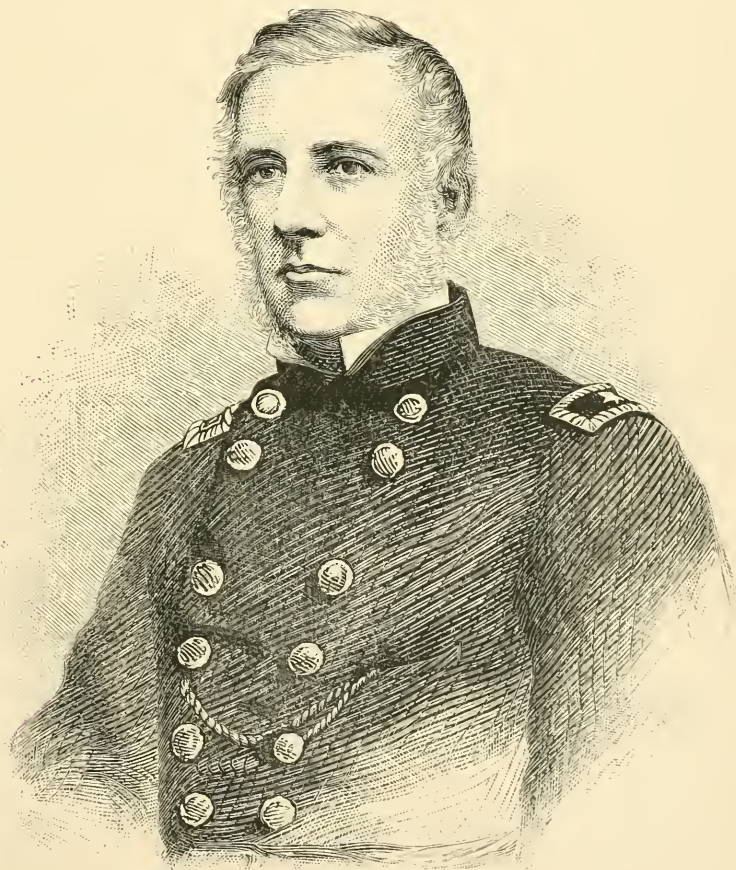
The President sent a special message to Congress, recommending the passage of a resolution to the effect that the United States ought to co-operate with any State in securing the abolition of slavery by compensating the owners of slaves. Congress complied with the recommendation. Slavery had been thus abolished in the District of Columbia, but the border States stood aloof from such a measure. The President made a tender and pathetic appeal to those States. He said: "The proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any. It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates would come as gently as the dews of heaven, not sending weakness to anything. Will you not entertain it? So much good has not been done by one effort in all past time as, in the providence of God, it is now your privilege to do. May the vast future not have it to lament that you neglected it."

The army under McClellan was on its way to Fortress Monroe. In eighteen days' time 121,000 men, nearly 15,000 horses and mules, 1150 wagons, 260 cannon, and 74 ambulances were transported from Alexan-

dria, besides provisions, camp equipage, ammunition, and a vast amount of other material.

General McClellan left Washington to join the three corps of his army—Heintzelman's, Sumner's and Keyes's—which had preceded him.

McDowell's was to follow. Startling information came to the April 1. President from General Wadsworth, informing him that he had only 19,000 troops to garrison the forts and defend Washington! At the conference of the commanders of the four army corps, held at Fairfax Court-house (see page 307), Generals Keyes, Heintzelman, and McDowell had agreed that if the forts on the Virginia side of the Potomac should be fully garrisoned, and those on the Washington side occupied, there must still be left a covering force of 25,000. General



GENERAL WADSWORTH.

Sumner, commanding a corps, said that a total of 40,000 must be left. Was not General Wadsworth mistaken? Could the information be correct? The President directed Generals Hitchcock and Thomas to investigate the matter. They reported it would require 30,000 men to man all the forts, which, with 25,000 as a covering force, would make a total of 55,000 to render the capital secure. "The requirement of the President has not been fully complied with," they said; whereupon Mr. Lincoln issued an order that McDowell's corps should remain.

In speaking of this action of the President, McClellan says: "It frustrated all my plans for impending operations. It made brilliant operations impossible. It was a fatal error."⁽⁶⁾

Yorktown was held by a Confederate force of 11,000 men under General Magruder. His line extended thirteen miles along Warwick Creek. McClellan saw breastworks and fortifications with cannon. He sent this despatch to the President:

"The approaches, except at Yorktown, are covered by the Warwick, over which there is but one, or, at the most, two passages, both of which are covered by strong batteries. It will be necessary to resort to the use of siege operations before we assault. . . . I am impressed with the conviction that here is to be fought the great battle that is to decide the existing contest. I shall, of course, commence the assault as soon as I can get up my siege train."

The President replied:

"You now have over one hundred thousand troops. I think you had better break the enemy's line from Yorktown to Warwick River at once. Your despatches complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, do pain me very much. Blenker's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you know the pressure under which I did it, and, as I thought, acquiesced in it—certainly not without reluctance. After you left I ascertained that less than twenty thousand unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defence of Washington and Manassas Junction, and part of this even was to go to General Hooker's old position. General Banks's corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was diverted and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the Upper Potomac and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This presented, or would present, when McDowell and Sumner should be gone, a great temptation to the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock and sack Washington. My explicit order that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of army corps, be left entirely secure, had been neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell.

"I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangement to leave Banks at Manassas Junction; but when that arrangement was broken up and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was constrained to substitute something for it myself. And allow me to ask, do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond *via* Manassas Junction to this city to be entirely open, except what resistance could be presented by less than

twenty thousand unorganized troops? This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.

"There is a curious mystery about the number of troops now with you. When I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying you had over one hundred thousand with you, I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement, taken, as he said, from your own returns, making one hundred and eight thousand then with you and en route to you. You now say you will have but eighty-five thousand when all en route to you shall have reached you. How can the discrepancy of twenty-three thousand be accounted for?

"As to General Wool's command [at Fortress Monroe], I understand it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your own would have to do if that command was away.

"I suppose the whole force which has gone forward for you is with you by this time, and, if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will relatively gain upon you—that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reinforcements than you can by reinforcements alone. And once more let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy and the same or equal intrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to note, is now noting, that the present hesitation to move upon an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

"I beg to assure you that I have never written you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as, in my most anxious judgment, I consistently can. But you must act."

General McClellan wrote that he wanted McDowell's full corps, but would try to get along with Franklin's division, and would be responsible for results. The President complied with the request. The division arrived, but there was nothing for it to do. The 100,000 soldiers already there were building earthworks and putting heavy guns in position. The artillery threw a few shells into the enemy's works, and McClellan sent this despatch to Secretary Stanton:

"General Smith has just handsomely silenced the fire of the so-called one-gun battery, and forced the enemy to suspend work. Mott's battery behaved splendidly."

Stanton telegraphed:

"Good for the first lick! Hurrah for Smith and the one-gun battery! Let us have Yorktown, with Magruder and his gang, before the first of May, and the job will be over!"

We may regard it as a bit of sarcasm on the part of the Secretary of War.

General McClellan had a large number of mortars and cannon mounted, but telegraphed for more. This the despatch from the President:

“Your call for Parrott guns from Washington alarms me, chiefly because it argues indefinite procrastination. Is anything to be done?”

McClellan replied :

“Our work going on very well. . . . Our rifle-pits are rightly advancing. Indications of a brush to-night. The time for opening fire is now rapidly approaching. Enemy still in force and working hard.”

Nearly one hundred heavy guns and mortars were in position, but McClellan would not allow them to open fire till all arrangements were completed. Then he would astonish the Confederates. He did not mistrust that Magruder's spies were in his camp, and knew everything that was going on—that the enemy was ready to leave at any moment. (7)

When the batteries of McClellan were prepared to begin the bombardment, not a Confederate soldier was to be seen; all had departed. Exultant the despatch sent by McClellan to Washington :

“Yorktown is in our possession. We have the ramparts, have guns, ammunition, camp equipage, etc. Hold the entire line of works. . . . Gunboats have gone up York River. I shall push the enemy to the wall.”

The division commanded by General Hooker overtook the retreating Confederates at Williamsburg. Although confronted by a superior force, he boldly and resolutely began an engagement. McClellan was far in the rear, and did not arrive till the battle was over. Through the following night the Confederates retreated to Richmond. The Union soldiers kindled their bivouac fires and passed the night on the field.

There was commotion in the Confederate capital. “In the Presidential mansion all was consternation and dismay,” the words of a Southern historian. (8) Congress adjourned hastily and many people left the city. The public documents were packed in boxes and taken away; the presses which were printing treasury notes were sent to Georgia.

It seems probable that if McClellan had pushed resolutely on he could have made his way at once into Richmond.

The *Merrimac* was still a menace to the great fleet of vessels in Hampton Roads. Mr. Lincoln believed the time had come when Norfolk folk could be seized and the *Merrimac* destroyed. He was confident that with the army moving towards Richmond the Confederates would not leave many troops to hold Norfolk and the batteries

along the shore. Accompanied by Secretary Chase and Secretary Stanton, he visited Fortress Monroe. He asked Admiral Goldsborough if troops could not be landed on the north shore. If so, they would only have to march eight miles to reach Norfolk.

"There is no landing-place on the north shore," said the admiral. "We shall have to double the cape and approach the place from the south side, which will be a long and difficult journey."

"Have you ever tried to find a landing?"

"We have not."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Lincoln, "of a fellow out in Illinois who had studied law, but who never had tried a case. He was sued, and not having confidence in his own ability, employed a lawyer to manage it for him. He had only a confused idea

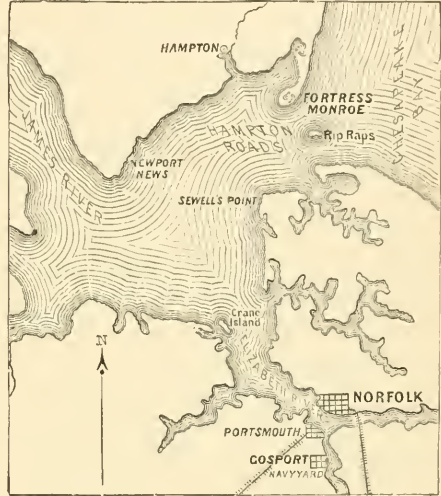
of law terms, but was anxious to make a display of learning, and on trial made suggestions to his lawyer. He said: 'Why don't you go at him with a *capias*, or *surrebutter*, or something, and not stand there like a confounded old *mudum factum*?' Now, admiral, if you do not know there is not a landing on the north shore, I want you to find out."

Admiral Goldsborough understood why the President told the story. Accompanied by Secretary Chase and General Wool, he closely examined the shore and found a landing. The troops were put in motion. The Confederates evacuated Norfolk. The *Merrimac* was blown up, and the Union gunboats steamed up the James.

The President returned to Washington much pleased with the results.

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, called at the White House to present four gentlemen from England. It was early in the forenoon, and the President had not laid aside his dressing-gown. He rose and greeted them without embarrassment, making no apology for not having completed his toilet.

"You have been fighting great battles," said Mr. Goldwin Smith, one of the visitors.



HAMPTON ROADS.

“Yes.”

“Will not your great losses impair the industrial resources of the North and the revenues of the country?”

“That brings to mind ‘darkey arithmetic,’” said Mr. Lincoln.

“Darkey arithmetic! I did not know, Mr. President, that you have two systems of arithmetic.”

“Oh yes; and I’ll illustrate that point by a little story. Two young contrabands, as we now call them, were seated together. ‘Jim,’ said one, ‘do you know ‘rithm’tic?’

“‘No. What is ‘rithm’tic?’

“‘It’s where you adds up tings. When you has one and one and puts dem togeder, dey makes two. When you substracts tings, if you has two tings and you takes one away, only one remains.’

“‘Is dat ‘rithm’tic?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Well, ‘tain’t true; it’s no good.’

“‘Yes ‘tis, and I’ll show ye. Now spose tree pigeons sit on dat fence, and somebody shoots one of dem, do tother two stay dar? Dey flies away fore tother feller falls.’

“Now, gentlemen, the story illustrates the arithmetic you must use in estimating the actual losses resulting from one of our great battles. The statements you refer to give the killed, wounded, and missing at the first roll-call, which always gives an exaggerated total.”

“Is it not unfortunate that such reports should go out? Would it not be better to delay making any report, Mr. President?”

“Perhaps so. But I am surprised at the smallness rather than the greatness of the number missing, when we take into account the dense woods, long marches, and the fatigues of men unaccustomed to military life.”

To the astonishment of the gentlemen, the President gave comparisons between American and European wars, and showed by statistics that the missing in the battles fought by the volunteers were less than in the armies of Europe after a great battle.

Mr. William D. Kelley, member of Congress, was present, a silent listener. As the gentlemen passed from the executive chamber he heard their conversation.

“What are your impressions of him?” one asked.

“Such a person,” the reply, “is quite unknown to our official circles or to those of continental nations. I think his place in history will

be unique. He has not been trained to diplomacy or administrative affairs, and is in all respects one of the people. But how wonderfully he is endowed and equipped for the performance of the duties of the chief executive office of the United States at this time! The precision and minuteness of his information on all questions to which we referred was a succession of surprises to me.”⁽⁹⁾

The colored people—not only those in the Northern States, but throughout the South—knew from the time Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency that he represented Freedom; that the party supporting him was pledged to prevent the further extension of Slavery. They comprehended that the war was a conflict between Freedom and Slavery. The most ignorant slaves on a Southern plantation understood that Mr. Lincoln represented Liberty. Many thousand colored people were in Washington. Their churches on Sunday were thronged. The children were gathered into Sunday-schools, which held a May-day celebration.

Never had there been such a spectacle witnessed in the United States as that on the day set apart for the festivities. Parents arrayed themselves and their children in gaudy clothing, displaying startling contrasts of color—white, yellow, green, blue, crimson—regardless of artistic harmony. The marshals wore huge rosettes, and marched with conspicuous dignity. The procession came down Pennsylvania Avenue, entered the White House grounds, and passed beneath the portico. At one of the windows stood the President. The teachers had endeavored to impress the children that they must march in solemn and dignified silence when in the presence of the greatest man in the world. They might as well have said to the yeast in a barrel of beer there must be no fermentation. The ministers and teachers at the head of the procession passed the President with stately dignity, but the irrepressible yeast burst forth with the coming of the first file of boys. “Hooray! Hooray!” they shouted, and waved their flags. The enthusiasm ran down the line. The girls tossed their flowers into the window. “There he is!” “I seen him!” “Dats Mars. Linkum.” “Look at him!” “Look at him!”⁽¹⁰⁾

Till the last child has passed he stands there. Never before has a President of the United States reviewed such a procession. Never before has a chief magistrate so recognized a down-trodden people, or so acknowledged the brotherhood of the human race.

His thoughts were turned from the children to the war. May 10th McClellan telegraphed for more troops:

"I ask for every man the department can send me. I beg that you will cause this army to be reinforced without delay by all the disposable troops of the Government. I ask for every man that the War Department can send. . . . The soldiers have confidence in me as their general, and in you as their President. Strong reinforcements will at least save the lives of many of them."

In response to these calls General McDowell, who was at Fredericksburg, was ordered to march overland to York River. President Lincoln visited him, and directed his movements. But there came a sudden change of the plan. General Banks, with a small force, was near Strasburg. "Stonewall" Jackson, with a much larger Confederate army, was pushing northward, forcing Banks to make a rapid retreat. Jackson's movement menaced Washington.

The President thereupon directed McDowell to move westward and gain Jackson's rear instead of marching to Richmond, and then
 May 25. sent the following despatch to McClellan :

"If McDowell's force was now beyond our reach, we should be entirely helpless. Apprehensions of something like this, and no unwillingness to sustain you, have always been my reasons for withholding McDowell from you. Please understand this, and do the best you can with the force you have."

A little later the same day the President telegraphed :

"I think the time is near when you must either attack Richmond or give up the job and come to the defence of Washington."

The President mapped out the best possible movements for the different bodies of troops: McDowell to hasten westward to Port Royal and cut off Jackson's retreat; Fremont, who was farther west, to hasten east and join McDowell. McClellan the while was calling for more troops.

The attempt to cut off Jackson resulted in failure through the tardiness of Fremont. The Confederates retreated from Harper's Ferry as rapidly as they had advanced.

The army on the Peninsula was divided by the Chickahominy River. Two corps, commanded by Heintzleman and Keyes, were attacked at Seven Pines; Sumner hastened to their aid, and the Confederates were defeated, and their commander, General Johnston, wounded.

General Dix, who had succeeded General Wool at Fortress Monroe, sent 10,000 men to McClellan; McCall's division of 10,000 from McDowell's corps was also forwarded, increasing the army to nearly 157,000.

Mortifying the news that came to McClellan. General Stuart, with

a division of Confederate cavalry, burned two schooners in the Pamunkey River, tore up the railroad track leading to White House, ^{June 13.} fired upon a train, captured supplies and the sick in one of the hospitals, trotted around the Union army, and afterwards returned to Richmond.

The information was received with incredulity and disgust by the people. It foreshadowed failure, if not disaster. Members of Congress who visited the peninsula said they found soldiers guarding the property of an officer who was in the Confederate army. Surgeons were not allowed to pitch their hospital tents beneath the trees near the house of a Confederate, but were compelled to set them up in the blazing sunshine. Senator Wade and a party sought shelter from a shower beneath the portico of a house, and were rudely driven from it. General Sumner was informed regarding the indignity.

“You must not hold me responsible, gentlemen. I am not general-in-chief. I must enforce the order of my superior,” the reply. (11)

Reports came to the President that officers who were in sympathy with McClellan would send in their resignations if negroes were employed to aid in putting down the Rebellion.

At the yearly meeting of the Progressive Friends, a society of Quakers, William Lloyd Garrison drew up a memorial to the President, asking him to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation. Oliver Johnson,

^{June 23.} Thomas Garrett, and several others visited Washington to present it to Mr. Lincoln. Although the news from the army was discouraging, though he had passed a sleepless night, he patiently listened to the reading of the address. It intimated that he had not done what the people expected him to do when they elected him. It set forth the blessings that would immediately follow were he to issue a proclamation. “If it is not done,” read the memorial, “blood will continue to flow and fierce dissensions abound, calamities increase and fiery judgments be poured out, until the work of national destruction is consummated beyond hope of recovery.”

“You cannot,” said Mr. Lincoln, “expect me to make any extended reply to your address, as I have not been provided with a copy in advance. Slavery is the most troublesome question we have to deal with. My view in regard to the way of getting rid of it may not be your view. We all agree that it is wrong. You want me to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation; but were I to do so, how can I enforce it? I feel the magnitude of the task before me, and wish to be rightly directed.”

“Mr. President,” said William Barnard, “you will remember that Queen Esther, when she was going before Ahasuerus, relied upon divine assistance.”

“Yes; and I, too, feel the need of divine assistance. I have sometimes thought I might be an instrument in the hands of God for accomplishing a great work, and I certainly am not unwilling to be. Perhaps, however, God’s way of accomplishing the end may not be your way. It will be my endeavor, with a firm reliance upon the divine arm, to do my duty in the place to which I am called.”⁽¹²⁾

The President knew the people were beginning to distrust him. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, was receiving letters from his friends, who said the President was not meeting the expectations of those who had elected him. He knew how true Mr. Lincoln was to his convictions. “If you are disposed to be impatient,” wrote Mr. Sumner to a friend, “at any seeming shortcoming, think, I pray you, of what he has done in a brief period, and from the past discern the promise of the future.”⁽¹³⁾

General Lee prepared to move against McClellan. The Union army was divided. He determined to fall upon the portion north of the Chickahominy and sever its railroad connections with York June 26, 1862. River. A series of battles followed—the first at Gaines’s Mill and Cold Harbor, the last at Malvern Hill, on the banks of the James. (See “Drum-beat of the Nation.”)

A heart-sickening, irritating despatch came (June 28th) from General McClellan to the Secretary of War :

“I am not responsible for this; and I say it with the earnestness of a general who feels in his heart the loss of every brave man who has been needlessly sacrificed to-day. I still hope to retrieve our fortunes, but to do this the Government must view the matter in the same earnest light that I do. You must send me very large reinforcements, and send them at once. I shall draw back to this side of the Chickahominy, and think I can withdraw all our material. Please understand that in this battle we have lost nothing but men, and those the best we have.

“In addition to what I have already said, I only wish to say to the President that I think he is wrong in regarding me as ungenerous when I said that my force was too weak. I merely intimated a truth which to-day has been too plainly proved. If, at this instant, I could dispose of ten thousand fresh men, I could gain a victory to-morrow. I know that a few thousand more men would have changed this battle from a defeat to a victory. As it is, the Government must not and cannot hold me responsible for the result.

“I feel too earnestly to-night. I have seen too many dead and wounded comrades to feel otherwise than that the Government has not sustained this army. If you do not do so now the game is lost.

“If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army.”

Three days later (July 1st) McClellan telegraphed :

“I need fifty thousand more men. With them we will retrieve our fortunes.”

Mr. Lincoln sent the following reply :

“It is impossible to reinforce you for present emergency. If we had a million men we could not get them to you in time. We have not the men to send. If you are not strong enough to face the enemy, you must find a place of security, and wait, rest, and repair.”

The President, anticipating disaster, and believing the people would sustain him, sent Secretary Seward to New York to arrange for calling out several hundred thousand men. Messages went over the wires to the Governors of all the loyal States. Quick and encouraging responses came from John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts; William A. Buckingham, of Connecticut;⁽¹⁴⁾ Edwin D. Morgan, of New York;⁽¹⁵⁾ Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania;⁽¹⁶⁾ William Dennison, of Ohio;⁽¹⁷⁾ and other chief magistrates. Each replied by telegraph that his State would cheerfully respond to the call of the President. The people had not lost faith in the Administration.



WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.
[War Governor of Connecticut.]

The President was greatly encouraged by the replies of the Governors. On July 2d he sent the following despatch to McClellan :

“The idea of sending you fifty thousand, or any considerable force promptly, is absurd. If, in your frequent mention of responsibility, you have the impression that I blame you for not doing more than you can, please be relieved of such impression. I only beg that in like manner you will not ask impossibilities of me. If you think you are not strong enough to take Richmond just now, I do not ask you to try just now. Save the army material and personnel, and I will strengthen it for the offensive again as fast as I can. The Governors of eighteen States offer me a new levy of three hundred thousand, which I accept.”

The thought that so large a force was to be raised stimulated McClellan to ask that 100,000 be sent to him :

“To accomplish the great task of capturing Richmond and putting an end to the Rebellion, reinforcements should be sent me, rather much over than much less than one hundred thousand men. I beg that you will be fully impressed by the magnitude of the crisis in which we are placed.”

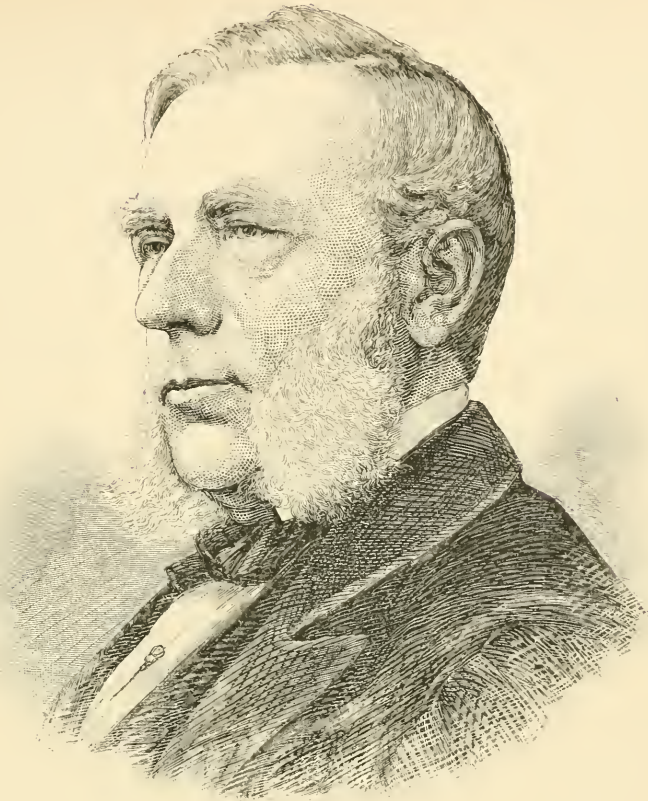
The army was at Harrison's Landing, protected by gunboats. The campaign for the capture of Richmond was over. It had been undertaken against the judgment of the President, who had seen that the Confederate army would be stronger at Richmond than at Centreville. It would have been easier for McClellan to strike a blow near Washington than in the enemy's country. No blow had been given; the Confederates had done the striking. The army still numbered more than 100,000. It was inactive and dispirited. There were rivalries and jealousies among the officers and a decline in discipline.

General McClellan, forgetting he was only commander of an army, and the President his commander-in-chief, wrote a long letter, instructing Mr. Lincoln as to what ought and ought not to be done in political affairs. “Let neither military disorder,” it read, “political faction, nor foreign war shake your settled purpose to enforce the equal operation of the laws of the United States upon the people of every State.”

The communication was offensive by its dictatorial tone. It informed Mr. Lincoln that a declaration of radical views in relation to slavery would rapidly disintegrate the army.

The President knew his powers and responsibilities under the Constitution, and did not need instruction from any general. No notice was taken of the letter. He visited the army, and was affectionately received by the soldiers. General McClellan had no plan. With a heavy

July 8. heart Mr. Lincoln returned to Washington. Shall we wonder that he was depressed in spirit? The people had expected great things from the Army of the Potomac, but it had accomplished nothing. The tide of success which marked the opening of the campaign in the West was offset by the failure in the East. The “Copperheads,” as they were called—the men who opposed the war—rejoiced over the state of affairs. “You never can conquer the South,” they said. Many who had supported Mr. Lincoln began to question whether he had any serious intention of interfering with slavery. He had taken no notice of the action of McClellan when in West Virginia, or of Halleck in Missouri, excluding slaves from the lines of the Union armies. On the other hand, he had set aside the proclamations of Fremont and that of Hunter, giving freedom to the slaves in their military departments. Very



EDWIN D. MORGAN, WAR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

few people comprehended the President's position. He had appealed to the members of Congress from the border Slave States to take action towards abolishing slavery in their respective States. Their indifference cut him to the heart. He would make one more effort. He would invite them to the White House and address them personally. Very earnest his appeal :

“The incidents of war cannot be avoided. If it continues, as it must if the object is not soon attained, the institution in your States will be extinguished by mere friction and abrasion. It will be gone, and you will have nothing valuable in lieu of it. Much of its value is gone already. . . . How much better for you as seller, and the nation as buyer, to sell out and buy out that without which the war could never have been, than to sink both the thing to be sold and the price of it in cutting one another's throats! . . .

I am pressed with a difficulty not yet mentioned—one which threatens division among those who, united, are none too strong. An instance is known to you. General Hunter is an honest man. He was, and I hope still is, my friend. I value him none the less for his agreeing with me in the general wish that all men everywhere could be free. He proclaimed all men free in certain States, and I repudiated the proclamation. He expected more good and less harm from the measure than I could believe would follow. Yet in repudiating it I gave dissatisfaction, if not offence, to many whose support the country cannot afford to lose. And this is not the end of it. The pressure in this direction is still upon me and is increasing. By conceding what now I ask, you can relieve me, and much more—even relieve the country in this important point. . . . As you would perpetuate popular government for the best people in the world, I beseech you that you do not omit this.

“Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest views and boldest action to bring speedy relief. Once relieved, its form of government is saved to the world, its beloved history and cherished memories are vindicated, and its happy future fully assured and rendered immeasurably grand. To you, more than to others, the privilege is given to assure that happiness and swell that grandeur, and to link your names therewith forever.”

What the President thus earnestly asked them to do was to vote a sum of money for purchasing the slaves in their respective States sufficient to fully compensate the owners. A majority submitted an elaborate reply. They thought freeing the slaves would not terminate the war or tend to restore the Union. So deeply concerned was the President that he drafted a bill for carrying out his plans, but a majority of the members from the border States regarded it as of no more value than a piece of blank paper. They maintained that under the constitutions of the States and under the Constitution of the United States they had a right to hold slaves, and they were not ready to give it up.

Nine of the gentlemen were ready to co-operate with him in carrying out his plan, but with only a minority in favor of it nothing could be done.

It was Sunday. A day calm and peaceful, a mournful day to Secretary Stanton. Death had come to his home and taken an infant from the parents' arms. The President and Secretaries Seward ^{July 13.} and Welles were riding together in the funeral procession. The President broke the silence. He spoke of the disaster to the Army of the Potomac; the state of public opinion; the power of the Rebellion. He had given much thought to the question of issuing a Proclamation of Emancipation.

“I have about come to the conclusion,” he said, “that it is a military necessity, essential for the salvation of the nation. This is the first time I have ever mentioned it to any one. What do you think of it?”

“The subject is so vast that I must have time for reflection. The measure may be justifiable and necessary,” said Mr. Seward.

Mr. Welles was of the same opinion. Up to the time of the interview with the members of Congress from the border States on Saturday the President had been opposed to any interference by the general government with an institution which each State could itself deal with.

It seems probable every member of the Cabinet had regarded the matter in the same way. ⁽¹⁸⁾

“I would like you to give the question your careful consideration, for something must be done,” said the President.



WILLIAM DENNISON, WAR GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Congress had finished its business and adjourned. It had passed an act confiscating the property of the rebels. Slaves were property, and under the act they might be seized and used for the benefit of the Government. They were being used as teamsters. They were building fortifications. Why not give them freedom?

The Cabinet is in session. The President takes a paper from his desk and reads it—the draft of a proclamation for emancipating the slaves—a notice that “on and after the first day of January, 1863, all slaves within any State or States where the constitutional authority of the United States shall not then be recognized, submitted to, and maintained, shall thenceforward and forever be free.”

The members of the Cabinet listen in amazement. Wipe slavery from the land! Can it be done? Give instant freedom to 4,000,000! Is it safe? They sit as if dazed.

“I have not called you together to ask your advice, but to lay the subject before you. I shall be pleased to hear any suggestions from you.”⁽¹⁹⁾

“I would like the language made a little stronger,” Mr. Chase remarked.

“It will cost you the fall election,” said Mr. Blair.

“Mr. President,” said Secretary Seward, “I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of issuing it just now. The depression of the public mind consequent upon our reverses is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted Government—a cry for help: the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the Government. It will be considered as our last *shriek* on retreat. While I approve the measure, I suggest that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disaster of the war.”

Mr. Lincoln sees that it will be wise not to issue it at once, but wait for a better moment.

Two members only of the Cabinet have had any intimation that the President has thought of issuing a document unparalleled in the history of the human race.

These the words of Mr. Lincoln a few months later:

“It had got to be. Things had gone from bad to worse until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing—that we had played our last card and must change

our tactics, or lose the game. I determined on the Emancipation Proclamation, and, without consultation with or the knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft, and after much anxious thought called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject."

Thirty-one years had passed since a flat-boatman in New Orleans lifted his hand towards heaven and uttered the words, "*If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard, by the Eternal God!*"

Strange the utterance, stranger the happenings. Divine Providence had placed him in position, and he would strike the blow!

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVII.

(1) Warden's "Life of Chase."

(2) "Liberator," May 23, 1862.

(3) "New Bedford Standard," quoted in the "Liberator," May 30, 1862.

(4) "Boston Advertiser," May 30, 1862.

(5) "Albany Evening Journal," May 30, 1862.

(6) James S. Wadsworth was born at Geneseo, N. Y., October 30, 1807. He was educated at Harvard and Yale colleges. He studied law in the office of Daniel Webster at Boston. He inherited great wealth. The Governor of New York appointed him member of the Peace Convention, 1861. When the war began and communication between Philadelphia and Washington was broken, he chartered a vessel at New York, loaded it with supplies, and sent it to Annapolis for the relief of the Union soldiers. He volunteered his services to the Government, was appointed aid on the staff of General McDowell, and displayed great bravery in the battle of Bull Run. The President appointed him Military Governor of Washington City and District of Columbia, March, 1862. He was the Republican candidate for Governor of New York the same year, but was defeated by Horatio Seymour. In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, where he lost his life, he commanded a division of troops. He was inspired by an intense patriotism, and made large contributions of money to carry on the war. He was much beloved by President Lincoln.—Author.

(7) Major McLain, Confederate Army, to Author, November, 1862.

(8) Edward N. Pollard, "Second Year of the War," p. 29.

(9) William D. Kelley, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 289.

(10) L. E. Chittenden, "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," p. 331.

(11) William D. Kelley, "Lincoln and Stanton," p. 89.

(12) New York "Tribune," June 22, 1862.

(13) "Liberator," June 20, 1862.

(14) William Alfred Buckingham was born at Lebanon, Conn., May 8, 1804. He was a manufacturer of carpets. He was generous in his contributions to benevolent, charitable, and educational institutions, and was held in high esteem for his integrity, energy, ability, and patriotism. He was elected to the United States Senate, 1869. He died February 4, 1875.—Author.

(15) Edwin D. Morgan was born at Washington, Berkshire County, Mass., February 8, 1811. He became clerk in a grocery at Hartford, Conn., at the age of seventeen. In 1836 he began business in New York, and amassed a large fortune. He was elected State Senator, 1849-53. He was active in the formation of the Republican Party.

In 1859 he was elected Governor of the State, and re-elected 1861. His administration was characterized by great energy and economy. Although the State expenditures were greatly increased by the war, there was a large decrease of the public debt from the wise management of the finances. The troops furnished by the State numbered 220,000. They were promptly armed and equipped. Governor Morgan used his wealth for the welfare of the State and nation with unstinted liberality. He was elected United States Senator, and served from 1863 to 1869.—Author.

(¹⁶) Andrew G. Curtin was born at Bellefonte, Pa., April 23, 1817. He studied law, and took an active part in political affairs. He was elected Secretary of State, 1855, continuing to 1858. He became Superintendent of Public Instruction, 1860, and Governor, 1861. He was re-elected, 1863, and was appointed Minister to Russia, 1869.—Author.

(¹⁷) William Dennison was born at Cincinnati, November 23, 1815. He graduated at Miami University, 1835, and entered upon the practice of law, 1841. He was a member of the State Legislature, 1848–50, and elected Governor, 1860. He administered the affairs of the executive office with rare ability. He was appointed Postmaster-general by President Lincoln, October, 1864. He retired from the Cabinet upon the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency.

(¹⁸) "Century Magazine," December, 1887.

(¹⁹) President Lincoln to F. B. Carpenter, "Six Months in the White House," p. 21.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EMANCIPATION.

NEW ORLEANS was in possession of the Union troops. The people of that city did not like General Butler, who was in command; neither what General Phelps was doing—forming a regiment of negro troops. He was at Carrollton, and a great many slaves came into his camp. He thought they would make good soldiers. “I have now,” he wrote, “upwards of five hundred Africans organized into five companies, who are willing and ready to show their devotion to our cause in any way that they may be put to the test. They are willing to submit to anything rather than slavery.”

Mr. Reverdy Johnson had been sent to New Orleans on public business, and improved the occasion to write a letter to the President, informing him that the Union people were greatly disturbed by the enlistment of negroes. Mr. Lincoln had not discovered very much Union sentiment in Louisiana. Notwithstanding all the burdens pressing him, he found time to write to Mr. Johnson :

“It seems” [according to what Johnson had written] “the Union feeling in Louisiana is being crushed out by the course of General Phelps. Please pardon me for believing it is a false pretence. The people of Louisiana—all intelligent people everywhere—know full well that I never had a wish to touch the foundation of their society or any right of theirs. With perfect knowledge of this, they forced a necessity upon me to send armies among them, and it is their own fault, not mine, that they are annoyed by the presence of General Phelps. They also know the remedy—how to be cured of General Phelps: remove the necessity of his presence. . . . If they can conceive of anything worse than General Phelps within my power, would they not better be looking out for it? . . . I distrust the wisdom if not the sincerity of friends who would hold my hands while my enemies stab me. This appeal of professed friends has paralyzed me more in this struggle than any other one thing. You remember telling me the day after the Baltimore mob in April, 1861, that it would crush all Union feeling in Maryland for me to attempt bringing troops over Maryland soil to Washington. I brought the troops, notwithstanding, and yet there was Union feeling enough left to elect a legislature the next autumn, which in turn elected a very excellent Union United States Senator! I am a patient man—always willing to forgive on the Christian terms of repentance, and also to give ample time for repentance. Still, I must save this Government, if possible. What I cannot do, of course, I will not

do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed."

A private citizen, Mr. Durant, complained that the relations between the masters and their slaves were disturbed by the presence of the Union army. He induced another gentleman, Mr. Bullitt, to write to the President, who replied:

"The rebellion will never be suppressed in Louisiana if the professed Union men there will neither help to do it, nor permit the Government to do it without their help. Now, I think the true remedy is very different from what is suggested by Mr. Durant. It does not lie in rounding the rough angles of the war, but in removing the necessity for the war. . . . If they will not do this, if they prefer to hazard all for the sake of destroying the Government, it is for them to consider whether it is probable I will surrender the Government to save them from losing all. If they decline what I suggest, you scarcely need to ask what I will do. What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is, or would you prosecute it in future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose-water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier ones? Would you give up the contest, leaving any available means unapplied? I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can, and I shall do all I can to save the Government, which is my sworn duty as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing."

The campaigns had been hap-hazard. There had been no head, and President Lincoln called General Halleck to Washington to direct military movements. He was appointed chief of staff. General Pope was also ordered from the West to command the troops in front of Washington.

It was an unfortunate announcement which Pope made. "I have come," he said, "from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies." The officers and men thought he was making unjust comparison between the soldiers of the East and those of the West. Such was not his intention, but he did not reflect how it would be accepted. An imputation that they were inferior to the Western troops gave great offence. General Halleck directed Pope to concentrate his army of 40,000, and cut the railroads leading west from Richmond. General "Stonewall" Jackson with 36,000 troops hastened to oppose him.

General Halleck went to Harrison's Landing to see McClellan, who had asked for 50,000 more men. "I am not authorized to
July 24. promise you more than 20,000," said Halleck.

"I will make the attempt to take Richmond with that number," McClellan replied. Halleck returned to Washington, but upon his arrival found a despatch calling for 35,000.

It was seen that General Lee was intending to hurl a large force on

Pope and annihilate him, and it was decided that the army must be withdrawn from James River. Halleck telegraphed :

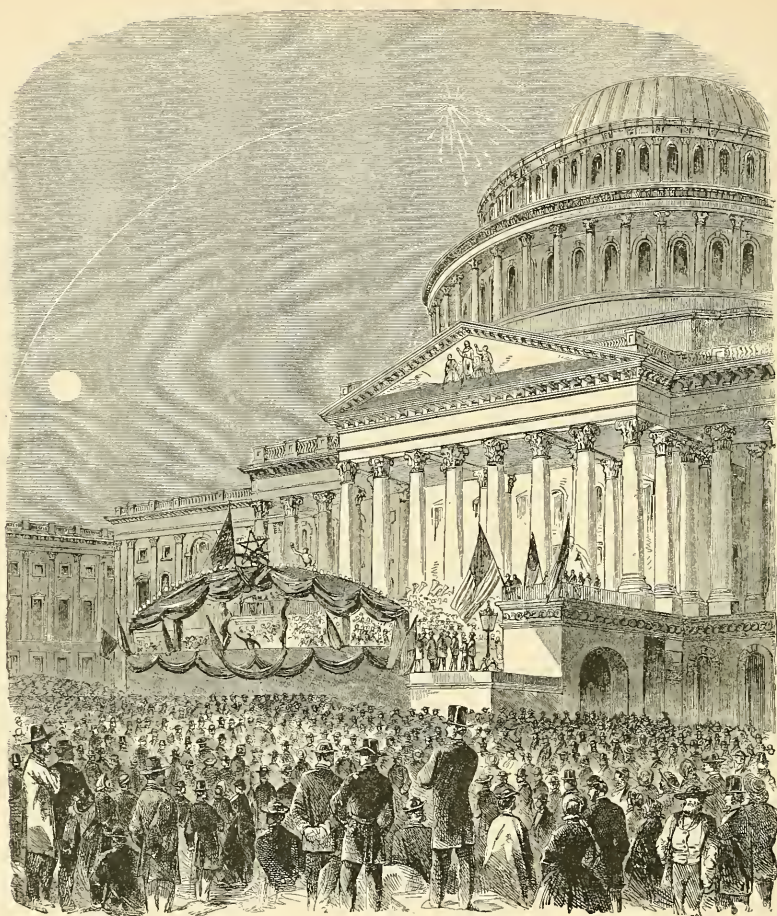
“ Send away your sick as fast as you can.”

Three days later an order was issued for the withdrawal of the entire army, against which McClellan protested. Two weeks passed before the last of the troops left the banks of the James.

The citizens of Washington manifested their patriotic spirit during this period of gloom by assembling in mass-meeting around the eastern portico of the Capitol. It was in the evening, the moon at its Aug. 6. full. The thousands present rent the air with cheers when in response to their calling the President rose to address them :

“ Fellow - citizens, I believe there is no precedent for my appearing before you on this occasion, but it is also true that there is no precedent for your being here on such an occasion. But I offer in justification of myself and of you that I do not know there is anything in the Constitution against it.” (Great laughter and applause.) . . . “ The only thing I think of now not likely to be said by some one else is a matter in which we have heard some other persons blamed for what I did myself. There has been a very unwise attempt to have a quarrel between General McClellan and the Secretary of War. Now I occupy a position that enables me to believe at least these two gentlemen are not nearly so deep in the quarrel as some presuming to be their friends.” (Cries of “ Good!”) “ General McClellan’s attitude is such that, in the very selfishness of his nature, he cannot but wish to be successful—and I hope he will; and the Secretary of War is in precisely the same situation. If the military commander in the field cannot be successful, not only the Secretary of War, but myself—for the time being master of them both—cannot but be failures.” (Laughter and applause.) “ I know General McClellan wishes to be successful, and I know he does not wish it any more than the Secretary of War for him, and both of them together no more than I wish it.” (Applause.) “ Sometimes we have a dispute about how many soldiers General McClellan has had. Those who would disparage him say he has had a very large number, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War insist that McClellan has had a very small number. The basis of this is, there is always a wide difference, and on this occasion perhaps a wider difference, between the grand total on McClellan’s rolls and the men actually fit for duty. General McClellan has sometimes asked for things which the Secretary of War is not to blame for not giving when he had none to give.” (Applause and laughter.) “ And I say here, so far as I know, the Secretary of War has withheld no one thing from him at any time in my power to give him.” (Wild applause.) “ I have no accusation against him. I believe he is a brave and able man” (applause), “ and I stand here, as justice requires me to do, to take upon myself what has been charged to the Secretary of War, as withholding from him. I have talked longer than I expected to” (“ No! no!” “ Go on!”), “ and now I avail myself of my privilege of saying no more.”

The editor of the New York “ Tribune,” in March, 1861, had said to the seceding States, “ Wayward sisters, go in peace;” but after twelve months of conflict Mr. Greeley was advocating extreme measures. He published a long letter over his own name in the “ Tribune,” accusing



WAR MEETING IN WASHINGTON.

the President of being unwilling to enforce the laws passed by Congress confiscating the property of rebels, and of being unduly influenced by counsels and menaces of "certain fossil politicians from the border States." He complained that a large portion of the regular army officers, with many of the volunteer officers, were more ready to uphold slavery than put an end to the Rebellion. The article in the "Tribune" was from one who professed to be friendly to the President. Mr. Lincoln knew it would be read by many thousand people whose sons were in the army. Mr. Greeley had signed his name to the editorial, giving it the weight of his great personal influence. What should

the President do? Ought he to remain silent? Would not silence be regarded as acknowledging the indictment? As President of the United States he would not notice it, but as an individual he could with propriety reply. Let us not forget that neither Horace Aug. 23. Greeley, nor any one, other than the members of the Cabinet, knew of the proclamation which for a month had been lying in the President's desk, penned by the same hand that wrote this reply to the editor of the "Tribune:"

"DEAR SIR,—I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York 'Tribune.' If there be in it any statements, or assumptions of fact, which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right. As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

The Confederate cavalry under Stuart gained the rear of Pope's army, and captured his supplies at Manassas. Then came the battle Aug. 26. at Groveton, and the second at Bull Run, resulting in the defeat of Pope through the want of co-operation on the part of Fitz-John Porter with his division of the Army of the Potomac. General Franklin's corps was at Alexandria. Halleck directed that Aug. 27. it should make a forced march to join Pope, and start as soon as possible. McClellan thought it would be better for Franklin not to go, and questioned whether Washington was safe. He recommended the troops be held where they were for its defence.

Halleck issued an order for Franklin to move at once. This the reply of McClellan:

“The moment Franklin can be started with a reasonable amount of artillery he shall go.”

Three hours passed; it was nearly night. Then came a telegram that Franklin was not in a condition to move, but might be able to do so in the morning. Halleck replied:

“There must be no delay. They must go to-morrow morning, ready or not ready.”

Through the following day the President could hear the thunder of cannon in the battle which Pope was fighting. The aid expected ^{Aug. 29} from Fitz-John Porter was not given.

The members of the Cabinet were discussing the situation. Secretary Stanton drew up a remonstrance against the further continuance of McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac, to be sent to the President. It was signed by himself, also by Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Bates, Attorney-general; and Mr. Smith, Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, agreed with them, but declined to sign it, as the President might think it an unfriendly act. The remonstrance was not presented to the President; why, we do not know.

Night closed with the Union army in retreat to Centreville. Sumner's and Franklin's corps were there, but had arrived too late to be of any use. It is not surprising that McClellan keenly felt the ^{Aug. 30.} change that had come to him. He had been commander of all the armies, had issued orders to generals in the Far West—to Halleck; but now Halleck was issuing orders to him. He had seen his troops taken from him and sent to a commander whom he did not like.

General Pope was discouraged. He saw that the army must fall back to Washington and be reorganized. He said, in a despatch to Halleck:

“When there is no heart in their leaders, and every disposition to hang back, much cannot be expected of the men.”

We are not to forget, as we review in bare outline the events of the hour, the letter written by McClellan from Harrison's Landing, in which he arraigned the President—a letter which Mr. Lincoln had not forgotten. His heart was now wrung with anguish at the want of cordiality manifested by the commander of the army. His sense of justice was outraged by the despatch which suggested that Pope be left to “get out of his scrape as best he could.”

“McClellan has acted very badly towards Pope. He really wanted him to fail,” said the President to his secretaries.⁽¹⁾

The army was drifting back to Arlington Heights. Halleck directed

McClellan to take command of the troops in the defences, but not to assume control of those that were to arrive. Adjutant-general Kelton

was sent to the front by McClellan, and directed to make special ^{Sept. 1,} inquiries as to the state of affairs. We do not know whom ^{1862.} Kelton saw or what was said, but he had a doleful story to tell the President: that the army was demoralized, that there were 30,000 stragglers making their way to Washington.

Through the night the President walked his chamber. The dawn was just appearing in the east as he listened to Kelton's account. What should he do? The remonstrance of the members of the Cabinet ^{Sept. 2.} had not been laid before him, but he knew they had no confidence in McClellan. Mr. Stanton, who was intrusted with the management of military affairs, and Mr. Chase, who must maintain the credit of the nation, were bitterly opposed to continuing him in command, but Abraham Lincoln comprehended that under existing conditions there was but one course to be pursued.

General McClellan was at breakfast when the President and General Halleck called and asked him to resume command of the troops. Mr. Lincoln had not informed any member of the Cabinet of what he was about to do. He knew that he alone must bear the responsibility, be the result beneficial or attended with disaster.

The hour arrived for the meeting of the Cabinet to discuss the questions of the moment.

"I have set McClellan to putting the troops into the fortifications. I think that he can do it better than any other man," said the President.

"This can be done just as well by the engineer who constructed the forts," Mr. Chase remarked.

"No one is now responsible for the defence of the Capitol," said Mr. Stanton, "for the order to McClellan has been given by the President, and General Halleck considers himself relieved from responsibility, though he acquiesced and approved of the order. McClellan can now shield himself under Halleck should anything go wrong, while Halleck can disclaim all responsibility."

"I consider General Halleck," said the President, "just as responsible now as he was before. The order directs McClellan to put the troops into the fortifications, and command them for the defence of Washington."

"I can but feel that giving McClellan command is equivalent to giving Washington to the rebels," Mr. Chase said.

"It distresses me exceedingly," said the President. "to find myself

differing from the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury on this point; so much do I feel it that I would gladly resign my place. I cannot see who can do this as well as it can be done by McClellan."

"Hooker, Sumner, or Burnside will do it better than he," Mr. Chase replied.⁽²⁾

"I have issued the order, and I must be responsible to the country for it," the calm but firm words of the President.⁽³⁾

His constitutional advisers disagree with him. He thinks of the attitude of McClellan; of the army drifting back to Washington; of the thousands of dead and wounded on the field of Manassas; of the victorious Confederates preparing to invade Maryland. He walks his chamber and exclaims, "How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac!"⁽⁴⁾

We are not to conclude that the President had lost courage on account of the disasters that had come through the tardiness and inefficiency, or lukewarmness, on the part of those who had been intrusted with command. He was deeply grieved over the differences between himself and the members of the Cabinet, but there was no yielding of his faith in what would be the final outcome. He believed in the army and in the people. He directed Halleck to proceed with all possible despatch to organize an army for active operations, independent of the forces he might deem necessary for the defence of Washington when the active army should take the field.

The Confederate army was crossing the Potomac at Leesburg. It was universally believed in the South that the sympathies of the people of Maryland were with the Confederates. General Lee thought thousands of young men would hasten to join him; that Baltimore would welcome him. The harvests had been gathered, and there would be little difficulty in finding food. If he could win a victory north of the Potomac the moral and political results would be of inestimable value to the Confederacy. He divided his army, and sent "Stonewall" Jackson to capture the 10,000 Union troops, under General Miles, holding Harper's Ferry. McClellan the while was moving slowly out from Washington with an army of 100,000. He was calling for more troops.

In the silence and seclusion of his chamber, Mr. Lincoln meditated upon the situation. He looked beyond the turmoil of the hour, to ascertain if possible the ways and meanings of divine Providence. These his thoughts as recorded by himself:

“The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both *may* be, and one *must* be, wrong. God cannot be *for* and *against* the same thing at the same time. In the present Civil War it is quite possible that God’s purpose is something different from the purpose of either party; and yet the human instrumentalities, working just as they do, are of the best adaptation to effect His purpose. I am almost ready to say that this is probably true; that God wills this contest, and wills that it shall not end yet. By His great power on the minds of the non-contestants He could have either *saved* or destroyed the Union without a human contest. Yet the contest began, and, having begun, He could give the final victory to either side. Yet the contest goes on.”⁽⁵⁾

The disaster that had come to the Army of the Potomac created consternation among the loyal people of the North. A delegation of ministers from Chicago reached Washington to urge the President to do something to abolish slavery. Mr. Lincoln kindly listened to their remarks. He did not inform them that for two months a proclamation had been lying in his desk, and that he was waiting for a victory before issuing it.

“Gentlemen,” he said, in reply, “you know that I am powerless to enforce the Constitution in the States now in rebellion. Allow me to ask you if you think that I can enforce a proclamation of emancipation any better?”

The delegates interpreted the question as indicating a reluctance on the part of the President to issue such a proclamation, even if he had the power to enforce it.

“What you have said,” replied one of the gentlemen, “compels me to say that it is a message of the divine Master, through me, commanding you, sir, to open the doors and let the oppressed go free!”

“Well, that may be,” said the President, with twinkling eyes, “but if it is, as you say, a message from your divine Master, is it not a little odd that the only channel of communication to me must be by the roundabout way of that awfully wicked city of Chicago?”⁽⁶⁾ They departed without having obtained any satisfaction.

A very important and valuable paper fell into the hands of McClellan—an order issued by General Lee, outlining the future movements of the Confederate army. A soldier had picked it up where the
Sept. 13. Confederate army had been encamped; there was no doubt about its being genuine. McClellan learned that Lee had divided his army. Jackson was to move to Harper’s Ferry; Lee, with the other

half of his troops, was to be in the vicinity of Boonsboro'. A great opportunity had come to McClellan. General Franklin was in position to make a quick march and fall upon Jackson; he himself might hurry on to Boonsboro' and overwhelm Lee. But there was no quick issuing of orders, no hurrying anywhere. Franklin, when he reached Crampton's Gap, won an easy victory over the Confederates holding it; but Harper's Ferry, with 11,000 men and all its cannon, was being surrendered to Jackson.

McClellan moved leisurely to Turner's Gap, held by a portion of the Confederates under Longstreet. The advance was made with great deliberation. The Confederates were finally driven, and the Union army moved on to Boonsboro'.

A battle was fought at Antietam. When night closed the advantage was on the side of the Union army, which looked forward to
 Sept. 17. a victory.

The following morning dawned, but no cannon thundered, nor was there any rattle of musketry. Through the day the two armies were motionless.

Again the morning dawned, and the Confederates were in Virginia. The report showed that notwithstanding the losses in battle and from straggling soldiers, 93,000 men were present for duty. The Confederate army, as is now known, did not number 50,000. It was
 Sept. 20. worn by hard marching, and greatly weakened. Several thousand troops had been sent to McClellan, but many had wandered from the ranks and were feasting on the good things to be found in the farm-houses of Maryland.

"Sending troops to the army," said the President, "is like attempting to shovel fleas across a barn-yard: not half of them get there." (?)

The North hailed the result of Antietam as a victory. The time had come for President Lincoln to issue his contemplated proclamation concerning emancipation—giving notice to the States fighting against the Government that unless they laid down their arms he should, on January 1, 1863, issue an edict giving freedom to slaves.

The clock was striking twelve on Monday noon when the members of the Cabinet assembled in the White House—called to a
 Sept. 22. special meeting.

"I have a very funny book here," said the President, "written by Artemas Ward." Let me read you what he says about an outrage at Utica."

"Artemas Ward," whose real name was Charles F. Browne, was a hu-

morist. His book was an account of the incidents that befell him while making his pretended travels through the country exhibiting his "show" to the public. Mr. "Ward's" spelling was peculiarly phonetic. His "show" consisted of "Three moral bares, a kangaro (a amoozin little raskal), wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Tayler, John Bunyun, Capt. Kidd, and Dr. Webster in the act of killing Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus wax statoots of celebrated piruts and murderers, &c., ekalled by few and exceld by none." Among the figures was one of Judas Iscariot. The account given by Mr. "Ward" of his adventures was flavored with irony as well as humor. The outrage at Utica is a jest upon one phase of human nature as sometimes exhibited.

"In the fall of 1856," reads the account, "I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly great sitty in the state of New York. The people gave me a cordyul recepshun. The press was loud in her prases.

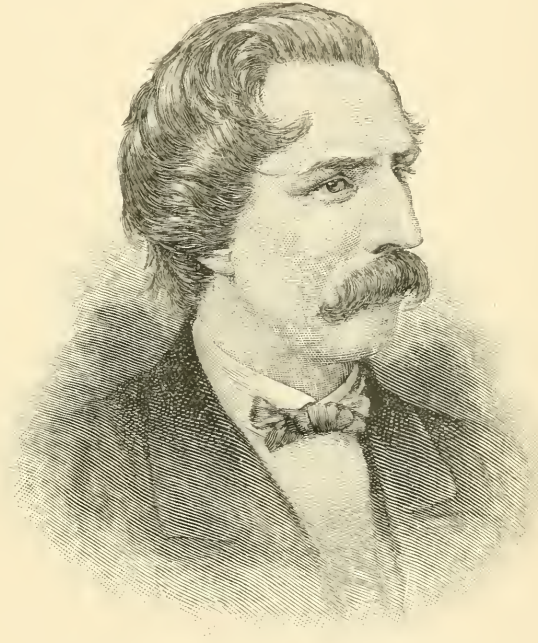
"1 day as I was givin my discrishopun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile, what was my

skorn and disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my figger of Judas and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you about?" cried I.

"Sez he, 'What did you bring this pussylaneemus cuss here fur?' & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed. Sez I, 'You egrejus ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle.'

"Sez he, 'That's all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old



CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD").

man, that Judas Iscariot can't show himself in Utiky with impunity.' With that he kaved in Judasses hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famulies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of arson in the 3d degree."

The President enjoyed the "hit" upon people who regarded themselves as belonging to the first families, and also upon the verdicts of juries as sometimes rendered. The members of the Cabinet—all except Mr. Stanton—laughed heartily. The Secretary of War could not see anything to laugh at. He had little appreciation of humor. He had come to the White House to consult with the President upon a momentous question, and made no effort to conceal his contempt for the nonsense of such a mountebank as "Artemas Ward." He could not comprehend the relief which it had given the President after the sleepless nights and anxious days preceding Antietam. The laughter and humor was a healthful stimulus in preparing Mr. Lincoln for the consideration of great questions. The book was returned to the President's desk.

"I have called you together," he said, "to consult upon an important matter. (^s) Gentlemen, I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one; but I made the promise to myself, and" [hesitating a little] "to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have

determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any one of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter, as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here. I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take. (°)

“I have made a vow—a covenant—that if God should give us victory in battle I would consider it as an indication of divine will, and that it would be our duty to move forward with emancipation. You may think it strange that I have thus submitted matters when the way was not clear to my mind as to what I ought to do. God has decided this question in favor of the slaves. I am satisfied that I took the right course; it is confirmed by results.”(10)

“Would it not be well,” Mr. Seward asked, “to make the proclamation more clear and decided; to leave out all reference to the act being sustained during the incumbency of the present President, and not merely say that the Government ‘recognizes,’ but that it will maintain the freedom it proclaims?”

“What you have said, Mr. President,” remarked Mr. Chase, “fully satisfies me that you have given the subject careful consideration. You have expressed your conclusions distinctly. This it was your right, and under your oath of office your duty to do. The proclamation does not mark out exactly the course I myself would prefer, but I am ready to take it just as it has been written, and to stand by it with all my heart. I think, however, that the suggestions of Mr. Seward are very judicious, and shall be glad to have them adopted.”

“I am ready to sustain the proclamation with all my power,” said Mr. Stanton, “but the act is so great, and in which such great consequences are involved, I hope every member will be explicit in declaring his opinion.”

“I assent to it as a war measure,” said Mr. Welles.

“I am on principle an emancipationist,” Mr. Blair remarked, “but

doubt the expediency of issuing the proclamation just at this moment. We ought not to do anything that will jeopardize the patriotic sentiment of the border States. This proclamation will be likely to carry them over to the Confederacy. There is also a party of men in the Free States who are trying to revive old party lines, and I do not want to put a club into their hands just now. I approve the measure, but the time has not come for such action, and I must file my objection, Mr. President."

"Certainly, Mr. Secretary, that you have the right to do. I have thought over the objections which you raise. The difficulty not to act is as great as to act. For months I have labored to get the border States to consent to compensated emancipation. I have endeavored to convince them that it is for their best interest, but my labors have been in vain. The time has come for a forward movement. They will acquiesce; if not at once, they will in a short time. They will see that slavery has received its death-blow from the men who own slaves. They will see that slavery cannot survive the war. In regard to the party in the North, they will use their clubs against us, no matter which course we pursue." (")

The people of the United States, as they opened their newspapers on the following morning, beheld the head-lines which announced the proclamation. The antislavery people thanked God; the pro-slavery uttered curses. Horace Greeley and the Chicago ministers were surprised. Mr. Lincoln had shut his chamber door on all the world. Twenty years had passed since Lucy Gilman Speed guided his troubled spirit into restful peace. His conduct of the affairs of the nation was based upon the precepts contained in the book which she had placed in his hands. Not with his Cabinet but with God had he first taken counsel. A third of a century had gone by since he stood a spectator in the slave mart of New Orleans and uttered a vow; alone in his closet he reaffirmed it and promised to strike a blow at slavery. He had kept his promise.

Word came to President Lincoln that members of McClellan's staff were making remarks which ought not to be made by army officers.

Major Turner asked, "Why was not the rebel army bagged at Antietam?"

"That is not the game. The object is that neither army shall get much advantage of the other; that both shall be kept in the field till they are exhausted, when we will make a compromise and save slavery," replied Major John J. Key.

The two officers were summoned to appear at the White House, and Major Key was informed that he had an opportunity of disproving the language attributed to him. He made no denial, but said he was true to the Union. "If there is a game," said the President, "among Union men to have our army not take any advantage of the enemy when it can, I propose to break it up. In my view it is wholly inadmissible for any gentleman holding a military commission from the United States to utter such sentiments as Major Key is proved to have done. Therefore let Major John J. Key be forthwith dismissed from the military service of the United States."

The army under McClellan, present and fit for duty, numbered 100,000, besides 73,000 under General Banks, in and around Washington.

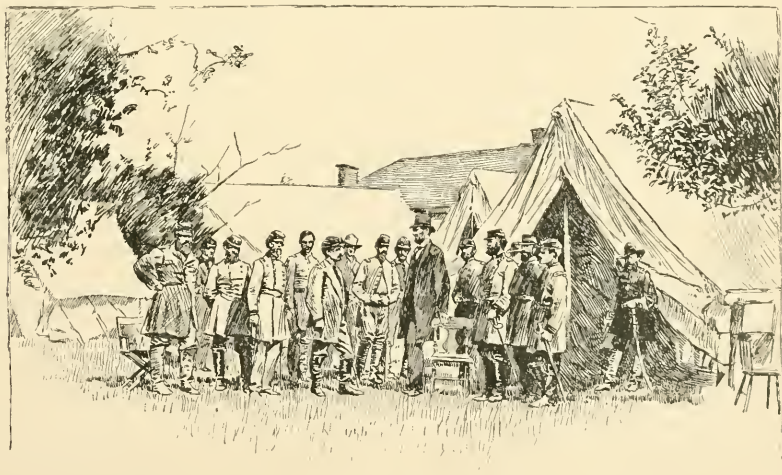
Oct. 1. The Confederates were at Winchester. McClellan showed no disposition to advance. He complained that he needed clothing and supplies. The President determined to see for himself the condition of the army, and visited Harper's Ferry and McClellan's headquarters.

In the early morning he climbed the mountain with a friend and beheld the panorama—hill-side and valley, as far as the eye could see, dotted with white tents.

"Do you know," said the President, turning to his friend, "what that is?"

"It is the Army of the Potomac," the answer.

"So it is called. But that is a mistake; it is General McClellan's



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS.

body-guard," said Mr. Lincoln, sadly. Very kind but frank the conversation held with the commanding general, who was informed that the army must move.

There was no ambiguity in the following despatch which General McClellan received from General Halleck, October 6th :

"The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him South. Your army must move now while the roads are good."

To a friend the President said: "With all McClellan's failings as a soldier, he is a pleasant and scholarly gentleman. He is an admirable engineer, but he seems to have a special talent for a *stationary engine*." (12)

Concealed by a fog that hung along the Potomac, General Stuart, commanding 1800 Confederate cavalry, crossed that stream, rode northward, and in the evening entered Chambersburg, Pa. He spent
Oct. 10. the night there, burned the railroad buildings, turned eastward, reached Emmettsburg the next evening, and recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, near Leesburg. He had trotted round the army as once before on the peninsula. McClellan complained that his own cavalry horses were broken down.

"Will you pardon me for asking," wrote the President, "what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"

On the day (October 13th) that the Confederate cavalry escaped into Virginia, the President wrote a long letter to McClellan :

"You say that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great from railroad transportation as you would have to do without the railroad last named. He now waggons from Culpeper Court-house, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with waggons as you are. I certainly should be pleased for you to have the advantage of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but it wastes all the remainder of autumn to give it to you, and in fact ignores the question of time, which cannot and must not be ignored. Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to 'operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own.' You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? You dread his going into Pennsylvania; but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communications to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. If he does so with less than full force, fall upon and beat what is left behind all the easier. Exclusive of the water-line, you are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is by the route that you can and he must take. Why can you not reach

there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal on a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord."

The result of the October election in Pennsylvania was disastrous to the Republican Party. Several members of Congress failed of a re-election. William D. Kelley had been outspoken in his opinion of McClellan, and had been chosen by an increased vote, while other candidates whose election was regarded as certain were defeated. Mr. Kelley called upon the President.

"Kelley," said Mr. Lincoln, "you know how I sincerely congratulate you. Come, sit down and tell me how it is that you, for whose election nobody seemed to hope, are returned with a good majority at your back, while so many of your friends have been badly beaten."

"My triumph, Mr. President, is due to my loyalty to you and to my independence in demanding the substitution of a fighting general for McClellan; and it is the desire for a change of commanders that has brought me here this morning."

Mr. McPherson, who had been defeated in what was regarded as a strong Republican district, entered the room.

"Tell me, Mr. McPherson, how it happened that you were so unfortunately left out?"

Mr. McPherson vaguely gave several reasons.

"Pardon me, Mr. President," said Mr. Kelley, "but my colleague is not dealing frankly with you. His friends hold you responsible for his defeat."

"If that is true, I thank you for the suggestion, Mr. Kelley. Now, tell me frankly what lost us your district, Mr. McPherson. If there was ever an occasion when a man should speak with perfect candor to another it is now, when I apply to you for information that may guide my course in grave national affairs."

"Well, Mr. President, I will tell you frankly what our friends say. They charge the defeat to the general tardiness in military movements, which results, as they believe, from McClellan's unfitness to command. The enforcement of the draft occurred during the campaign, and of course our political enemies used it against us. Stuart, you know, raided through my district on the Friday and Saturday before the election, burned the railroad shops and trains, and destroyed thousands of muskets and a large amount of supplies."

Before the President could reply Mr. Moorhead, of Pittsburg, entered. "Well, Moorhead, what word do you bring? You were not defeated?"

"No, Mr. President; but I am sorry to say that it was not your fault that we were not all beaten!" he exclaimed, very excitedly. "Mr. President, I came as far as Harrisburg yesterday, and passed the evening with a number of the best and most influential men of the State, including some who have been your most earnest supporters; and they charged me to tell you that when one of them said he would be glad to hear, some morning, that you had been found hanging from the post of a lamp at the door of the White House, others approved the expression."

The President stands before the three gentlemen calm and unmoved. His voice is subdued. "My friends, you need not be surprised to find that your suggestion has been carried out any morning. The violent preliminaries of such an event would not surprise me. I have done things incomprehensible to the people, and which cannot now be explained."

"Mr. President," said Mr. Kelley, with great earnestness, "you have but to assert your position by showing yourself master of the military department, as you have of the other departments, to command a following in the Northern States such even as Andrew Jackson never had. You enjoy a greater share of the personal affection of your fellow-citizens than any public man since Washington. Within twenty-four hours after it shall be known that you have put a soldier in McClellan's place, you will command the moral, social, and financial resources of the country as no President ever has done."

"Kelley," replied the President, "if it were your duty to select a successor to McClellan, whom would you name?"

Mr. Kelley did not reply directly, but said:

"My advice to you, Mr. President, is to make a change, and let it be known that the loss of a great battle will be to the general the loss of his command; and go on changing till you find the right man, though it be a private with a marshal's baton in his knapsack."

"Well, but you are talking about an immediate successor to McClellan, and I ask you whom you would name for his position if the duty were yours?"

"I think, sir, my judgment would incline to Hooker, whose sobriquet of 'Fighting Joe' would convey the impression to the impatient country that the change meant 'fight,' which the people would believe to be synonymous with an ultimate success."

"Would not Burnside do better?"

"I don't think so. You know I have great respect for him, but he is not known to the country as an aggressive man."

“But Burnside is the better house-keeper.”

“Mr. President, you are not in search of a house-keeper or a hospital steward, but of a soldier who will fight, and fight to win.”

“I am not so sure, Mr. Kelley, that we are not in search of a house-keeper. I tell you that the successful management of an army requires a good deal of faithful house-keeping. More fight will be got out of well-fed and well-cared-for soldiers and animals than those who make long marches on empty stomachs.”⁽¹³⁾

The words were kindly spoken, and the three gentlemen assented to them. Mr. McPherson and Mr. Moorhead took their departure, and Mr. Kelley and the President were once more alone.

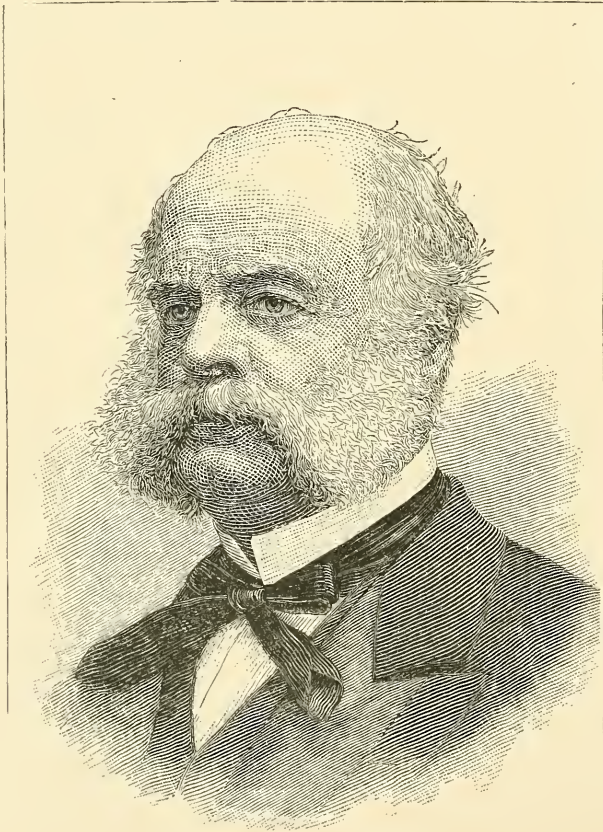
“Mr. President,” said Kelley, “you know that at Antietam Lee was in a *cul-de-sac*, with only one road by which he could retreat across the Potomac; that his ammunition was exhausted; that McClellan had Fitz-John Porter’s corps fresh, with an abundant supply of ammunition; and yet Lee was allowed to get across the river with no molestation.”

“I know it, Kelley. Victory was within McClellan’s grasp. I know his unfitness to command; but let me say to you that I restored McClellan to the command of the army to reorganize it. He owed his command quite as much to Lee as to me: for while the work of reorganization was going on, Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and compelled McClellan to move and check his advance.”

Mr. Kelley noticed a smile lighting up the sad face, but did not quite understand its meaning. The President continued:

“Whatever the people and the troops may think or say of his failure to capture Lee, my censure would be tempered by the consciousness of the fact that I did not restore him to the command for aggressive fighting, but as an organizer and a good hand at defending a position. McClellan, by his constant and unfounded complaints, had done much to impair confidence in the Secretary of War and myself. He had wantonly sacrificed Pope. I admit that to employ him to rescue the army from its demoralization is a good deal like ‘curing the bite with the hair of the dog.’ But we must not forget the position of affairs, which furnish a striking illustration of the danger to which republican institutions are subjected by a great war, which may produce ambitious and rival commanders. The civil power in September was in reality subordinate to the military. I was commander-in-chief, but found myself, in that season of insubordination, panic, and demoralization, consciously under military duress. McClellan, while fighting battles which

should produce no result but the expenditure of men and means, had contrived to keep the troops with him by charging each new failure to some dereliction of the Secretary of War and the President; had created an impression among them that the Administration was hostile to him, and withheld what should have been accorded him, and which in some instances he falsely represented as having been promised him. The restoration of McClellan to command, in the face of his misconduct, was the greatest trial and most painful duty of my official life. Yet, situated as I was, it seemed to be my duty, and, in opposition to every member of my Cabinet, I performed it, and I feel no regret for what I have done. To-day, Mr. Kelley, I am stronger with the Army of the Potomac than McClellan. The supremacy of civil power has been restored, and the Executive is again master of the situation. The troops



AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

know that if I made a mistake in substituting Pope for McClellan, I was capable of rectifying it by again trusting him. They know, too, that neither Stanton nor myself withheld anything from him at Antietam, and that it was not the Administration but their own former idol who surrendered the just results of their terrible sacrifice and closed the great fight as a drawn battle, when, had he thrown Porter's corps of fresh men and other available troops upon Lee's army, he would have driven it in disorder to the river and captured most of it before sunset."

The month of October was closing. For a period of six weeks the army had idled the time away encamped on the bank of the Potomac. It was east of the Blue Ridge. General Lee was west of it, in the Shenandoah Valley.

McClellan was nearer Richmond. The President urged him to make a rapid march on the interior line for the Confederate capital, but the army did not move. The patience of the loyal people of the country was exhausted. President Lincoln knew that every member of his Cabinet had lost faith in McClellan. He had issued a peremptory order for a movement which had been disregarded.

Slowly, during the last week of October, the army crossed the Potomac; slowly it moved a few miles each day southward. More swiftly marched the army of Lee, crossing the mountains and reaching Culpeper, ready to confront McClellan on the bank of the Rapidan.

The patience of the President was exhausted. He had resolved to remove him from further command if he allowed Lee to cross the
 Nov. 7. mountains and block the advance to Richmond. A messenger came with an order relieving McClellan of the command and appointing General Burnside as his successor.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVIII.

(¹) "Century Magazine," January, 1889.

(²) Warden's "Life of Salmon P. Chase," p. 459.

(³) Gideon Welles, "Lincoln and Seward," p. 194.

(⁴) Schuyler Colfax, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 337.

(⁵) "Century Magazine," August, 1889.

(⁶) *Ibid.*

(⁷) "Century Magazine," January, 1889.

(⁸) *Ibid.*

(⁹) Gideon Welles's Diary, "Century Magazine," January, 1889.

(¹⁰) *Ibid.*

(¹¹) Gideon Welles, "Galaxy Magazine," December, 1882.

(¹²) Isaac N. Arnold, "Life of Lincoln," p. 300.

(¹³) William D. Kelley, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 271.

CHAPTER XIX.

DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN.

THE Army of the Potomac was at Warrenton. Its new commander, General Burnside, had rendered excellent service in North Carolina. He reluctantly accepted the command conferred upon him by President Lincoln. He doubted his ability to handle so large a body of troops. The country demanded aggressive action. He must plan a campaign. The advantages which existed after Antietam had been lost. The Confederate army was behind the Rapidan, at Gordonsville. A new movement must be planned. General Halleck advised Burnside to make a direct attack upon the Confederate army. Burnside thought it would be better to march south-east to Fredericksburg, and cross the Rappahannock at that point. It would necessitate the reopening of the railroad from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg. Pontoons would be needed. They could be taken down the Potomac and up the Rappahannock by steamer. Burnside would conceal his intentions by making a demonstration towards Gordonsville with a portion of the army while the boats were on their way. At the right moment he would make a quick march to Fredericksburg. Halleck would see that the pontoons were there at the appointed time. The plan was approved by the President.

Day was dawning on November 15th when the troops under General Sumner folded their blankets and moved eastward from Warrenton. They reached the Falmouth hills opposite Fredericksburg. The Confederate regiment of cavalry and four companies of infantry holding the place saw with amazement the hills across the Rappahannock swarming with Union soldiers. The pontoons had not arrived. Colonel Brooks, commanding a brigade, saw a steer come down the southern bank and wade across the stream. He sent word to Sumner, who despatched a messenger to Burnside, asking permission to cross the river and seize Fredericksburg. He had 40,000 men. Burnside hastened to Falmouth, but thought the risk too great, as the pontoons were not

there. Two days passed, and Lee's army was upon the hills behind the city. Through want of co-operation or inefficiency at Washington the well-laid plan had miscarried. Burnside was confronted by the army of Lee, intrenched upon frowning hills. The country was ^{Dec. 12,} _{1862.} demanding a battle. He must make a movement. He decided to cross the Rappahannock, capture the town, and then attack Lee in the intrenchments. It was done, resulting in failure, the loss of 12,000 men, and the withdrawal of the troops to Falmouth.

No language can adequately describe the emotions of the President upon hearing of the terrible slaughter and the disastrous results. Day by day the lines deepened upon his brow.

The elections held in November had resulted in the choice of a large number of Democratic members of Congress, and the election of Horatio Seymour as Governor of New York. Mr. Seymour was a Democrat, opposed to the war, and Mr. Lincoln could no longer turn to the chief of that great State for support. He had good reason to look with apprehension into the future. But in his message to Congress, upon its reassembling for its last session, there was no swerving from his conviction of what was right, or what ought to be done to maintain the Union. There is dignity, grandeur, and touching pathos in his closing sentences :

"I do not forget the gravity which should characterize a paper addressed to the Congress of the nation by the chief magistrate of the nation. Nor do I forget that some of you are my seniors, nor that many of you have more experience than I in the conduct of public affairs. Yet I trust that in view of the great responsibility resting upon me you will perceive no want of respect to yourselves in any undue earnestness I may seem to display. The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disinthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We, of this Congress and this administration, will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance, or insignificance, can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even *we here*—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In *giving* freedom to the *slave* we *assure* freedom to the *free*—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed, this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just—a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

Mr. Lincoln was carrying burdens which were not apparent to the public. The country was holding him responsible for all the failures.

The War Department was a part of the Administration. Why such inefficiency at Washington? Why were not the pontoons at Fredericksburg at the appointed time? Why did not the President bring about harmony among the members of the Cabinet? Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase differed widely in their views as to what ought to be done. They had both been aspirants for the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln, with great magnanimity, had invited them to aid him in the administration. They were strong men, who not only criticised each other, but the President.

“It is painful,” wrote Mr. Chase to Senator Sherman, “to hear complaints of remissness, delays, disorder, and dangers, and feel that there must be ground for such complaints, and know at the same time that one has no power to remedy the evils complained of, and yet be thought to have.”⁽¹⁾

Mr. Chase said the Administration had made many mistakes and blunders. He also felt that the influence of the Secretary of State over Mr. Lincoln was not what it should be.

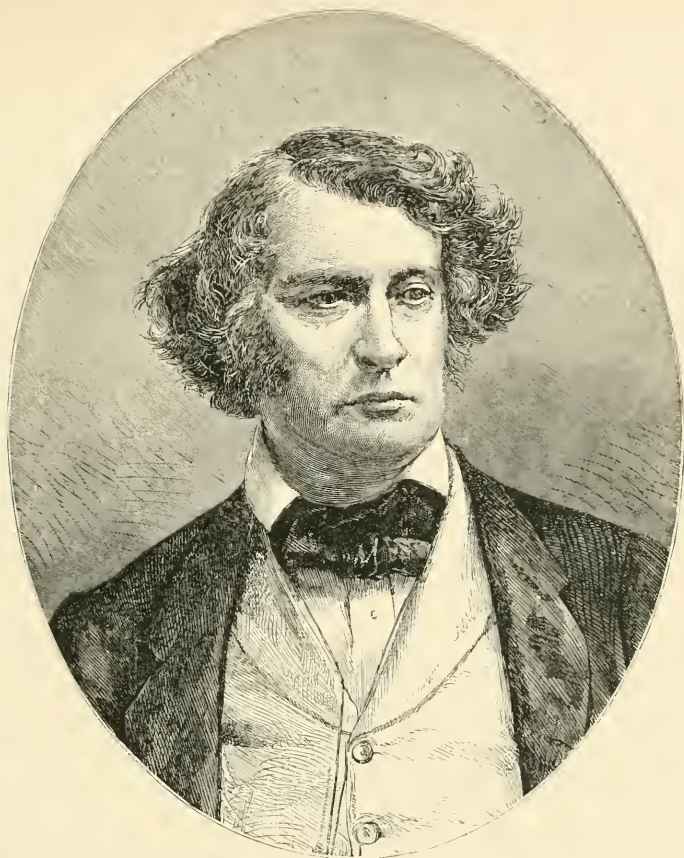
“I do not doubt,” he said to Mr. Thurlow Weed, “Mr. Seward’s fidelity to his ideas of progress, amelioration, and freedom; but he adheres too tenaciously to men who have proved themselves unworthy and dangerous, such as McClellan. His influence encourages the irresolution and inaction of the President in regard to men and measures.”⁽²⁾

Mr. Seward offended a large number of Senators by a despatch written to Mr. Adams, Minister to England, in which he criticised the policy of that minister. The Senators learned of the interview between Mr. Chase and Mr. Weed, which made them still more dissatisfied with Mr. Seward. They met in conference and voted to demand his dismissal, but subsequently thought it would be more respectful to request a reconstruction of the Cabinet.

The janitor at the White House was accustomed to see delegations and committees ascend the stairs leading to the President’s room, but not often had he seen nine Senators entering the chamber in a
 Dec. 19. body. They were men whom the President greatly respected—Sumner,⁽³⁾ Fessenden, Collamer, Pomeroy, Howard, Harris, Wade, Grimes, Trumbull. They had no charge to make of any particular wrong done by Mr. Seward, but thought he was not heartily supporting the measures of the President.

“I would like to see you again this evening,” said the President.

The Senators departed, and a little later each member of the Cabinet, in response to a request from the President, entered. They were



CHARLES SUMNER.

informed of the interview with the Senators. He desired them to know all that was being done. Once more—in the evening—the Senators met the President, together with the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward. We never shall know all that was said. A frank and free discussion was carried on till late in the night.

“Do you, gentlemen,” said the President, “still think Mr. Seward ought to be excused from serving as Secretary of State?”

“Yes,” said Sumner, Trumbull, Grimes, and Pomeroy.

“No,” responded Senator Harris.

“We decline to commit ourselves,” the answer of Fessenden, Collamer, and Howard.

On December 20th Secretary Seward and Secretary Chase sent their resignations to the President, but he declined to accept them; he needed their great services and had confidence in them.

Christmas was not, as in former years, full of joy and gladness, but sorrow, to those whose loved ones were buried where they fell on the battle-fields. Gloom and despondency were settling upon the Army of the Potomac. The leading generals were quarrelling. Burnside demanded the peremptory removal of those whom he believed had failed to do their duty—among them General Hooker. His subordinate commanders were denouncing him for the useless slaughter at Fredericksburg. There was want of unity in the Cabinet. Senators and members of Congress were criticising the Administration. The Republican members were divided in opinion. The Committee on the Conduct of the War was bringing to light many scandals. The men who opposed the war were becoming arrogant and aggressive. The Democratic Party was in power in many of the States, determined to thwart the President. Leading officers in the army said that “the army and the Government needed a dictator.” The time was near at hand when the final edict of emancipation would be issued. More bitterly than ever was it denounced as unconstitutional, unrighteous, and wicked by those who did not want to see slavery abolished. Is it a wonder that under these circumstances the sadness deepened upon the countenance of the President, or that he experienced unspeakable anguish as he thought of the slaughter at Fredericksburg and looked into the darkness of the future?

Many slaves had left their masters and made their way to Washington. The Government was obliged to establish a “contraband camp,” where they were cared for. On the last day of December the hands of the clock stole on to the midnight hour, when, according to the edict of Abraham Lincoln, they were to be free. The thousands kneeled and began to sing:

“Oh, go down, Moses,
Way down to Egypt's land;
Tell King Pharaoh
To let my people go.
Oh, Pharaoh said he would not cross—
'Let my people go.'
But Pharaoh and his hosts were lost—
Let my people go.”

The song ceased. The church bell slowly tolled the hour. There

was silence as of death, and then "Glory! hallelujah! we are free! God bless Massa Linkum!"

"O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb,
Waiting for God, your hour at last has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong."

So wrote John G. Whittier on hearing the consummation of the event which gave freedom to 4,000,000 slaves.

General Burnside planned a movement of the army. General Sumner was to have charge of it. General Averill, with a large force of cavalry, was to make a raid in rear of the Confederates and Jan. 1,
1863. destroy their communication with Richmond. While the church bells were tolling out the old year and ringing in the new, with its era of freedom, a despatch went over the wires from the President to Burnside:

"I have good reason for saying you must make no movement without consulting me."

General Burnside hastened to Washington, and learned that several of his subordinate officers had protested against the movement. He sent a letter to the President, in which he said that the country evidently had lost confidence in Mr. Stanton, General Halleck, and himself, and that all three ought to resign. He enclosed his own resignation. He called upon Secretary Stanton and informed him of what he had done.

"If," said Stanton, "you had as much confidence in yourself as others have in you, things would go through all right."

The President sent the resignation back to Burnside, who returned to the army.

Mr. Raymond, editor of the New York "Times," wishing to see the actual situation, visited Falmouth and talked with many officers.⁽⁴⁾

"I think," said General Wadsworth, "that the reported demoralization of the army is much exaggerated, and that the only trouble is in the disaffection of some of the officers, who had been greatly favored by McClellan, and who were hoping for his return to command."⁽⁵⁾

"There is," said Colonel Morrow, "a good deal of dissatisfaction—or rather of despondency—among officers and men, due mainly, in my opinion, to a lack of military successes and to a want of confidence in General Burnside, because he has no confidence in himself. He has said many times that he did not feel competent to command. He has not

only spoken of his incompetency, but has been before a Congressional committee and sworn to it. As an instance of the feeling in the army, one of my lieutenants has sent in his resignation because he does not approve of the policy on which the Government is conducting the war. The army must be reorganized, with a general at its head who has not been mixed up with rivalries.”(6)

General Burnside planned another advance. He intended to send a portion of the army down the river and make a feint of crossing. At



HENRY J. RAYMOND.

the same time he would make a rapid march up the river and gain a foothold on the southern side. Generals Franklin, Smith, and Hooker Jan. 22. vehemently opposed the plan. The orders were issued. The army began its march. But a storm came—the rain poured in torrents. Wagons and cannon could not be moved, and the troops returned to their quarters.

The dissatisfaction increased. It was promoted by officers rather than by the men. We need not wonder that Burnside keenly felt their antagonism. The command of the army had been thrust upon him. He had been thwarted in his first attempt by the inefficiency or neglect of Halleck in not having the pontoons at Fredericksburg. Franklin had not done his duty in battle, and together with Hooker, Smith, Cochrane, Woodbury, Sturgis, and Newton opposed his plans. The President himself had interfered with one of his projects, and yet would not accept his resignation. He could accomplish nothing, and resolved to remove the officers who were opposing him; but instead of issuing the order, he went to Washington to lay the matter before Mr. Lincoln.

“You know, Mr. President,” he said, “that I never sought any command—and more particularly that of the Army of the Potomac. You know my desire to return to civil life. I have no desire to place myself in opposition to you or to do anything to weaken the Government. I have written the order removing those officers, but I have no right to remove them without your approval. In case you cannot approve it, I must tender you once more my resignation.”

“General Burnside,” replied the President, “I think that you are correct, but I must consult with some of my advisers about this.”

In addition to the burdens he had to bear, the President, in compliance with custom, must hold receptions and shake hands with Jan. 24. several thousand people. It was only a minute that he could talk with Mr. Raymond on such an occasion.

“General Hooker is throwing obstacles in the way of Burnside.” said Mr. Raymond.

“It is true,” replied Mr. Lincoln; “Hooker does talk badly, but the trouble is he is stronger with the country to-day than any other man.”

“How long will he retain that strength when his real conduct and character is understood?”

“The country would not believe it; they would say it is a lie.”(?)

Mr. Seward was anxious to know what Mr. Raymond thought of affairs in the army. “The mass of the soldiers are loyal; the demoralization is with the officers,” said Mr. Raymond.

In addition to the jealousies and rivalries among the army officers, the President was annoyed by the course pursued by Horace Greeley, who was holding private interviews and correspondence with Mercier, the French Minister, to persuade him that the people of the United

States would welcome a mediation which would put an end to the war. (°)

Mr. Seward was Secretary of State, and had been intrusted by the President with all diplomatic affairs; but Mr. Greeley, a private citizen, was attempting to carry out a pet plan of his own devising, in violation of the law which forbade all intercourse with foreign Ministers. Mr. Greeley was undertaking to manage the affairs of the nation. He held intimate personal relations with the Secretary of State.

“He ought to be arrested,” said Mr. J. P. Usher, who had succeeded Mr. Smith as Secretary of the Interior. “If you were to have him arrested the public would see that the Government intended to punish with impartial vigor all violations of law and all departures from loyalty.”

“Were I to cause his arrest,” replied Mr. Seward, “it would be regarded as an act of personal hostility to Mr. Greeley, whose proposition is to be ridiculed. He proposes to make Switzerland the arbiter of our destiny—a republic half Prussian and half French, half Catholic and half Protestant, represented in Washington by a consul-general who keeps a feed-store near the Capitol, and who knows no more of the necessities and conditions of our national existence than of the politics of the moon. The President must be supported in his conduct of the war. The dream of separation is idle. The South will not rest content with any boundary that can be drawn. If it was the Potomac, they would want Washington and Baltimore; if the Susquehanna, they would want Philadelphia and then New York. Permanent peace on such a basis would be impossible. With all his defects President Lincoln is just the man for the crisis. Patient, capable of endurance, just and tolerant beyond example, Providence has raised him up for this emergency as He raised up Washington for the necessities of our struggle for independence.” (°)

Once more General Burnside entered the President’s chamber. “I have decided,” said Mr. Lincoln, “to relieve you of the command of the army; not to accept your resignation, but to give you a little rest, and I shall place General Hooker in command. I intend also to relieve General Sumner and General Franklin of their commands. Sumner is much older than Hooker, and ought not to be asked to serve under him.”

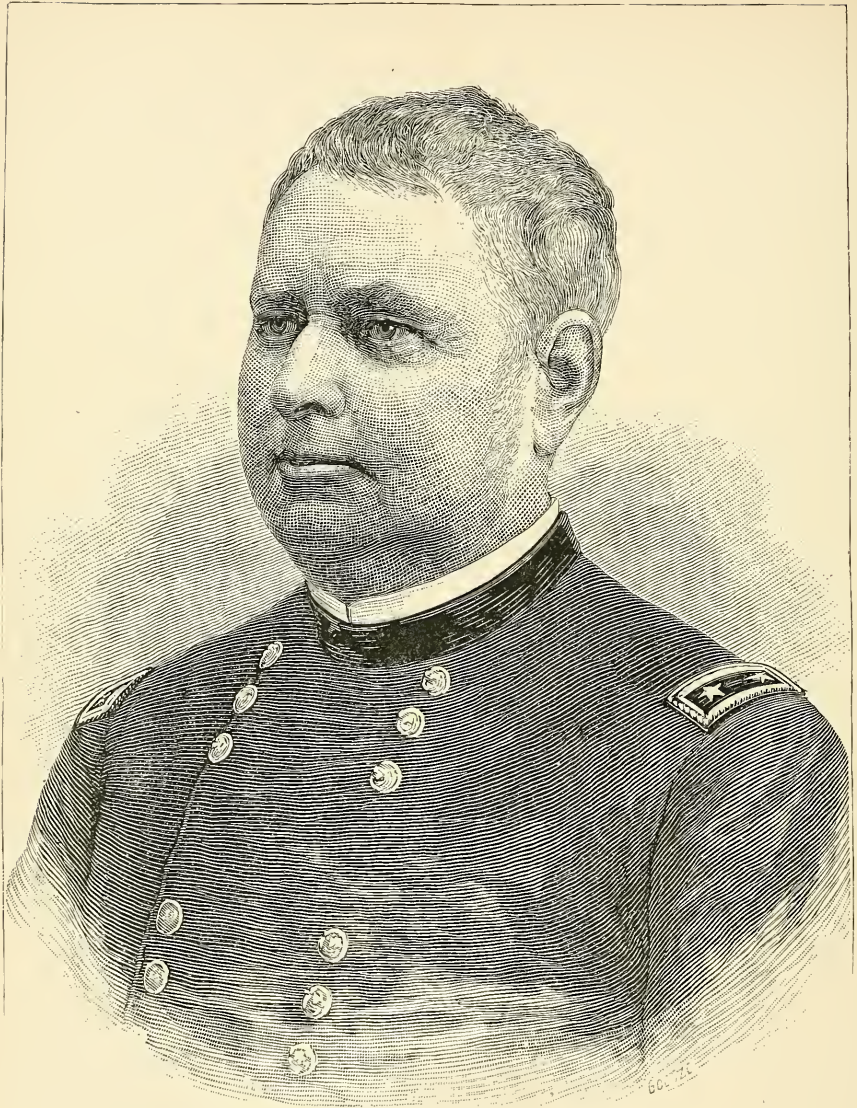
“I am content, Mr. President, to accept it as the best solution of the problem. Neither yourself nor General Hooker will be happier than I will be at any victory won by him.”

It was a very frank, open, and earnest letter which the President wrote to General Hooker :

“ I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm. But I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambitions, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong both to the country and a most meritorious and honorable brother-officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that the army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you a command. Only those generals who gain success can set up as dictators. What I ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The Government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising its commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now, beware of rashness ! Beware of rashness ! But with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.”

General Hooker found that the soldiers were homesick. The longing had become a disease. The medical staff had no medicine for its cure. The sight of home — of parents, wives, sisters, children — alone would cure it. He proposed to furlough for several days a specified number of men from each regiment, who must return on the appointed day, or their fellow-soldiers would not be able to go. President Lincoln at first objected, but allowed the experiment. The soldiers were upon their honor, and promptly returned. Homesickness disappeared, and the army took on new vigor and moral strength.

The Confederate cavalry under General Mosby made a daring and successful raid. They eluded the Union pickets at Centreville in the night, rode to Fairfax Court-house, surprised and captured General Stoughton, who was in command at that point, also thirty men, and fifty-eight horses and mules. Mosby and his soldiers were Virginians. They knew every road and path, and could make their way through the forest in the darkest night. Their exploits were those of marauders rather than of soldiers. President Lincoln laughed heartily when he heard of the capture. “ So one of my generals is captured,” he said. “ How fortunate ! I can fill his place in five minutes without costing a cent, but those mules cost \$200 each.”⁽¹⁰⁾



JOSEPH HOOKER.

It was the bubbling up of the unfailing spring of humor. A great many men wanted to be generals—those who had had no military experience. Senators, Congressmen, men of standing and position were asking him to appoint their friends. Colonels of regiments were looking forward to the time when they would wear a star on each shoulder, and

were using all possible means to bring it about. There was grim humor in the expression, "My generals." He appointed them, but had no means of knowing their fitness for command, except the representations of those who sought the appointments.

During the first week in May, General Hooker advanced to Chancellorsville, suffered defeat, and returned to Falmouth Hills. Nothing had been gained, and the Confederates could justly boast that they had won a great victory. The strategy of Hooker in gaining a position south of the Rapidan must be regarded as brilliant. His falling back from Tabernacle Church (see "Marching to Victory," battle of Chancellorsville) seemingly was a mistake in tactics. His hasty conclusion that the movement of Jackson across his front was a retreat of the Confederate army was an error of judgment.

On the morning that saw the Army of the Potomac once more at Falmouth, Professor Henry and Mr. Brooks, personal friends of Mr. Lincoln, were ushered into one of the family-rooms of the White House. The President entered, handed them a despatch, and tottered to a chair. "Read it—news from the army." It was all he could say

"The army has safely recrossed the Rappahannock!"

His face was the color of ashes, as if the fire of life had gone out.

"Oh, what will the country say? What will it say?" he gasped.

No thought of himself. The welfare of the country was the foremost thought.⁽¹⁾

A great battle had been fought. The Confederates, with an inferior force, had attacked Hooker and defeated him, compelling him to recross the river. Thousands had been killed. Nothing was gained. The country would hold the Administration responsible.

The Abolitionists, who had anticipated great and immediate results from the Emancipation Proclamation, were disappointed because the slaves did not flock in crowds to the Union armies. A delegation visited the White House to see if something could not be done to make the proclamation more effective. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced them to the President. They found him laughing heartily as they entered.

"You find the White House," he said, "in a highly sensational state. Tad informed me this morning that a lot of kittens had been added to the household, and just now a bulletin has been issued announcing that we have a family of puppies."

Some of the gentlemen thought it rather undignified for the Presi-

dent of a great nation to receive a delegation of honorable gentlemen in so hilarious a manner, but they saw the smile fade from his face, and heard sober words follow the gleeful laughter.

"It gives me pleasure to introduce Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston," said Senator Wilson, "and Mr. Moncure Conway, Mr. Bird, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Stearns."

"Oh, I know you all, gentlemen. Please be seated."

"We have come, Mr. President," said Mr. Phillips, "to express our gratitude and joy for what you have done in issuing the Proclamation of Emancipation. May we ask how, in your judgment, it is working?"

"Well, gentlemen, I never have supposed that any very great result would come at once, and consequently am not disappointed. I have hoped, and still hope, that something will come of it after a while."

"It was to be expected," said Mr. Phillips, "that the proclamation would arouse hostility in some quarters, but the people of the North are nearly satisfied in regard to it. But it has seemed to us that it is not being honestly carried out by all the generals in command."

"It is my impression," responded the President, "that the masses are only dissatisfied at our lack of military successes. Defeat and failure make everything seem wrong. Most of us here present have nearly all our lives been working in minorities, and many have got into a habit of being dissatisfied."

Mr. Phillips and those with him understood the significance of the words, for they had severely commented upon the President on many occasions, but they disclaimed any dissatisfaction since the proclamation had been issued.

"At any rate, gentlemen, it has been very rare that an opportunity has been lost of *running* this Administration."

"Mr. President," said Mr. Phillips, "if we see this Administration earnestly working to free the country from slavery and its rebellion, we will show you how we can run it into another four years of power."

"Oh, Mr. Phillips! I have ceased to have any personal feeling or expectation in that matter. I do not say that I never had any, but I have been greatly abused and borne upon. I must bear this load which the country has intrusted to me as well as I can, and do my best. I am glad to have met you, gentlemen. I have known of your distinguished services. Am pleased to have met you personally."

He bows graciously, and they take their departure, but they will carry through life the memory of a countenance inexpressibly sad, and burdened with care.

Visitors to the executive chamber saw maps suspended on the walls, with the positions of the armies of the Union and Confederacy plainly marked, and their movements traced from time to time. From the outbreak of the Rebellion the President had pointed out to the members of the Cabinet and others what he conceived to be the true lines for military operations.

“I see no hope of success,” said the President, as he stood looking at the maps. “This movement towards Richmond by the Army of the Potomac is on the same line as that attempted by Burnside. The one against Vicksburg by the Yazoo Pass, the movement of the monitors against Charleston, are not, in my judgment, going to be accomplished.”

He never had studied military science, but he comprehended the principles that must underlie successful strategic movements.

“There was not one of his most trusted military counsellors in the beginning of the war who equalled him in military sagacity,” (12) said General Keyes.

The failure of Hooker produced a feeling of depression throughout the country. A poem written by E. C. Stedman, which the President read to the members of the Cabinet, well expressed public sentiment :

“Give us a man of God's own mould,
 Born to marshal his fellow-men ;
 One whose fame is not bought and sold
 At the stroke of the politician's pen.
 Give us a man of thousands ten,
 Fit to do as well as to plan.
 Give us a rallying cry, and then,
 Abraham Lincoln, give us a man.”

McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Buell, Fremont, Pope—all had failed as commanders. Grant, who had won Donelson and Pittsburg Landing, was trying to capture Vicksburg. He had not succeeded in his attempt to turn the Mississippi by digging a canal, so as to gain the rear of Vicksburg by the Yazoo Pass. The Confederates were boasting that it was a Gibraltar, and that Grant would fail, no matter what his plan might be. General Halleck had shown no marked ability as a commander in the field. The people were asking Mr. Lincoln for what he could not give.

Senators and members of Congress were urging him to remove Grant, who, they said, was accomplishing nothing. “Mr. President,” said Senator Wade, of Ohio, “I have called to ask you to relieve Grant.

He is doing nothing. His hospitals are filled with sick. His army is wasting away."

"Senator, that reminds me of a story."

"Bother your stories, Mr. President. That is the way with you, sir. It is all *story—story*. You are the father of every military blunder that has been made during the war. You are on the road to h—l, sir, with this Government, and you are not a mile off this minute."

"Wade, that is about the distance from here to the Capitol," Mr. Lincoln replied, his eyes twinkling and smiles rippling his countenance. He knew that a true heart was beating in the breast of the outspoken Senator, and was not offended by the uncomplimentary language. (¹³)

More than a quarter of a century had passed since the tragedy at Alton, Ill., in which Rev. E. P. Lovejoy was murdered (see p. 377).



BENJAMIN F. WADE.

Through many years Mr. Lincoln had enjoyed the personal friendship of Owen Lovejoy, a brother, who had given his life in defence of the freedom of the Press. (14) The brother was member of Congress, and was always warmly welcomed at the executive mansion. He thought that national unity would be promoted by a greater mingling of Eastern with Western troops. The President saw that much good might come from such action, and wrote a note to the Secretary of War, which Mr. Lovejoy handed to Mr. Stanton.

"I will not do it," said the Secretary.

"But here, Mr. Secretary, is the President's letter."

"The President is a d——d fool."

Mr. Lovejoy returned to the White House.

"Well, what now, Lovejoy?" the President asked.

"Stanton says you are a d——d fool."

"Did he say that?"

"Yes."

"Well, if he said so, I reckon I must be, for he is nearly always right. I'll step over and see about it."

The object which Mr. Lovejoy had in view was accomplished a few months later, when a portion of the Army of the Potomac was sent west to share in the movement which swept the Confederates from Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga, and to take part in the capture of Atlanta and the March to the Sea.

In the battle of Chancellorsville the Confederates lost the very able commander, "Stonewall" Jackson, who, although fighting against the Government, was highly esteemed by Mr. Lincoln for his ability as a commander, and for the stainless purity of his character. A fitting tribute to the fallen general in the Philadelphia "Press" elicited from the President a note, thanking the editor for what he had written. (15)

General Burnside had been appointed commander of the Department of Ohio. He issued an order which announced that persons who committed acts for the benefit of the enemies of the country would be tried as spies and traitors, and if convicted would suffer death. Instead of allaying discussion, the order aroused the hostility of those who opposed the war.

The Democratic Party was emboldened by the results of the fall elections. Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, became very bitter. At a political meeting held at Mount Vernon he inflamed his hearers by saying it was the design of those in power to establish a despotism, and they had no intention of restoring the Union. If the people sub-

mitted to the conscription, they were not worthy to be called free men. He spoke of the President as "King Lincoln." The defiant attitude and treasonable speeches of Vallandigham caused his arrest and trial by court-martial, and he was sentenced to be placed in confinement during the war. General Burnside approved the sentence, and selected Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, as the place where he should be imprisoned. The President did not know of this. It seems probable that had he known he would not have allowed the trial to go on. General Burnside possibly saw he had not pursued the best course. He wrote that his resignation was at the disposal of the President.

"When I wish to supersede you I will let you know," the reply.

The President saw that if Vallandigham were to be kept in confinement he would have the sympathy of the entire Democratic Party. There is humor in his action in changing the sentence of the court—that he be sent "beyond our lines into those of his friends."

Vallandigham was accordingly escorted to the Confederate lines in Tennessee, from whence he proceeded to Richmond. It was not a very cordial reception that was given him. "He has no claim on ^{May 25.} our gratitude," said the "Richmond Examiner;" "he is simply an alien enemy, a prisoner of war, a respectable enemy."

Mr. Vallandigham assured Jefferson Davis that if the Confederates could hold out another year the Peace Party of the North would sweep the Lincoln dynasty out of political existence. After a short stay in Richmond he ran the blockade to Nassau, and thence to Canada.

When the war began more men volunteered than were called for, but the wave of patriotism had spent its force, and Congress had ordered a draft which was to be made on the first day of July. The Democratic Party opposed it. The war was declared to be a failure. Peace conventions were held; one in New York City, which declared that "Under the Constitution there is no power to coerce the States by military force." The Democratic convention of Pennsylvania denounced the emancipation of the slaves. "The party of fanaticism," read one of the resolutions, "or crime, whichever it may be called, that seeks to turn loose the slaves of the Southern States to overrun the North, and to enter into competition with the white laboring masses, thus degrading their manhood by placing them on equality with the negroes, is insulting to our race and merits our unqualified condemnation. This is a government of white men, and was established exclusively for white men."

The Democrats of New York held a "peace meeting" at Albany



OWEN LOVEJOY.

(May 16th), at which a letter was read, written by Governor Seymour. Concerning the arrest of Vallandigham, he said :

“ If it is approved by the Government and sanctioned by the people, it is not merely a step towards revolution—it is revolution. . . . If it is upheld our liberties are overthrown. . . . The action of the Administration will determine, in the minds of more than one-half of the people of the loyal States, whether the war is waged to put down rebellion in the South or destroy free institutions in the North.”

The convention passed a series of resolutions condemning arbitrary arrests, and calling upon the President to reverse the proceedings of the military courts.

Not many State papers surpass in vigor, force, clearness, and directness of statement the reply of Mr. Lincoln. He referred to the safety of individuals under the Constitution, and reviewed the state of affairs when he was inaugurated President—how forts and arsenals had been seized. The men who were fighting against the lawful authority of government had been long preparing for its overthrow. They knew that if war came *habeas corpus* would probably be suspended. The President said :

“ Civil courts were powerless. Even in times of peace bands of horse-thieves and robbers frequently grew too numerous and powerful for ordinary courts of justice. But what comparison in number have such bands ever borne to the insurgent sympathizers in many of the loyal States ? A jury too frequently has one member who is more ready to hang the panel than to hang the traitor. He who dissuades one man from volunteering or induces one soldier to desert weakens the Union cause just as much as he who kills a soldier in battle. Yet this dissuasion may be so conducted as to be no definite crime of which any civil court would take cognizance. . . . Mr. Vallandigham was not arrested because he was damaging the political prospects of the Administration, or the personal interests of the commanding general, but because he was damaging the army, upon the existence and vigor of which the life of the nation depends. He was warring upon the military, and this gave the military constitutional jurisdiction to lay hands on him. . . . Long experience has shown that armies cannot be maintained unless desertion shall be punished by the severe penalty of death. The case requires, and the law and Constitution sustain this punishment. *Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier-boy who deserts, and not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert ?*

“ This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father, brother, or friend into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings until he is persuaded to write to the soldier-boy that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case to silence the agitator and save the boy is not only constitutional, but, withal, a great mercy. . . . I am not able to appreciate the danger apprehended that the American people will, by means of military arrests during the Rebellion, lose the right of public discussion, the liberty of speech and the Press, the law of evidence, trial by jury, *habeas corpus* throughout the indefinite, peaceful future, which I trust lies before them, any more than I am able to believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics during a temporary illness as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life.”

The “ Peace Democrats ” were very angry, but the letter gave great satisfaction to the loyal people. They saw in its perfect candor that Abraham Lincoln never would assume to be a dictator, and that civil liberty was safe in his hands.

Spies reported that the Confederates were preparing to invade Pennsylvania. General Hooker wrote to the President, expressing a desire, in case a large portion of Lee’s army was to leave Fredericksburg, to cross the river and fall on the remainder. The President replied :

“I have but one idea which I think worth suggesting to you, and that in case you find Lee coming north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross south of it. If he should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg, tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments and have you at a disadvantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would in some way be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon a river like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other.”

Again General Hooker sent a despatch :

“Will it not promote the true interest of the cause for me to march to Richmond at once ?”

The President answered :

“I think Lee’s army and not Richmond is your true objective point. If he comes towards the upper Potomac follow his flank, and on the inside track, shortening your line while he lengthens his. Fight him, too, when opportunity offers. If he stays where he is fret him, fret him.”

From the beginning of the war the cry had been “Richmond.” McClellan had made the Confederate capital his objective point. Hooker was doing the same. They had been educated in military ideas at West Point ; but the President understood that the power of the Rebellion was in the Confederate Army. Destroy that, and the Confederacy and its “corner-stone” would crumble.

A brigade of Confederate cavalry entered Chambersburg, Pa. Parties of soldiers went out in all directions collecting what cattle and horses they could find, also negroes, sending them into Virginia June 16. to be sold as slaves. It mattered not that they were free. Having collected a large amount of provisions, the Confederates fell back to Williamsport. It was known the army under Lee was making its way northward. Hooker was east of the Bull Run Mountain, ready to cross the Potomac whenever Lee indicated his chosen line of march. On Maryland Heights, at Harper’s Ferry, were 10,000 Union troops, commanded by General French ; they were in a military department under General Schenck, whose headquarters were at Baltimore. Hooker wanted to use them, and asked that they be transferred to his command. Halleck refused to grant the request. General Heintzelman was in command of 30,000 troops holding the forts at Washington. General Lee’s plan was soon discovered by the advance of the Union cavalry westward to Aldie, in Virginia, where it came in collision with the Confederate cavalry under Stuart. The infantry, artillery, and supplies

of the Confederates were all moving northward down the Shenandoah Valley. Stuart was east of the Blue Ridge, covering the movement.

The war had divided families, especially in the border States ; in Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri brothers were fighting against brothers. Kentucky had not seceded, but many citizens of that State had joined the Confederates, among them Major Todd, brother of Mrs. Lincoln.

The Confederate corps leading the advance of Lee's army, commanded by General Ewell, reached Williamsport, crossed the Potomac, and moved on to Chambersburg. Major Todd was in Ewell's command. He attempted to enter the house of Dr. Stevens uninvited, but was confronted by Miss Stevens, the doctor's daughter, who raised an axe and stood ready to strike. "I'll split your head open," she said. The major thought it prudent to give up the attempt.

When the Confederates reached Chambersburg, Hooker comprehended the meaning of the movement. The Union army crossed the Potomac. Again he asked that the troops at Harper's Ferry be transferred to his command. He intended to join them to the Twelfth Corps, under General Slocum, making a force of 25,000 to close upon the rear of Lee, and prevent his receiving supplies. General Halleck again refused, whereupon Hooker sent a despatch to Mr. Stanton, resigning the command of the army.

Mr. Stanton was greatly depressed. No other officer knew what plan, if any, General Hooker had in view. A great battle must soon be fought.

"Will you please come to the War Office, at once?" the message from the Secretary of War.

Mr. Lincoln entered and read the despatch ; the blood for a moment left his face, as if the heart had ceased to beat.

"What shall be done, Mr. President?"

"Accept his resignation," the instant reply. ⁽¹⁶⁾

Such prompt action warrants the conclusion that Mr. Lincoln had anticipated such a possible contingency, and had decided the question of a successor to Hooker. He knew General George G. Meade had rendered efficient service as a division commander on the peninsula and at Fredericksburg. He was a native and citizen of Pennsylvania. The Confederate army was about to invade that State. The people would have confidence in him. He was a Democrat, but not a partisan. He would have the confidence of the War Democrats. ⁽¹⁷⁾ Mr. Lincoln was in doubt whether he should appoint Meade or General Reynolds. The latter was also from Pennsylvania, and had shown marked qualities

of character, and was equally well qualified to assume command of the army.

A special train came from Washington, bringing Colonel Hardie with a letter to General Hooker from the President, relieving him, and another to General Meade, commanding the Fifth Corps, appointing him commander-in-chief.

It was a surprise to General Meade and to the army. I saw him a few minutes after he received the order, standing with bowed head and downcast eyes, his slouched hat drawn down and shading his features. He was lost in thought. His uniform was the worse for wear during hard service. As a loyal soldier he accepted the great responsibility. General Hooker bade good-bye to his officers with the tears coursing down his cheeks. He issued a brief but tender, pathetic, and patriotic address :

“With the earnest prayer that the triumph of this army may bring successes worthy of it and the nation, I bid it farewell.”

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIX.

(¹) Schucker's "Life of Salmon P. Chase," p. 379.

(²) Warden's "Life of Salmon P. Chase," p. 475.

(³) Charles Sumner was born in Boston, June 11, 1881. At the age of 19 he graduated from Harvard University, studied law, and was appointed reporter of the United States Circuit Court. While occupying that position he edited the "American Jurist," and gave lectures on constitutional law in Harvard University. In 1837 he visited Great Britain and Europe. During three years' sojourn abroad he acquired several European languages—was received as a scholar in all countries. At a civic banquet, July 4, 1845, he delivered an oration upon the "True Grandeur of Nations," in which he vigorously assailed the attitude of the United States towards Mexico, maintaining that all differences between the two countries should be settled by arbitration. The oration attracted much attention in the United States and other countries. He opposed the annexation of Texas. He saw that it was wholly in the interest of slavery. He published a letter in which he commented severely upon the course of Robert C. Winthrop, representative in Congress, for favoring the war. His pronounced position against the extension of slavery led, in 1851, to his election as Senator to succeed Daniel Webster. He remained in the Senate till his death, March 11, 1874. A speech delivered May 19 and 20, 1856, upon "The Crime in Kansas," led Preston S. Brooks, member of Congress from South Carolina, to brutally assault Mr. Sumner in the Senate-chamber, dealing a blow which felled him to the floor, and from which he never fully recovered. Brooks was expelled from the House, but was immediately re-elected and presented with a gold-headed cane by his constituents. After the assault Mr. Sumner visited Europe to obtain medical treatment. Upon resuming his seat he took an active part in all matters of legislation. He saw, with President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, that the seizure of Mason and Slidell was a violation of international law. Through the War of the Rebellion he occupied an influential position as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. His speech upon

the Alabama Claims in 1869 caused much excitement in England, when it was looked upon as an attempt to bring about a war with that country. Mr. Sumner opposed the acquisition of Santo Domingo as proposed by President Grant. His attitude led to his deposition from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The transaction was regarded as unwarranted. Mr. Sumner became antagonistic to President Grant's Administration, and in 1872 supported Horace Greeley for the Presidency, and was nominated by the Democratic Party of Massachusetts for Governor. The nomination was declined. He advocated the removal from the regimental colors of the army and from the army register the names of battles won by Union troops, and introduced a bill to that effect. The Legislature of Massachusetts passed a resolution censuring his course, which, however, was rescinded before his death. Upon the assassination of President Lincoln Mr. Sumner gave an oration beginning with a memorable sentence: "There are no mistakes in the universe of God." As statesman and scholar Mr. Sumner will ever occupy an exalted position.—Author.

(4) Henry J. Raymond was born in New York City, January 24, 1820, but was taken to the country by his parents. His early years were passed on a farm. He graduated at the University of Vermont at the age of 20, studied law, but became, in 1841, associated with Horace Greeley as assistant editor of the New York "Tribune." Subsequently he was connected with the New York "Courier and Enquirer," and with the publishing house of Harper & Brothers. In 1849 he was elected to the State Senate, and the following year to the Assembly, and became Speaker. In 1851 he established the New York "Times." He was active in the formation of the Republican Party, and became Lieutenant-governor of the State, 1854. He was offered the nomination for Governor in 1857, but declined the honor. In the memorable contest between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858 Mr. Raymond advocated the election of Douglas. He warmly supported Mr. Seward in 1860 as candidate for the Presidency, but supported Mr. Lincoln during the campaign. He was again elected to the State Assembly in 1861, and was a candidate for Senator in 1863, but was defeated by Edwin D. Morgan. In 1864 he was elected to Congress. During his Congressional term he compiled a "History of President Lincoln's Administration," also the "Life and Services of President Lincoln." He died June 18, 1869.—Author.

(5) H. J. Raymond's Diary, "Scribner's Magazine," January 1, 1880.

(6) *Ibid.*

(7) *Ibid.*, March, 1880.

(8) *Ibid.*

(9) *Ibid.*

(10) Schuyler Colfax, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 339.

(11) "Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 592.

(12) *Ibid.*, 493.

(13) Benjamin F. Wade was born in Springfield, Mass., October 27, 1810. His early life was one of great hardship. His boyhood was passed on a farm. When thirteen years old he aided in driving a herd of cattle from Massachusetts to Philadelphia. He worked as a laborer in the construction of the Erie Canal, earning sufficient money to begin the study of medicine, but the legal profession being more congenial to his taste, he became an attorney when twenty years of age at Jefferson, O., forming a partnership with Joshua R. Giddings. In 1835 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Ashabula County, and in 1837 a member of the State Senate. He was elected to the Senate of the United States, 1851. He was a determined opponent of the aggressions of the slave power. He made a brave and resolute speech in the Senate after the brutal assault upon Senator Charles Sumner by Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina. He was made chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War. After the death of President

Lincoln he became, as President of the Senate, acting Vice-president of the United States. He was ever outspoken in his opinions. He died at Jefferson, O., 1878.—Author.

(14) Owen Lovejoy was born in Allison Me., 1811. His father was a Congregationalist minister. He worked on a farm till eighteen years of age, and then by his own exertions paid his way through Bowdoin College. He was present at Alton, Ill., when his brother, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, was murdered by a pro-slavery mob in defence of the liberty of the Press. Over the dead body of his brother he vowed eternal hostility to slavery. He prepared himself for the clerical profession, and became pastor of the Congregational church, Princeton, Ill. The church excluded slave-holders from its fellowship. Mr. Lovejoy was active in aiding fugitive slaves to reach Canada. He took an active part in political affairs and was elected to the Legislature of Illinois, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln, and became his personal friend. He was elected to Congress, 1858. He took a prominent part in debate, and was held in high esteem by his political opponents for nobility of character and uncompromising fidelity to principle. He was a frequent visitor to the White House, and was greatly beloved by the President.—Author

(15) J. W. Forney, "Anecdotes of Public Men," vol. i., p. 167.

(16) George S. Boutwell, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 128.

(17) Ibid.

CHAPTER XX.

GETTYSBURG.

THE sun was setting on the last day of June when a division of Union cavalry under General Buford entered the town of Gettysburg. The scouts had been watching the roads leading through the mountains towards the Cumberland Valley. During the previous night they had seen the Confederate camp-fires gleaming in the west. General Buford had been directed by General Reynolds to proceed to Gettysburg and hold that section of the country. It was known that Ewell's corps of the Confederate army was near Harrisburg, and the main body of the army west of Gettysburg. Reynolds saw that a collision must soon take place. The cavalymen, as they wheeled into the public square, beheld Pettigrew's brigade of Confederate infantry descending the hill on the Chambersburg turnpike west of the town. They were intending to help themselves to boots, shoes, and clothing from the stores, but, seeing the Union troops, they retraced their steps to Herr's Tavern, beyond Willoughby Run. The cavalry followed to that stream, along which the pickets of both armies watched through the night.

From the road in front of the tavern, at seven o'clock in the July 1. morning, Pegram's cannon sent a shell across Willoughby Run, 1863. and a moment later the guns of Calef's battery made reply. The battle of Gettysburg had begun.

The scenes of that conflict are a part of the history of the war. (See "Marching to Victory.") It has come to be regarded as the turning-point of the Rebellion — deciding the destiny of the nation and of republican government.

Through the forenoon of the national holiday I was riding over the battle-field. The Confederates were holding the ground along the woods from whence Pickett's division advanced on the preceding July 4. afternoon, but behind the outposts were unmistakable signs that Lee was preparing to retreat. A little later I saw baggage-wagons

winding along the road westward. At General Meade's headquarters it was believed that Lee was intending to retire at nightfall. The next morning I entered the Eutaw House, in Baltimore. The corridor was filled with anxious men, among them Henry Winter Davis and Elisha B. Washburne, members of Congress. They had heard of the repulse of Pickett's division and were anxious for further information.

"Where are you from?" Washburne asked.

"Gettysburg."

"What's the news?"

"We have won the greatest battle of the war."

"Now, see here; don't tell a lie. We have been deceived often enough. Is it true?"

"I have been all over the battle-field, and the rebels are in retreat."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" the shout.

The next moment Washburne and Davis were hugging each other. General Schenck, commander of the military department, seized me by the arm, led me to his own room, closed the door, asked when I had left the field, and what I had seen. He telegraphed the information to the President. It was the first report received in Washington of the movement of Lee towards Virginia.

At no period of the war did the President exhibit such anxiety as during the week succeeding the appointment of General Meade to command the army.

"I shall never forget," writes a Senator, "the painful anxiety of those few days when the fate of the nation seemed to hang in the balance, nor the restless solicitude of Mr. Lincoln, as he paced up and down the room, reading despatches, soliloquizing, and often stopping to trace the map which hung against the wall; nor the relief we all felt when the fact was established that victory, though gained at a fearful cost, was indeed on the side of the Union." (1)

After the President received the telegram from General Schenck that the Confederates were retreating from Gettysburg, he proceeded to the Ebbitt House to call upon General Sickles, who was ^{July 5.} wounded during the second day's engagement, and who had arrived in Washington. General James B. Rusling (2) was with General Sickles when Mr. Lincoln entered the room. There was no longer any sign of anxiety on the face of the President as he shook hands with the wounded commander.

"Were you not worried, Mr. President, as to what might be the result of the battle?" Sickles asked.

“ Oh no; I thought it would all come out right.”

“ But you must have been the only man who felt so,” replied Sickles, “ for I understand that there was a deep feeling of anxiety here among the heads of the Government.”

“ Yes,” replied the President, “ Stanton, Welles, and the rest were pretty badly rattled. They ordered two or three gunboats up to the city and placed some of the Government archives aboard, and wanted me to go aboard; but I told them it wasn’t necessary, and that it would be all right.”

“ But what made you feel so confident, Mr. President?” persisted General Sickles.

“ Oh, I had my reasons; but I don’t care to mention them, for they would perhaps be laughed at,” said Lincoln.

The curiosity of both the other gentlemen was greatly excited, and General Sickles again pressed Mr. Lincoln for the grounds of his confidence. Finally, Lincoln said :

“ Well, I will tell you why I felt confident we should win at Gettysburg. Before the battle I retired alone to my room in the White House, and got down on my knees and prayed to the Almighty God to give us the victory. I said to Him that this was His war, and that if He would stand by the nation now, I would stand by Him the rest of my life. He gave us the victory, and I propose to keep my pledge. I arose from my knees with a feeling of deep and serene confidence, and had no doubt of the result from that hour.”

“ General Sickles and myself,” said Rusling, “ were both profoundly impressed by Lincoln’s words, and for some minutes complete silence reigned. Then Sickles, turning over on his couch, said :

“ Well, Mr. President, how do you feel about the Vicksburg campaign?”

“ Oh, I think that will be all right, too. Grant is pegging away at the enemy, and I have great confidence in him. I like Grant. He doesn’t bother me or give any trouble. I prayed for success there, too; I told the Lord about the Vicksburg campaign; that victory there would cut the Confederacy in two, and would be the decisive one of the war. I have abiding faith that we shall come out all right at Vicksburg. If Grant wins I shall stick to him though the war.”

In the congratulatory address issued by General Meade after the battle, he urged the soldiers “ to drive the invaders from our soil.” The President read it; his hands fell upon his knees and the old-time sadness appeared, as he exclaimed, “ *Drive the invaders from our soil!* My God! Is that all?”⁽³⁾

While the Confederates were retreating from Gettysburg, General Pemberton was surrendering Vicksburg to General Grant, with
 July 13. 31,000 soldiers and 172 cannon.

General Banks was besieging Port Hudson. "Vicksburg is ours!" shouted the Union soldiers. An officer with a white flag came out
 July 8. from the Confederate lines with a letter from General Gardner, asking if it was true that Vicksburg had fallen. General Banks replied that it was, and enclosed a copy of the letter he had received from General Grant. The Confederates were on the point of starvation. They had been eating mule meat. Their commander could hold out no longer, and surrendered. The last vestige of Confederate power had disappeared from the Mississippi, and once more its waters were free to peaceful commerce.

We have seen President Lincoln standing before a map in the executive chamber and predicting that the proposed movement of Hooker towards Richmond, the effort of the monitors at Charleston, the attempt of Grant to reach Vicksburg by the Yazoo Pass, would not be successful. His predictions had proved true. But the determination of Grant to capture Vicksburg was strengthened by his repeated failures. Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson make a turning-point in history. On July 13th the President wrote to General Grant:

"I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I write to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did: march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below. I never had any faith, except a general hope, that you knew better than I that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks. When you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

"I guess," said the President to a friend, "I was right in standing by Grant, although there was a great pressure made after Pittsburg Landing to have him censured. I thought I saw enough in Grant to convince me that he was one on whom the country could depend. That unconditional message to Buckner at Donelson suited me. It indicated the spirit of the man." (1)

The victories won at Gettysburg and on the Mississippi, instead of kindling the patriotism of the Peace Democrats, made them angry. On July 4th, while Lee was preparing to retreat from Pennsylvania, while

Pemberton's troops were laying down their arms, Governor Seymour, of New York, was addressing a Democratic convention:

"I stand before you on this occasion not as one animated by expected victories, but feeling, as all feel now within sound of my voice, the dread uncertainties of the conflicts which rage around us—not alone in Pennsylvania, but along the whole course of the Mississippi—that are carrying down to bloody graves so many of our fellow-countrymen. . . . The doctrine of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* is unconstitutional, unsound, unjust, and treasonable."

In New Hampshire, at the same hour, ex-President Franklin Pierce, one of the "house-builders," said: "The mailed hand of despotism strikes down the liberties of the people, and its foot tramples a desecrated Constitution."

The draft was resisted in New York City. The mob attacked the office of the provost marshal. The President was denounced as being worse than Nero or Caligula of imperial Rome. Negroes were seized and hanged, an asylum for colored children burned, the office of the "Tribune" assailed. Many of the rioters were killed before order was restored.

In Ohio the Peace Democrats had nominated Vallandigham for Governor. A body of Confederate cavalry under John Morgan was making a raid through Southern Indiana and Ohio; but their seizure of horses and plundering of citizens did not contribute to Vallandigham's success.

The Peace Democrats of Illinois were very bitter against the President. The Republicans were to hold a convention in September, and desired Mr. Lincoln to be present. That he would not do. Under no circumstances would he attend a political gathering. He wrote:

"The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great North-west for it. Nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The Sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand. On the spot their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one, and let none be banned who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and well done than at Antietam, Murfreesborough, Gettysburg, and on many fields of lesser note. Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present. Not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou; and wherever the ground was a little damp they have been and made their tracks. Thanks to all! For the great republic, for the principle it lives by and keeps alive, for man's vast future, thanks to all!

“Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and they who take such appeal are sure to lose their ease and pay the cost. And there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clinched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it.

“Still let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result.”

General Rosecrans, in command of the Army of the Tennessee, by a strategic movement had forced General Bragg to evacuate the stronghold of Chattanooga. He thought the Confederates were
 Sept. 20. retreating towards Atlanta; but they were, instead, concentrating all their available troops for an attack. Longstreet's corps was sent from Virginia, and Rosecrans, at Chickamauga, suddenly found himself confronted by an army larger than his own. He suffered a defeat.

Notwithstanding this disaster, and the earnest efforts made by the Peace Democrats against the Administration, the loyal people of the North manifested their approval by increased majorities at the fall election, every State except New Jersey being carried by the Republicans. John Brough, who had been a Democrat before the war, but who was loyal to the flag, was the candidate of the Republicans in Ohio.

“John Brough, what is your majority?” asked the President, about nine o'clock on the evening of the election.

“Over 30,000, Mr. President.”

“What is your majority now?” the question late in the night.

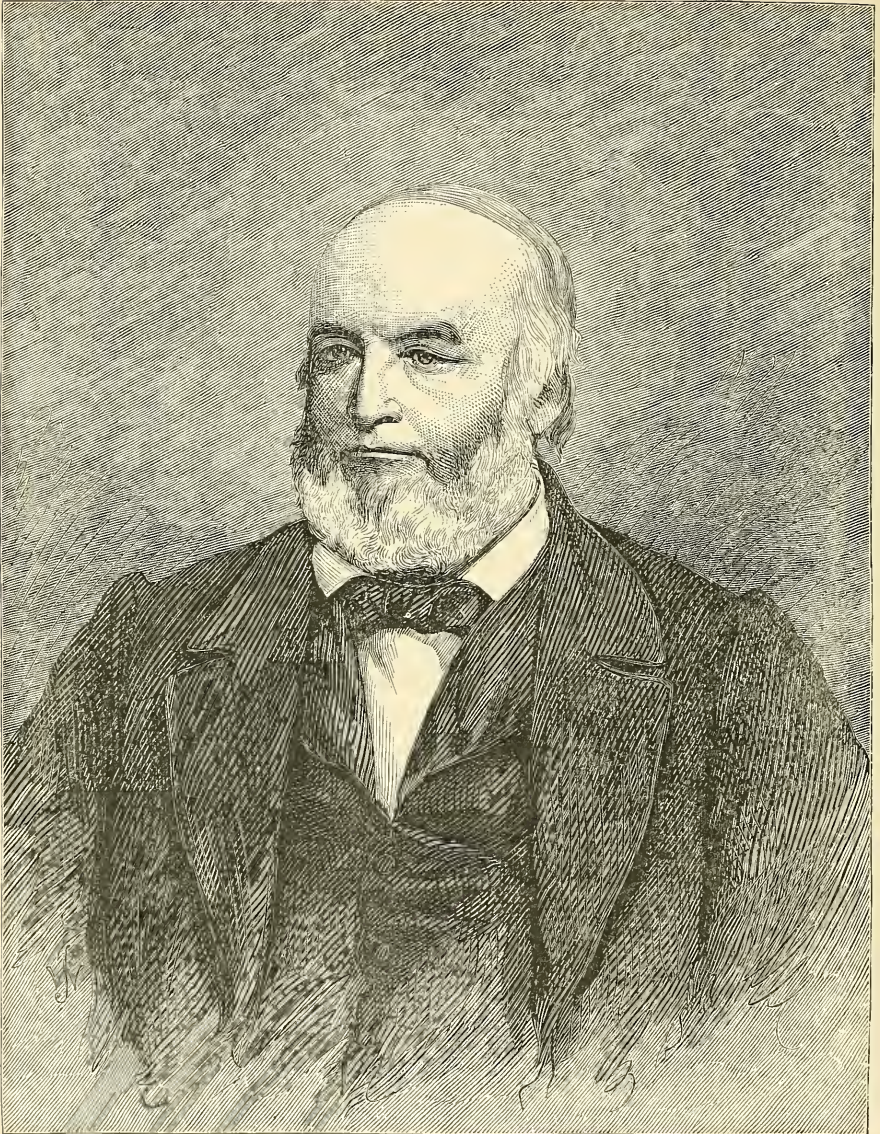
“Over 100,000,” the reply.

“Glory to God in the highest! Ohio has saved the nation!” the fervent exclamation of the President as he read the despatch.

The State of Pennsylvania had purchased a portion of the Gettysburg battle-field as a burial-place for the Union soldiers killed in that engagement. It was to be consecrated by imposing ceremonies.

Nov. 19. President Lincoln arrived at Gettysburg on the preceding afternoon, and became the guest of Judge Willis. Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts, and other distinguished gentlemen, were also entertained at the same hospitable mansion.

“What is to be the order of exercises to-morrow?” asked Mr. Lincoln, just before retiring to his chamber, after a delightful evening of social intercourse.



JOHN BROUGH.

“The oration will be given by Mr. Everett,” said Judge Willis, “and then I shall call upon the President of the United States for some remarks.”

“I supposed I might be expected to say something, and I shall have

to put some stray thoughts together," said President Lincoln, smiling pleasantly. (6)

In his chamber, after the fatiguing journey from Washington, after an evening reception, he wrote out his "stray thoughts."

On the morning of July 1st, when the brigade of General Wadsworth turned from the Emmettsburg road by the house of Nicholas Codori and marched across the fields, the soldiers saw a man with a gun running to join them. It was John Burns, citizen, who stepped into the ranks of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment, and, without waiting to be enrolled, went into the fight, and was severely wounded.

"I should like to have Burns go with me to the dedication," said Mr. Lincoln. The veteran came and accompanied the President to Cemetery Hill, which during the battle was swept by shot and shell from the Confederate artillery, and where forty Union cannon thundered defiance in the heat of the conflict.

Mr. Everett was an accomplished orator. (6) His rhetoric was faultless. For two hours the great audience listened to him. The applause that followed his closing sentence died away.

"Lincoln! Lincoln!" shouted the people.

The President arose, stepped to the front of the platform, put his spectacles on his nose, took a sheet of paper from his pocket and read what he had written, and which will be reread so long as the United States is a nation :

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The audience has loudly applauded Mr. Everett, but now is hushed as if it were a prayer or a benediction falling from the lips of the chief magistrate of the nation. Eyes unaccustomed to weeping fill with tears.

"Mr. Everett, allow me to congratulate you upon your success," said the President, reaching out his hand to the orator of the day.

"Ah, Mr. President, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines!" Mr. Everett replied, with emotion.

The beginning of November had seen the defeat of the Peace Democrats in the elections; the month ended with the Confederates fleeing in confusion from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Nov. 24. The President was dissatisfied over the inaction of General Meade (who, after the battle of Gettysburg, accomplished nothing), but was much gratified by what General Grant had done. Some who thought he had made a mistake in paroling prisoners captured at Vicksburg expressed to the President their fears that the soldiers would be again conscripted into the Confederate army.

"Did you ever hear of what became of Sykes's dog?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"No."

"Well, I must tell you. Sykes had a yellow dog which he thought a great deal of, but the boys in the village didn't think the cur was of any good to anybody. The puppy was generally regarded as of no account. The boys thought they would get rid of him somehow. They didn't want to pound the dog with clubs, so they put a cartridge into a piece of meat and attached a fuse. They saw the dog coming down the street, threw the meat on the sidewalk, lighted the fuse, and waited to see what would happen. The dog swallowed the meat, cartridge, and all, but the next moment there were several pieces of dog lying round loose. Sykes came along and looked at the pieces. 'Well,' he said, 'I reckon the puppy never will be worth much hereafter—*as a dog!*' So, gentlemen, I reckon that Pemberton's soldiers will never be of much account again—*as an army.*"

General Milroy, in command of a corps of Union troops at Winchester when Lee advanced to Pennsylvania, was brought before a court-martial by Secretary Stanton for alleged disobedience of orders. Milroy shielded himself behind the order of General Schenck, who was in command of the military department. General Schenck sent Donn Piatt, one of the members of his staff, to the President with his protest.

“Mr. President, I am directed to read it to you,” said Piatt.

“Let me see it; I can read,” said Mr. Lincoln.

“Piatt, don’t you think that you and Schenck are squealing, like pigs, before you are hurt?”

“No, Mr. President.”

“Why, am I not the court of appeal? Do you think I am going to have injustice done Schenck?”

“Mr. President, allow me to say that before the appeal can be heard a soldier’s reputation will be blasted by a *packed* court.”



EDWARD EVERETT

“Come, now, Piatt, you and I are lawyers, and I know the meaning of the word ‘packed.’ I don’t want to hear it from your lips again. What is the matter with the court?”

“It is illegally organized by General Halleck.”

“But General Halleck’s act is mine.”

"Mr. President, I beg your pardon. The 'Rules and Regulations' direct that in cases of this sort *you* shall select the court. You cannot delegate that to a subordinate officer any more than you can the pardoning power. Here is the article," said Piatt, opening the "Rules and Regulations."

"That *is* a point. Do you know, Piatt, that I have been so busy that I never have read the 'Rules and Regulations'? Give me the book, and I will read them to-night."

"Yes, Mr. President, but in the mean time General Schenck will be put under arrest for disobedience, and the mischief will be done."

"That's so. Here, give me a pencil."

The President tore off part of a blank sheet from the protest and wrote the following:

"All proceedings before the court-martial convened to try General Milroy are suspended until further orders." (?)

The President's sense of justice and right settled the question. He was commander-in-chief. Stanton had overstepped his authority.

The Confederates were in need of percussion-caps; they also wanted quinine, a remedy for fever-and-ague, which commanded a very high price. Among those arrested for attempting to supply them with articles contraband of war was Rev. Henry M. Lockett, a Methodist minister past seventy years of age. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. The day before the one fixed for his death his daughter, Mrs. Bullitt, of Kentucky; Hon. Henry M. Lane, Senator from Indiana; Daniel W. Voorhees, member of Congress from that State, and several other gentlemen, entered the executive chamber.

"We have called," said Senator Lane, "to ask you, Mr. President, to reprieve Henry M. Lockett, who is sentenced to be shot to-morrow. He is an old man. He has done wrong, but there are extenuating circumstances. He is poor. He has been overpersuaded by Confederate friends."

The President made no reply. The daughter of the condemned man approached. He turned to hear what she had to say. She pleaded earnestly for her father's life.

"Lane, what did you say the man's name was?" said the President, breaking in, seemingly awakening from a dream.

"Lockett."

"Not Henry M. Lockett?"

"Yes; that is my father's name," Mrs. Bullitt replied.

"Didn't he preach in Springfield years ago?"

“Yes, sir; my father preached there.”

“Well, this is wonderful! I know him—have heard him preach. He is tall and angular like myself. I have been mistaken for him on the streets. Did you say he is to be shot to-morrow?”

“Yes, sir.”

“No, no; there will be no shooting in this case. Henry M. Luckett! There must be something wrong with him, or he wouldn't get into such a scrape as this.”

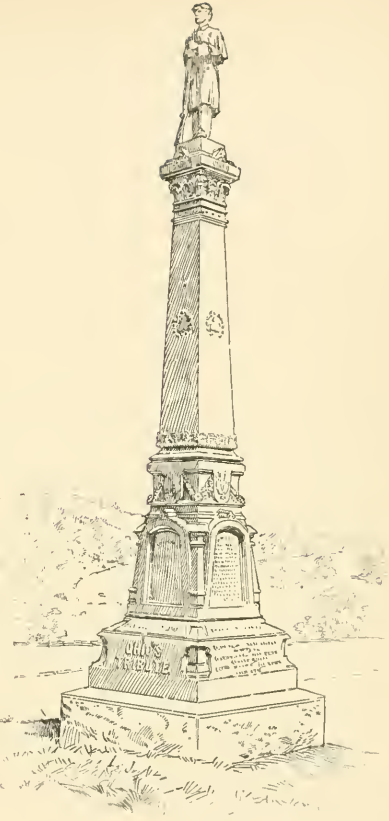
The President dictated a despatch to General Hurlburt, in command of the Department at Memphis, directing him to suspend the execution till further orders.

“No; we will have no shooting in this case,” he repeated, as if in soliloquy. The grateful petitioners took their departure, the daughter of the reprieved man laughing and crying by turns over the joy that had come to her. (*)

Congress was once more in session, listening to the annual message of the President. The year had been marked by great events. Dec. 7. Mr. Lincoln said :

“Eleven months having now passed, we are permitted to take another review. The rebel borders are pressed back still farther, and by the complete opening of the Mississippi the country dominated by the Rebellion is divided into distinct parts, with no political communication between them. Tennessee and Arkansas have been substantially cleared of insurgent control, and influential citizens in each—owners of slaves and advocates of slavery at the beginning of the Rebellion—now declare openly for emancipation in their respective States. Of those States not included in the Emancipation Proclamation—Maryland and Missouri—neither of which three years ago would tolerate any restraint upon the extension of slavery into new Territories, only dispute now as to the best mode of removing it within their own limits.”

The proposition to employ negro troops had aroused much opposi-



GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

tion. The President had patiently waited for the time when he could use them as soldiers. General Butler had enlisted a regiment of free negroes in New Orleans in September, 1862. But negroes who had been slaves were also enlisting. President Lincoln's message on this subject read :

"Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the war, fully one hundred thousand are now in the United States military service. About one-half of these actually bear arms in the ranks, thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause, and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white men. So far as tested, it is difficult to say that they are not as good soldiers as any."

All the predictions that the slaves would cut their masters' throats; that they were cowards and would run at the sound of a hostile shot, had been proven false. The enlistment of so many negroes made the men who were opposing the war very angry, but gave great satisfaction to the loyal people of the country.

The President presented a plan by which the seceded States might be restored to the Union. The message was accompanied by a proclamation which offered pardon and amnesty.

"He has struck another great blow," said Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts.

"It is," remarked Mr. Boutwell, from the same State, "a very able and shrewd paper. It has great points of popularity, and it is right."

"I shall live to see slavery ended!" the gleeful words of Owen Lovejoy.

"God bless old Abe! I am one of the radicals who have always believed in him!" shouted Mr. Blow, member from Missouri.

"The message is highly satisfactory," the more quiet remark of Senator Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland.

There were few, if any, dissenting voices. Senator Sumner, who had been strenuous in maintaining his own theory of reconstruction, manifested his pleasure. Many members of Congress visited the White House to express their thanks and appreciation of what the President had done.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XX.

(¹) Zachariah Chandler, quoted in "Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 598.

(²) James B. Rusling, Lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, Trenton, N. J., 1892.

(³) James B. Fry, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 402.

(⁴) "Every-day Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 599.

(⁵) Edward McPherson to Author.

(⁶) Edward Everett was a native of Dorchester, Mass., born April 11, 1794. He graduated at Harvard University, 1811, when but sixteen years old. He studied theology, and became pastor of the Brattle Street Unitarian Church at the age of twenty. In 1819 he became Professor of Greek in Harvard University; was member of Congress, 1825-35; Governor of Massachusetts four years, 1836-40. A law restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors in quantities less than fifteen gallons, passed by the Whig Party, created a revolution in public sentiment upon the question of temperance, which caused his defeat for a fifth term by one vote. He was appointed President of Harvard University, 1846, continuing till 1849, when he succeeded Daniel Webster as Secretary of State. He became United States Senator, 1853, remaining till May, 1864. Mr. Everett was renowned for his scholarship, erudition, and oratory. An attempt was made by the "Mount Vernon Association" of women to purchase the estate of Washington on the banks of the Potomac. Funds were needed, and Mr. Everett, with a desire to promote so worthy an object, prepared a lecture upon Washington, which was given in most of the cities of the Union. The proceeds were devoted to its purchase. He also contributed a series of articles to the New York "Ledger," by which many thousand dollars were obtained. He wrote a biography of Daniel Webster and edited his speeches. Mr. Everett was nominated as candidate for Vice-president in 1860, on a ticket with John Bell, of Tennessee, as President. He supported President Lincoln in 1864, and was one of the electors of Massachusetts. He was selected as orator at the dedication of the Gettysburg monument. He was for many years editor of the "North American Review." He has been justly regarded as one of the foremost scholars and orators of his time.—Author.

(⁷) Donn Piatt, "Memorials of Men who Saved the Nation," p. 40.

(⁸) D. W. Voorhees, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 357.

CHAPTER XXI.

SPRING OF 1864.

MR. LINCOLN was entering upon the last year of the Presidential term, and people were thinking about his renomination. He had made enemies. The Peace Democrats opposed him because he was carrying on the war so persistently and for issuing the Proclamation of Emancipation. Opprobrious and insulting epithets were still applied to him. Those aggrieved at the removal of General McClellan said the President was an autocrat and tyrant. Men who had endeavored to use him to attain their own selfish ends, but whom he had foiled, said he was not fit to be President. Members of Congress turned against him. Earnest and impulsive men, who wanted to see the Rebellion crushed at once, said Mr. Lincoln was too slow. Conservatives maintained he was going too fast. Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, was ambitious to be President. He wrote a letter to his friend, Mr.

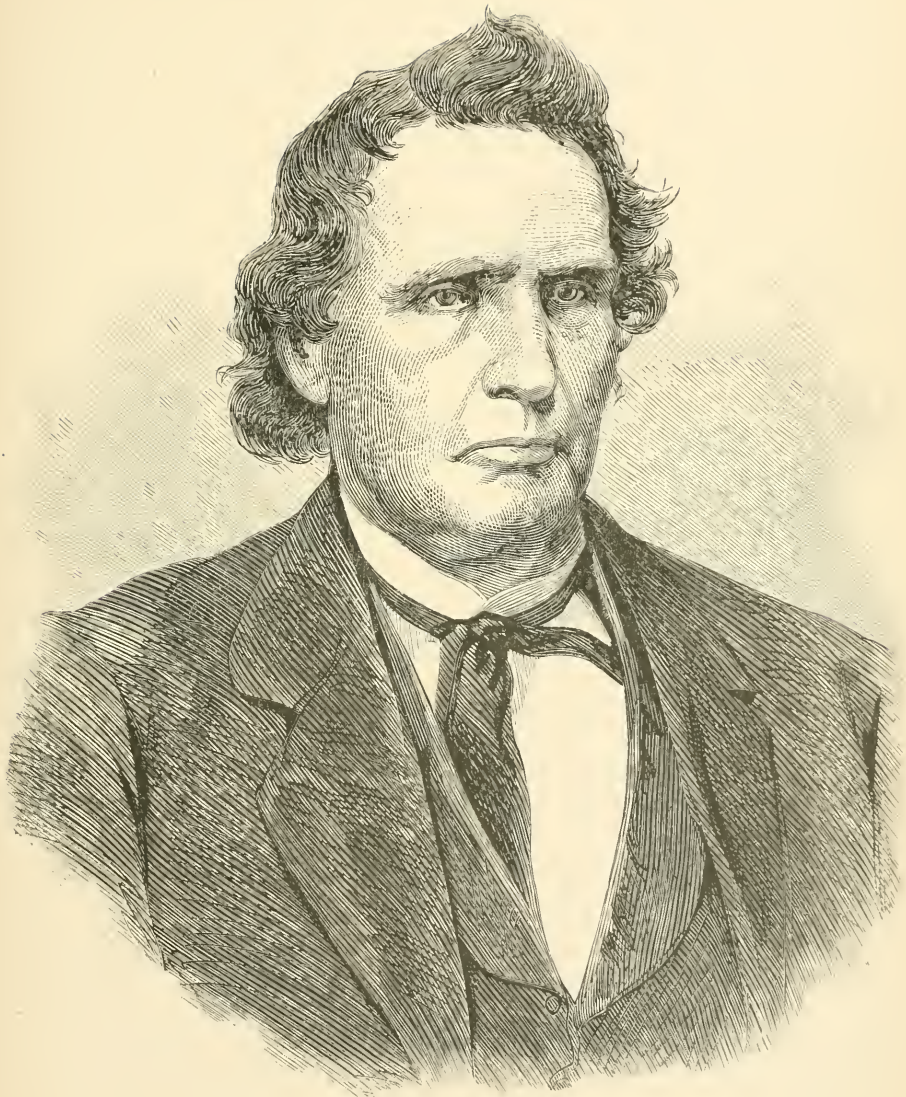
James C. Hall, of Toledo, O., formally announcing himself as a candidate. A committee of Senators, representatives, and citizens was formed to bring about his nomination.⁽¹⁾ A circular was issued by Senator Pomeroy and others advocating the selection of Mr. Chase. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, one of the most influential members of Congress, was opposed to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln.⁽²⁾ A friend of Mr. Stevens visited the Capitol. "Introduce me to some of the members who are friendly to Mr. Lincoln," he said.

Mr. Stevens took him to Isaac N. Arnold, member from Illinois.

"You are the only one I know," said Mr. Stevens, "who favors the renomination of Lincoln, and I have come to introduce my friend to you."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Arnold; "I know many members who want him renominated. I will present your friend to them."⁽³⁾

"If the question could be submitted to the people," said Mr. Stevens, in a speech, "the majority of them would vote for General Benjamin F. Butler."⁽⁴⁾



THADDEUS STEVENS.

People in foreign countries were watching the conflict between freedom and slavery with much interest. Count Gasparin, of France, published a volume entitled, "The Uprising of a Great People." He admired President Lincoln, and wrote a letter to a friend in the United States, in which the hope was expressed that he would be renominated. The letter was sent to Horace Greeley, who replied as follows :

"Those who know the least about the way things are managed in Washington want Mr. Lincoln renominated, and I presume they will have their way. I match their judgment with that of Congress, whereof not one-third of the Unionists desire Mr. Lincoln's renomination, and not half can be constrained to seem to oppose it even by the terror of popular reprobation. Count Gasparin, 3500 miles away, is naturally even more decided and zealous than any one in Connecticut. Well, 10,000 miles away he would be still more so. I am not accustomed to allow majorities to dictate my opinion; if I were, I should be among the new converts to abolition and share their choice of President. But having seen and *felt* too much during the last three mournful years, it seems *my* duty to force the nomination of some one who *will not* go through Baltimore in disguise and darkness when he goes to be inaugurated, and who *will* cause the mayor of Baltimore and young Christians of that city to be kicked out of the White House whenever they shall dare propose that troops be forbidden to cross the territory of Maryland to defend the federal metropolis. Had the first general that proved treacherous or cowardly been shot on sight thereafter, we should long since have seen the end of the Rebellion." (6)

A committee of the New York Working-men's Association visited Washington to inform Mr. Lincoln he had been elected honorary member of that organization. The President, thanking them for the honor, said :

"I think your association must comprehend that the existing Rebellion means more than the perpetuation of African slavery—that it is a war upon the rights of working people. The most notable feature of the disturbance in your city last year was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy outside the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues, and kindreds; nor should this lead to a war on property or owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor. It is desirable. It is a positive good to the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built." (6)

Ten months had passed since the battle of Chancellorsville and the publishing of the poem, "Abraham Lincoln, Give us a Man." The man

had been found, and the President had appointed him lieutenant-general—Ulysses S. Grant. He was to command all the troops in the field. He saw the country was divided into nineteen military departments, each with an independent commander who received orders ^{March 1,} direct from the War Department. It was like having a team _{1864.} with nineteen horses—liable to pull in different directions. The troops were widely scattered; he would concentrate them and consolidate the departments. The theory of General Halleck had been that when a section of the Confederacy was conquered it must be held to re-establish the authority of the United States. It seemed to General Grant that it would be far better to crush the Confederate armies. When all power of resistance was gone it would be an easy matter to restore the civil authority.

General Grant never had met the President, but was on his way to ^{March 9.} Washington in obedience to a summons. The Cabinet, Mr. Stanton, and E. B. Washburne were in the White House when he entered.

“General Grant,” said the President, “the nation’s appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you a corresponding responsibility. As the country trusts in you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need add that with what I here speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence.”

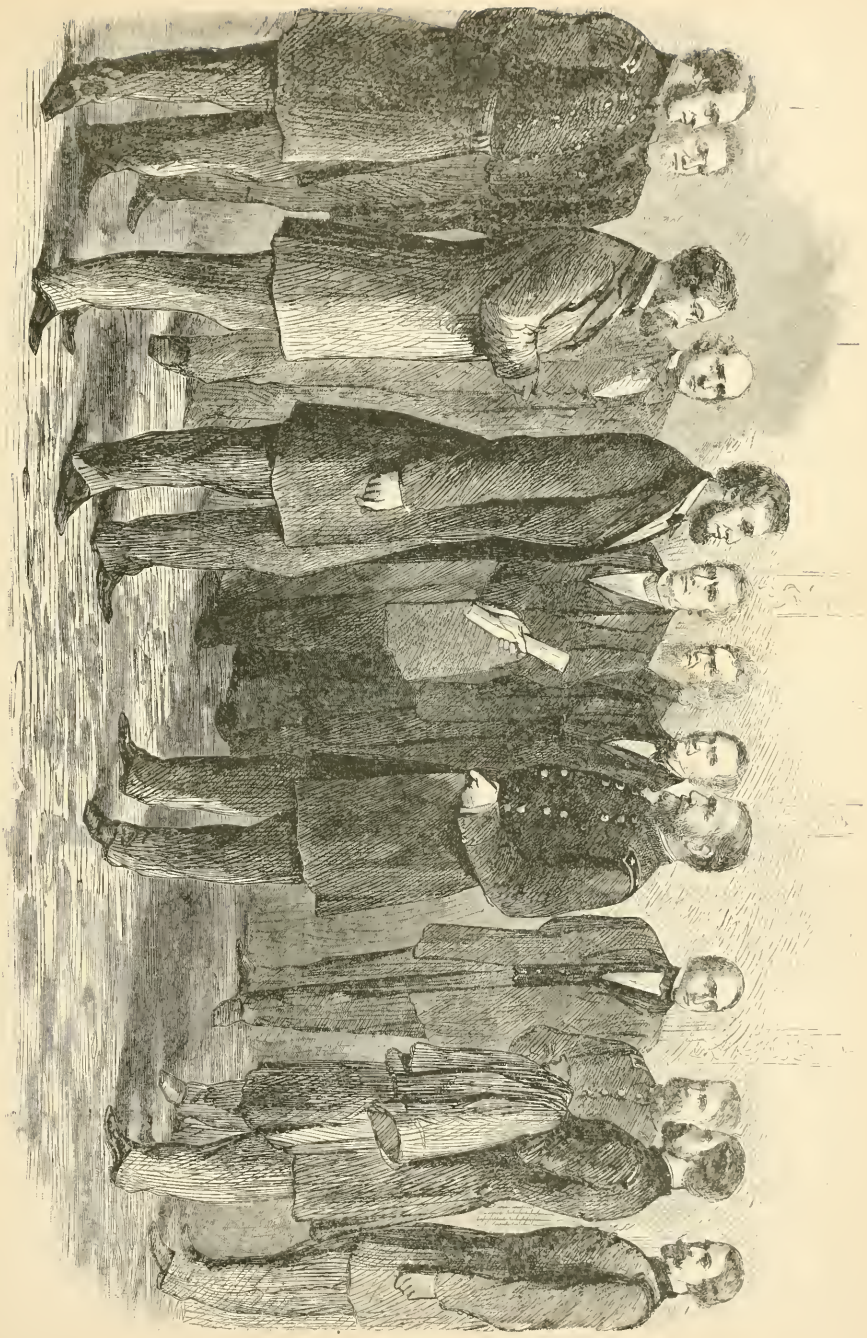
The words were spoken with trembling lips, so deep the feeling of Mr. Lincoln.

“Mr. President,” General Grant replied, “I accept the commission for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields of our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads nations and men.”

General Grant visited the Army of the Potomac at Culpeper, and made the acquaintance of General Meade, took a look at the soldiers in a quiet way, and returned to Washington. Mrs. Lincoln had prepared a grand dinner expressly in his honor.

“Mrs. Lincoln must excuse me,” he said. “I must be in Tennessee at the earliest possible moment.”

GENERAL GRANT RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION



“But we can't excuse you,” said the President. “Were we to sit down without you it would be “Hamlet” with Hamlet left out.”

“I appreciate the honor, Mr. President, but time is very precious just now. I ought to be attending to affairs. The loss of a day means the loss of a million dollars to the country.”

“Well, then, we shall be compelled to have the dinner without the honor of your presence,” said Mr. Lincoln, as they parted.

Never before had a commander of any of the armies pleaded public necessity for declining a dinner at the White House; never a commander so absorbed as was General Grant in the business of the country. Possibly the declination gave the President more pleasure than he would have had from an acceptance of the invitation.

A few days before General Grant received his commission F. B. Carpenter, an artist, was installed in the White House to paint a picture commemorating the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. He became a member of the household, and recorded scenes in the routine of the President's official life. Mr. Lincoln and the artist were together one evening when the President turned from his paper as if weary. (7)

“Tad,” he said to his youngest son, “run to the library and get ‘Shakespeare.’” He read passages which had ever been a delight to him. “The opening of ‘Richard III.’ it seems to me, is almost always misapprehended,” he said. “You know the actor usually comes in with a flourish, and, like a college sophomore, says:

“‘Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.’”

Now this is all wrong. Richard had been, and was then, plotting the destruction of his brothers to make room for himself. Outwardly, he is most loyal to the newly crowned king; secretly, he could scarcely contain his impatience at the obstacles still in the way of his own elevation. He is burning with repressed hate and jealousy. The prologue is the utterance of the most intense bitterness and satire.”

Mr. Lincoln assumed the character, and recited the passage with such force that it became a new creation to the artist.

“There is a poem,” he said, “which has been a great favorite with me for many years. Jason Duncan first called my attention to it. I cut it from a newspaper, and carried it in my pocket and learned it. I would give a great deal to know who wrote it.”

Half closing his eyes, he repeated the poem “Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?”

The poem contained thirteen stanzas, but Mr. Lincoln never recited the third :

“The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.”

Neither did Mr. Lincoln, in his many recitations of this poem to his friends, ever include the seventh stanza :

“The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.”

There were tender and sacred memories connected with the poem which time never effaced. He recited once more Holmes’s “Last Leaf.”

The corridors leading to the executive chamber were daily crowded by Senators, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, visitors from foreign lands, delegations from civic, religious, and political organizations—men with schemes for putting an end to the war; applicants who wanted special permits to trade in the South; men and women who desired to get their sons home from the army or out of prison. Mr. Lincoln often recognized an old acquaintance among them.

“I presume you have forgotten me,” said one.

“No, your name is Flood. I saw you twelve years ago. I am glad to see you, and it gives me pleasure to know that the *Flood* still flows on.”

Many years before the outbreak of the Rebellion, George Thompson, an Englishman, came to America to promote the abolition of slavery. The people resented the interference of a foreigner in American affairs, and he was rudely treated. He was once more in the United States, and called on the President, accompanied by Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, Lewis Clephane, publisher, and Oliver Johnson, editor of an antislavery paper, the “New Era.”

“The aristocracy and the moneyed interests of Great Britain,” said Thompson, “would rejoice to see the United States broken up; but the working people know that the cause of liberty is at stake, and their sympathies are with the North and for the extirpation of slavery.”

“Mr. Thompson,” said the President, “the people of Great Britain and of other countries have been in error in regard to this conflict.

They seemed to think the moment I became President I had the power to abolish slavery, forgetting that I had to take an oath to support the Constitution and to execute the laws as I found them. I did not consider that I had any right to touch the institution of slavery in the States until all other means for maintaining the integrity of the Government had been exhausted. The time came when, if the nation was to live, slavery must die. Many of my strongest supporters urged emancipation before I thought it indispensable and before the country was ready for it. It is my conviction that if it had been issued six months earlier public sentiment would not have sustained it. Just so in reference to enlisting colored soldiers. Had the step been taken sooner it could not have been carried out. A man watches his pear-tree day after day, impatient for the ripening of the fruit. Let him attempt to force the process, and he may spoil both fruit and tree; but let him patiently *wait*, and he will have the ripe pear. I can solemnly assert that I have a clear conscience in regard to my action. I have done what no man could have helped doing, standing in my place."

A lady from Alexandria complained that the medical director had taken the church where she was accustomed to worship for a hospital.

"Mr. President," she said, "as there are only two or three wounded soldiers in it, I came to see if you would not let us have it, as we want it very much to worship God in."

"Have you called upon the post surgeon?"

"Yes, sir, but can do nothing with him."

"Well, madam, he is there to attend to just such business, and it is reasonable to suppose that he knows better than I what should be done under the circumstances. You probably own property in Alexandria. How much will you give towards building a hospital?"

"Really, Mr. President, our property is very much embarrassed by the war, so I could not give much for such a purpose."

"Well, madam, I expect there will be a battle soon, and it is my opinion that God wants the church for poor wounded Union soldiers quite as much as he does for secesh people to worship in. You will excuse me. Good-day, madam."

Two aged people, husband and wife, with much hesitation approached the President. The severity upon his face changed to a kindly look.

"Well, my good lady, what can I do for you?"

"Mr. President, I never spoke to a President before, but I am a Union woman, down here in Maryland. My boy has been wounded in battle. He is in the hospital. I have been trying to get him out:

somehow I can't. They said I'd better come and see you. When the war broke out I gave my boy to God, and then told him he might go and fight the rebels. Now, Mr. President, if you'll let me take him home, I'll nurse him up, and just as soon as he gets well enough he'll go right back and fight again. He's a good boy; he won't shirk."

Tears glistened in the eyes of Mr. Lincoln as he looked into the honest face and listened to the pleading words.

"You shall have your boy. There, take this scrap of paper, and you will get your boy if he is able to be moved."

"God bless you, Mr. President! we are so much obliged to you!" said the grateful woman, stifling her sobbing joy as she received the paper. (8)

The Attorney-general came to the President soliciting a favor. "A friend of mine," said Mr. Bates, "over in Virginia is a Union man, but his boy enlisted in the rebel army. He has been captured by our troops, and the father wants him paroled. He promises that the boy shall not serve again. As a personal favor I hope you will see your way to grant it."

"Bates," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have a case almost like it. The son of an old friend in Illinois ran away from home and enlisted in the rebel army. The poor fool has been captured, and his broken-hearted father wants me to send him home, and he promises to keep him there. Now, let us unite our influence with this Administration, and see if we can't make the two old men happy, and at the same time keep two fools from going back into the rebel army."

The fathers received their sons, and the "fools" never again took up arms against their country.

A fair was held in Washington on March 16th for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. It was given under the auspices of women. Mr. Lincoln visited it, and, being called upon for a speech, said:

"I have but a few words to utter. This extraordinary war falls heavily upon all classes of people, but most heavily upon the soldier. It has been said, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' the soldier puts his life at stake, and often yields it, in his country's cause. The highest merit thus is due the soldier. . . . I am not accustomed to the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women. But I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war."

An entertainment in aid of the fair, consisting of poetical recitations

and readings by elocutionists, was held in the Representatives' Hall. The President attended, and was invited to a seat on the platform. Among the selections was a poem entitled "The New Pastoral," written by Thomas Buchanan Read in 1850, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—a prophetic poem containing a remarkable passage:

"Here the great statesman from the ranks of toil
 May rise with judgment clear, as strong as wise,
 And with a well-directed patriot blow
 Reel in the rivets in our Union bonds
 Which tinkering knaves have striven to set ajar."

Fourteen years had passed since the writing of the poem, and the prophecy was being fulfilled in the person of President Lincoln. It was recognized by the audience, and the Capitol rang with applause.

The Governor of Kentucky, Mr. Bramlette, together with Mr. Dixon and Mr. A. G. Hodges, visited Washington to see about the draft for April 4. soldiers which Congress had ordered. They talked with Mr. Lincoln about the Emancipation Proclamation. After their return to Kentucky, Mr. Hodges asked the President to write out what he had said to them. Very remarkable the closing sentences:

"I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party or any man devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North as well as you of the South shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new causes to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God."

General Grant returned from the West to take supreme command of military affairs.

"What sort of a man is General Grant?" asked one of the President's friends.

"Well, I hardly know what to think of him," said Mr. Lincoln. "He is the quietest fellow you ever saw. He don't make any fuss. I believe two or three times he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. The only evidence you have that he is in any place is that he makes things *git*. Grant is the first general I have had."

"How is that?"

"You know how it has been with the others. As soon as I put a man in command, he'd come to me with a plan of a campaign, as if to

say, 'Now, I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. It isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I am glad to have found a man who can go ahead without me."

The President had been lying on a lounge, but now sat upright and talked more earnestly, as if it were a congenial topic.

"You see, when any of the others set out on a campaign, they'd look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and which they knew I couldn't give them, and tell me they couldn't win unless they had it, and it was most generally cavalry."

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily a moment, and then went on :

"Now, when Grant took hold I was waiting to see what his *pet impossibility* would be. I reckoned it would be cavalry, as a matter of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount the men we had. There were 15,000, or thereabouts, up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, Grant sent word to me the other day about those very men, just as I expected, but he didn't ask for horses. He only wanted to know whether he should make infantry of them or disband them. He don't ask impossibilities of me, and he is the first general who hasn't."

General Grant intended that the army under Sherman, at Chattanooga, the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, and the Army of the James, under Butler, should move at the same time. General Burnside was at Annapolis, in Maryland, with the Ninth Corps, numbering nearly 30,000 men. He was directed to march to Washington, and from there to the Rapidan, to co-operate with the Army of the Potomac.

Down Pennsylvania Avenue comes Burnside's troops, turning up Fourteenth Street, where the President stands upon a balcony to review them. Some of the veterans have fought at Bull Run, Ball's April 25. Bluff, Roanoke, Newbern, in front of Richmond, Antietam, Gettysburg, Knoxville. The flags which they carry are in tatters, but they are the dearest things on earth to the men keeping step to the drum-beat. There is the steady tramping of the men, the deep, heavy jar of gun-carriages, clattering of horses' hoofs, clanking of sabres. General Burnside and the President, standing side by side, look down upon the serried ranks. The lines are deepening in the face of Abraham Lincoln. He is pale and care-worn. The soldiers behold him, swing their hats, and hurrah. A division of veterans pass, and then, with full ranks, the platoons extending the entire width of the street, come brigades

which have never been in battle—men who have come at the call of their country to lay down their lives on the battle-field. *Their country!* They never had a country till that pale man on the balcony gave them one. They never were men till he made them such. They were slaves; he made them freemen. They have been chattels—things; now they are owners of themselves—citizens—soldiers of the Republic. Never before have they beheld their benefactor. “Hurrah for Uncle Abe! Hurrah for Mars Linkum!” No cheers like theirs. It is the spontaneous outburst from grateful hearts. Yes; in return for what he has done for them and for their race will they fight to the death!

“Can you,” said the President to Mr. L. E. Chittenden, “leave your office and go over to Annapolis? A party of about 400 officers and men out of rebel prisons at Belle Isle, at Richmond, arrived there ^{May 3.} yesterday. Their condition will be investigated by Congress; but that will take time. An intelligent lady, whom you know, has given me such an account of their sad state that I should like to know the truth at once from one who will neither exaggerate nor suppress any of the facts. Will you go and see them, and bring me back your report?” (*)

Mr. Chittenden visited Annapolis, beheld the men, returned to Washington, and reported to Mr. Lincoln.

“All the way from Annapolis,” he said, “I have been studying the formula for an answer to your question. It is useless. You would like to know what I have seen; I cannot tell you. Imagine, if you can, strong men, robbed of their money, blankets, overcoats, boots, and clothing, covered with rags, driven like foxes into holes on an island, exposed to frost and cold until their frozen extremities drop from their bleeding stumps, fed upon food such as the swine would have rejected, until by exhaustion their manhood is crushed out, their minds destroyed, and their bodies, foul with filth and disease, are brought to the very borders of the grave, which soon will close upon half of them, and you may get some faint conception of what may be seen at Annapolis. But it will be very faint. The picture cannot be comprehended even when it is seen.”

“Can such things be possible!” the President exclaimed. “You are the fourth person who has given me the same account. I cannot believe it! There must be some explanation for it. The Richmond people are Americans—of the same race as ourselves. It is incredible!”

“No,” Mr. President, “I saw the poor unfortunates last evening. I went again this morning to find something which would relieve the

horror of the first impression. I did not find it. I have conversed with men who know they are dying. They all tell the same story, and but one conclusion is possible: a frightful weight of responsibility and guilt rests upon the authorities at Richmond for these crimes against humanity."

"Nothing," replied Mr. Lincoln, "has occurred in the war which causes me to suffer like this. I know it seems impossible to account for the treatment of these poor fellows, except on the theory that somebody is guilty. But the world will be slow to believe that the Confederate authorities intend to destroy their prisoners by starvation. We should be slow to believe it. It must be that they have some claim of excuse. The Indians torture their prisoners, but I never heard that they froze them or starved them!" We may not know all the facts, the whole inside history. They may have excuses of which we know nothing."

"Make the case your own, Mr. President," said Chittenden. "Washington is larger than Richmond. Your duties are quite as absorbing as those of Mr. Jefferson Davis. Could Confederate prisoners of war be dying by hundreds of exposure and starvation on an island in the Potomac, between this city and Alexandria, and you not know it? Why, the newsboys in the streets would publish it, and the authorities could not remain ignorant of it, even if they were deaf and dumb."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I admit you have the best of the argument. But do me a favor. Retain your opinions, if you must, but say nothing about them at present until we are forced to make the charge—until there is no alternative, and the world is forced to think as we do."

"I will do as you request, Mr. President."

"Let us hope," he replied, "for the best. We shall have enough to answer for if we survive this war. Let us hope at least that the crime of murdering prisoners by exposure and starvation may not be fastened on any of our people."

With fifteen days' rations for the army, General Grant cut loose from all communication with Washington, crossed the Rapidan, and went on to the Wilderness. (See "Redeeming the Republic," chap. iv.)

A courier arrived at the White House with an account of the two days' struggle—an undecided battle, in which 20,000 men had
 May 8. been killed or wounded. The President paced his chamber, and gave way to uncontrollable emotion, exclaiming:

"My God! my God! twenty thousand! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! Why do we suffer so? Could we not have avoided the terrible, bloody war? Was it not forced upon us? Will it ever end?"



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

In the evening John W. Forney, editor of the Philadelphia "Press," called at the White House. He found Mr. Lincoln suffering great depression of spirits. He was ghastly pale. There were dark rings around his deep-set eyes. He was reading Shakespeare.

"Let me read you this from Shakespeare," he said. "I cannot read it like Forest, who is acting at the theatre, but it comes to me to-night like a consolation :

" 'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.' " (10)

A few days later the wounded began to arrive from the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. Washington became a vast hospital. The President visited the disabled soldiers, speaking kind words and doing what he could for them. Day by day his own countenance was changing, the sadness becoming habitual.

"He looked," writes Mr. Arnold, member of Congress, "like one who had lost a dear member of his own family. I recall one evening late in May, when I met the President in his carriage driving slowly towards the Soldiers' Home. He had just parted from one of those long lines of ambulances. The sun was just sinking behind the desolate and deserted hills of Virginia; the flags from the forts, hospitals, and camps drooped sadly. Arlington, with its white colonnade, looked like what it was—a hospital. Far down the Potomac, towards Mount Vernon, the haze of evening was gathering over the landscape, and when I met the President his attitude and expression spoke the deepest sadness. He paused as we met, and pointing his hand towards the line of wounded men, he said: 'Look yonder at those poor fellows. I cannot bear it. This suffering, this loss of life, is dreadful.' Recalling a letter he had written years before to a suffering friend whose grief he had sought to console, I reminded him of the incident, and asked him: 'Do you remember writing to your sorrowing friend these words: "And this, too, shall pass away. Never fear, victory will come."' 'Yes,' replied he, 'victory will come, but it comes slowly.' " (11)

Sunday was ever a restful day. Public cares were laid aside. In the floorless cabin on the banks of Nolin's Creek Mr. Lincoln had listened to the stories of Abraham, Moses, Joseph, David, Daniel—heroes of Biblical history, as narrated by his mother. There is no more beautiful picture in Mr. Lincoln's life than the scene often witnessed in the White House on Sunday afternoons—the chief executive of the nation narrating the same stories to his listening boy.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXI.

(¹) Warden's "Life of Salmon P. Chase," p. 570.

(²) Thaddeus Stevens was born at Peacham, Vt., April 4, 1794. He was educated at Dartmouth College, graduating 1814. He became a school-teacher at York, Pa. He studied law, and began practice as an attorney at Gettysburg, where he remained till 1842; then became a resident of Lancaster. He served many years as a member of the Legislature, and became a political leader. He was elected to Congress, 1848, and made the acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln, then member from Illinois. Through life he had been ardent in his opposition to slavery, and took a prominent part in debate upon the floor of Congress. Few members surpassed him in attention to public affairs. His constituents re-elected him many times. He was ever a friend to the poor and oppressed, a defender of their rights. From the beginning of the war he urged President Lincoln to strike a blow at slavery. He initiated and urged the passage of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. During the war he wielded great influence in Congress, and though advocating extreme measures to put down the Rebellion, he was, on the other hand, a staunch supporter of the Administration.—Author

(³) Isaac N. Arnold, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 380.

(⁴) "Congressional Globe," Thirty-eighth Congress, Second Session, pp. 1, 400.

(⁵) "The Nation," October 2, 1873.

(⁶) "Harper's Weekly," April 2, 1864.

(⁷) F. B. Carpenter, "Six Months in the White House," p. 48.

(⁸) W. C. J., in New York "Times," March 16, 1864.

(⁹) L. E. Chittenden, "Recollections of Lincoln," p. 323.

(¹⁰) J. W. Forney, "Anecdotes of Public Men," vol. ii., p. 180.

(¹¹) Isaac N. Arnold, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 375.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUMMER OF 1864.

THE political campaign for nominating candidates for the Presidency began with the assembling of the Abolitionists and others at Cleveland. General Fremont was nominated. Wendell Phillips in an address said :

“The Administration I regard as a civil and military failure, and its avowed policy ruinous to the North in every point of view. Mr. Lincoln may wish the end peace and freedom, but he is wholly unwilling to use the means which can secure that end. If Mr. Lincoln is re-elected, I do not expect to see the Union reconstructed in my day, unless on terms more disastrous to liberty than ever disunion would be.”

Mr. Phillips did not state what means the President could use. The Emancipation Proclamation had been issued ; more than 100,000 negro soldiers were in the army. What more could be done ?

Mr. Phillips also said :

“I see in General Fremont one whose thorough loyalty to democratic institutions without regard to race, whose earnest and decisive character, whose clear sighted statesmanship and rare military ability justify my confidence that in his hands all will be done to save the State that foresight, skill, decision, and statesmanship can do.”

Instead of showing rare military ability, General Fremont had utterly failed as a commander. The convention denounced corruption in office, yet one of its leading members, who had served on Fremont's staff, had been dismissed from military service on account of his dishonest transactions. It was a gathering of a handful of discontented men—less than four hundred.

Mr. Lincoln read the account of the proceedings, and laughed. It reminded him of a gathering in another age, and in another country. He took up his Bible and read :

“And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them; and there were with him about four hundred men.”

The United States under the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln was not just like the Kingdom of Israel under Saul; neither was General Fremont the exact counterpart of David. But the four hundred gathered at Cleveland and the four hundred in the cave of Adullam were alike discontented and opposed to those in authority. The President laughed heartily over the similarity. He respected and honored the earnest men who had nominated Fremont, but could not accept their views as to his duty in administering the affairs of the nation.

From the outbreak of the Rebellion the people had gradually come to see that it had been caused by slavery, and that there could be no lasting peace till it was wholly eradicated. President Lincoln issued his Proclamation of Emancipation as a war measure to cripple the enemy, but it did not wholly abolish slavery. Congress could not do it by an enactment. The *people* must act in their sovereign capacity and change the Constitution.

James M. Ashley, of Ohio; James F. Wilson, of Iowa; Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, and Senator Henderson, of Missouri, had submitted resolutions for amending the Constitution, which were referred to a Joint Judiciary Committee, of which Senator Trumbull was chairman. The months were slipping away, summer approaching. The committee had taken no action. President Lincoln was solicitous that something should be done. The Emancipation Proclamation was of little effect, save as victories were won.

The National Convention of the Republican Party to nominate a candidate for the Presidency was to meet in Baltimore. It would be called to order by Edwin D. Morgan, chairman of the National Committee. "I would like you," said Mr. Lincoln to him, "in your address, when you call the convention to order, as its key-note, and to put into the platform, as its key-stone, the amendment to the Constitution abolishing and prohibiting slavery."

The day arrived (June 8, 1864). At the outset the delegates manifested their determination to take advanced ground for the maintenance of the Union.

The Army of the Potomac was at Cold Harbor. It had fought its way from the Wilderness to the vicinity of Richmond. It was so near the city that in the stillness of night the Union sentinels could hear the church bells toll the passing hours. The army commanded by Sherman had forced the Confederates under Johnston from Buzzard's Roost to Kenesaw. With victory upon their banners the soldiers of the Union would continue the struggle to the end.

As he called the convention to order, Mr. Morgan said:

“It is a little more than eight years since it was resolved to form a national party, to be conducted on the principles and policy of Washington and Jefferson. . . . In view of the dread realities of the past and what is passing at this moment, the fact that the bones of our soldiers are bleaching in every State of the Union, and with the further knowledge of the fact that this has all been caused by slavery, we shall fail of accomplishing our great mission unless we shall declare for such an amendment to the Constitution as will positively prohibit African slavery in the United States.”

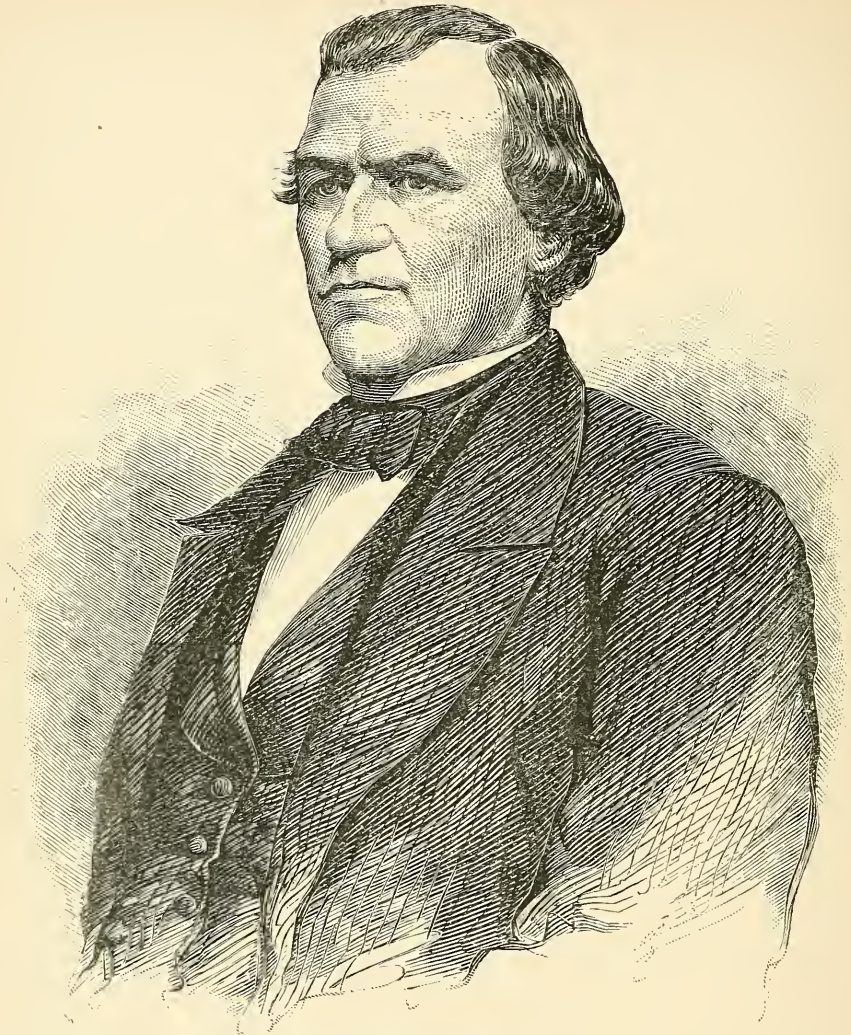
The delegates clapped their hands, rose as one man, and made the hall ring with cheers. It was significant of their determination to carry on the work they had begun till that which caused the war should be eradicated from the Constitution.

Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, renowned as preacher and scholar, was appointed temporary chairman.⁽¹⁾ He was uncle to John C. Breckinridge, Vice-president under Buchanan, for whom the slave-holders had voted in 1860, and who was a lieutenant-general in the Confederate army. Though many of his friends and relatives had given their sympathies to the Confederacy, and were fighting against the Government, Robert J. Breckinridge was true to the Union. He believed President Lincoln had been chosen by Almighty God to save the nation from ruin. “This nation,” he said to the delegates in convention, “shall not be destroyed. The only enduring and imperishable cement of all free institutions has been the blood of traitors. . . . We must use all power to exterminate the institution of slavery, which has raised the sword against the Union.”

The convention adopted a resolution demanding an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery, as had been suggested by President Lincoln and announced by Mr. Morgan. Again the hall rang with loud and prolonged cheers. Mr. Lincoln was renominated by acclamation. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was selected as candidate for Vice-president.

The committee chosen to inform Mr. Lincoln of his renomination visited the White House.

“I cannot,” said the President, “conceal my gratification nor restrain the expression of my gratitude that the Union people, through their convention, in their continued effort to save and advance the nation, have deemed me not unworthy to remain in my present position. . . . I approve the declaration in favor of so amending the Constitution as to prohibit slavery throughout the nation. Such an amendment is a necessary conclusion to the final success of the Union cause.”



ANDREW JOHNSON.

Baltimore being so near the capital, many delegations called upon the President—among others, members of the Philadelphia Union League.

“I do not allow myself,” said Mr. Lincoln, in response to the address of its president, “to suppose that either the convention or the league have concluded that I am the greatest or best man in America, but rather that it is not best to swap horses while crossing the river,

and that I am not so poor a horse but that they might make a botch of it in trying to swap.”(2)

“Allow me,” said a gentleman, “to introduce my friend. He is an artist, and has painted a beautiful portrait of yourself and presented it to the league.”

“A beautiful portrait, did you say? I think, sir,” said the President, addressing the artist, “that you must have taken your idea not from my person, but from my principles.”(3)

William Lloyd Garrison, who had severely criticised Mr. Lincoln for setting aside Fremont’s and Hunter’s proclamations, visited the White House, and was warmly welcomed.

“I have just come from Baltimore,” said Mr. Garrison. “I have been searching for the old jail which I once had the honor of occupying, but have not been able to find it.”

“Well,” said Mr. Lincoln, “times have changed. Then you couldn’t get out, now you can’t get in.”(4)

The National Democratic Convention was to meet in Chicago, July 4th. The committee having matters in charge selected the anniversary of national independence, hoping that the choice of such a day would awaken the enthusiasm of those who believed the war was a failure, who said the South never could be conquered, and who demanded peace, no matter what terms Jefferson Davis might demand.

As narrated, Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, had been sent to the Confederate lines by President Lincoln. After a brief stay in Richmond, he made his way to Canada.(5) He located himself near Windsor, opposite Detroit, and was in constant communication with his friends in Ohio. He was counselling with Jacob Thompson and Clement C. Clay, Confederate agents at Toronto and Montreal.

At an early period of the Rebellion a secret society had been formed in Southern Indiana by men who favored the Confederacy. The organization at first was known as the “Knights of the Golden Circle.” In 1863 it became the “Sons of Liberty.” Its members were bitterly opposed to the war. The calls of President Lincoln for more troops and the ordering of the draft intensified their opposition. They were in communication with the Confederates. If the Union were to be restored at all, they desired it to be as it was before the war, with slavery unharmed. They did not comprehend that slavery was being swept from the land by the victories of the Union armies. The members of the society were most numerous in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri,

and Ohio. The organization gradually extended eastward to New York. Its meetings were held secretly. On Washington's birthday, in February, 1864, a grand council of delegates assembled in New York and elected Vallandigham as grand commander. The members of the order judged, from the discontent in the Western States, it would be easy to bring about an uprising against the Government. The Confederate commission in Canada had received a large amount of money in gold coin from Richmond, and were supplying arms to the "Sons of Liberty." Captain Hines, an officer in the Confederate service, was commissioned to make his way to Canada and collect the soldiers who had escaped from Union military prisons. He put himself in connection with the secret society.

The Peace Democrats of south-western Ohio while in session were surprised when Mr. Vallandigham, general commander of the "Sons of Liberty," appeared. It was an unlooked-for event. He had ^{June 16,} _{1864.} come in the night from Canada. He was greeted with a yell of delight. President Lincoln was informed of his arrival, but had no intention of having him again arrested. Just what induced Vallandigham to suddenly leave Canada and appear in Ohio is not known. The "Sons of Liberty" were not ready for an uprising. Probably it was to make his influence felt in the approaching Democratic Convention, to which he was at once elected a delegate. The managers were greatly disturbed. They feared Vallandigham would be a ruling spirit. The National Committee hastily assembled in New York and voted to adjourn the meeting of the convention to August 29th. They gave as a reason that it would be well for the party to wait for probable events. General Grant had fought his way from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and had announced his determination to fight on that line if it took all summer. General Sherman was moving towards Atlanta. Every victory won, every advance of the armies, made the cause of the Union stronger and brought discouragement to the Democratic Party. One newspaper frankly stated that the meeting of the convention was postponed that advantage might be taken of any military blunder. The Republican newspapers said it was the first time in history that a political party pretending to be loyal to the Constitution could only hope for success from disaster to the armies of the Union.

Mr. Chase had conducted the Treasury Department with great ability, but he differed from Mr. Lincoln on many questions. It was very natural that he should want his own way. Once he resigned, but the President declined to receive his resignation. Accusations were

coming to Mr. Lincoln against a collector of customs in Oregon—that he was not a fit person to hold so important an office.

“My mind is made up,” wrote the President to Mr. Chase, “to remove him. I do not decide that the charges against him are true. I only declare that the degree of dissatisfaction with him is too great for him to be retained. But I believe he is your personal acquaintance and friend, and, if you desire it, I will try and find some other place for him.”

Mr. Chase thought the President ought to have consulted with him,



CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.

and was so displeased that he again tendered his resignation. Mr. Lincoln called upon him, put his arm around the neck of the Secretary and said, "Chase, here is a paper with which I have nothing to do. Take it back and be reasonable."

Mr. Chase did so, and things went on once more as if nothing had happened.

When the Republican Party came into power there was a great scramble for offices, especially in New York. The strife between the different factions gave Mr. Lincoln a great deal of trouble. Mr. Cisco, collector of customs, desired to resign the office. A contest arose as to who should succeed him. Mr. Chase desired the appointment of Mr. Field. Senator Morgan opposed it.

"Strained as I am," wrote Mr. Lincoln to the Secretary, "I do not think that I can make this appointment in the direction of a still greater strain."

Twice had Mr. Chase tendered his resignation, and he was so displeased that he once more asked to be relieved of the Secretaryship. Abraham Lincoln was not the man to go again to the residence of Mr. Chase and ask him to remain in office.

The resignation was accepted, and David Tod, of Ohio, appointed; but a telegram came from him, declining the appointment on account of his health.

Through the night the President had been thinking over the situation. The Secretary of the Treasury must be a man of marked ability—one who would command the confidence of the people. The Government must have money. Unless it was obtained the armies could not be kept in the field. William P. Fessenden, Senator from Maine, chairman of the Finance Committee, commanded the confidence of the country. (°) He would appoint him.

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"Mr. Fessenden is in the anteroom and would like to see you," said one of the secretaries in the morning.

"Here, take this to the Senate. Mr. Fessenden is not to come in till after you have started," said Mr. Lincoln.

After the departure of the secretary, Mr. Fessenden entered the executive chamber. He did not know what the President had done.

"Mr. President," said Mr. Fessenden, "allow me to suggest Mr. McCulloch as a suitable person for the Treasury Department."

He sees a smile upon Mr. Lincoln's face, and soon learns its meaning.

"Mr. Senator, I have just sent your name to the Senate."

Mr. Fessenden springs from his chair.



WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN.

“Mr. President, you must withdraw it. I cannot, I cannot accept it.”

“No, Mr. Fessenden, I cannot withdraw it. I want you. You must decline it before the public if you really cannot take it.”

The nomination was confirmed without a dissenting voice in the Senate. Republicans and Democrats alike knew, esteemed, and honored Mr. Fessenden.

“It is very singular,” Mr. Lincoln said, “considering that this appointment is so popular when made, that no one ever mentioned his name to me for that place. Thinking over the matter, two or three points occurred to me: his thorough acquaintance with the business—as chairman of the Senate Committee of Finance he knows as much of this special subject as Mr. Chase; he possesses a national reputation and the confidence of the country; he is a radical, without the petulant and vicious fretfulness of many radicals. There are reasons why this appointment ought to be very agreeable to him. For some time past he has been running in rather a pocket of bad luck; the failure to renominate Mr. Hamlin makes possible a contest between him and the Vice-president, the most popular man in Maine, for the election which is now imminent. A little while ago, in the Senate, you know Trumbull told him his ill-temper had left him no friends, but this sudden and most gratifying manifestation of good feeling over his appointment, his instantaneous confirmation, the earnest entreaties of everybody that he should accept, cannot but be grateful to his feelings.”

Congress was to adjourn at noon on the anniversary of the birth of the nation. Early in the forenoon the President rode to the Capitol to examine and sign the bills which had been passed. A bill providing for the readmission of the seceded States to the Union did not meet his approval. It had been drawn by Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, and vehemently advocated by Senator Wade, of Ohio; Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts; Senator Chandler, of Michigan, and others.

“Are you not going to sign it?” Chandler asked. (’)

“This bill,” Mr. Lincoln replied, “has just come to me. Congress is about to adjourn. It is a matter of too great importance to be swallowed that way.”

“If it is vetoed, Mr. President, it will damage us fearfully in the coming elections. The bill prohibits slavery in the reconstructed States. It is a very important point.”

“I am aware of it,” the President replied. “It is a very important point. I doubt if Congress has authority under the Constitution to act on that point.”

“Mr. President, it is no more than you yourself have done.”

“I conceive,” said the President, “that in an emergency I may do things on military grounds which Congress cannot do under the Constitution.”

Senators and representatives who had earnestly advocated the passage of the bill were angry.

“Gentlemen,” said Mr. Lincoln, “it seems to me in asserting that the insurrectionary States are no longer in the Union is to make the fatal admission that States, whenever they please, may dissolve their connection with the Union. We cannot surmise that admission. If that be true, then I am not President. I have earnestly favored an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery. Such a bill passed the Senate, but failed in the House.”

“I agree with you,” said Secretary Fessenden. “I have had my doubts as to the constitutional efficacy of your own decree of emancipation where it has not been carried into effect by the advance of the army.”

The other members of the Cabinet expressed their conviction that the President had acted wisely in withholding his signature to the bill.

Mr. Chase, no longer a member, said the bill was a condemnation of the President’s amnesty proclamation, and that Mr. Lincoln put the bill in his pocket because he did not dare to veto it.

“There is,” said Senator Sumner, “intense indignation against the President.”

While Mr. Lincoln was signing bills in the Capitol an animated scene was being enacted in the grounds around the White House. By his special permission the colored Sunday-school children were holding a festival upon the smoothly-mown lawn. A platform had been erected for the accommodation of those who were to speak, and rows of benches for the audience. Swings were suspended from the trees and tilts erected. Men who but a few months before had been sold upon the auction block stood upon the platform, and with religious fervor peculiar to their race gave thanks to God for the freedom they had received from “Mars Linkum.” He was their Moses, who had brought them out of bondage. Never before had there been such a gathering in the grounds around the Presidential mansion. Never before March 4, 1861, had a colored person other than as a servant dared set his foot in that enclosure. As the Saviour of the world broke down the wall that separated Jew and Gentile in the temple of Jerusalem, so Abraham Lincoln, not only by proclamation but by example, overturned the wall of prejudice, contumely, and hatred which had been erected between Anglo-Saxon and African.

During the day a delegation of three clergymen and two laymen, representing the colored churches of Baltimore, called upon the President to present a Bible to their benefactor. It was a large volume, bound in velvet, its corners protected by solid golden bands. Upon one



ZACHARIAH CHANDLER.

cover was a representation of the President in a cotton-field removing shackles from the slaves, and invoking the blessing of God upon the act. Upon the other cover was the inscription :

“ To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, the friend of universal freedom. From the loyal colored people of Baltimore, as a token of respect and gratitude.

“ July 4, 1864.”

The Rev. Mr. Case, in presenting it, said :

“The loyal colored people of Baltimore have delegated to us the authority to present this Bible as a token of their appreciation of your humane part towards the people of our race. While all the nations are offering tributes of respect, we cannot let the occasion pass by without tendering ours. Since we have been incorporated in the American family we have been true and loyal, and we now stand ready to defend the country. We are ready to be armed and trained in military matters, in order to protect and defend the star-spangled banner.

“Our hearts will ever feel the most unbounded gratitude towards you. We present a copy of the Holy Scriptures as a token of respect to you for your active part in the cause of emancipation. This great event will be a matter of history. In future, when our race shall ask what mean these tokens, they will be told of your mighty acts, and rise up and call you blessed.

“The loyal people will remember your Excellency at the throne of divine grace. May the King Eternal, an all-wise Providence, protect and keep you ; and when you pass from this world, may you be borne to the bosom of your Saviour and God!”

Mr. Lincoln, much moved, replied :

“It would be a very fitting occasion to make a response at length to the very appropriate address which you have just made. I would do so if I were prepared. I would promise you to make response in writing had not experience taught me that business will not allow me to do so. I can only say now, as I have often said before, it has always been a sentiment with me that all mankind should be free.

“So far as I have been able, so far as came within my sphere, I have always acted as I believed was right and just, and done all I could for the good of mankind. I have, in letters and documents sent forth from this office, expressed myself better than I can now.

“In regard to the great Book, I have only to say it is the best gift which God has ever given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book. But for it we could not know right from wrong. All those things desirable to man are contained in it. I return you my sincere thanks for this very elegant copy of the great Book of God which you present.”

That the people might know why he did not sign the Reconstruction Bill, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation. “I am,” he said, “fully satisfied with the system of reconstruction contained in the bill, as
 July 8,
 1864. one very proper for the loyal people of any State choosing to adopt it.” Such a course on the part of a State would be in accordance with the Constitution, and he would use his influence to aid in its restoration ; but it was needful for the people to act in their sovereign capacity.

Important military events were taking place. General Hunter, with 18,000 men, advanced up the Shenandoah Valley to Lexington. This movement was so threatening to the Confederates that General Lee sent General Early with a large force to stop them. Hunter's provisions were failing. The Confederate cavalry captured one of his

trains loaded with supplies. Early occupied a position which obliged Hunter to retreat down the Great Kanawha to the Ohio River. Early saw his opportunity and advanced with 17,000 veteran soldiers. A division of his cavalry under General Imboden destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

General Sigel with a small Union force held Maryland Heights, near Harper's Ferry. The Confederate cavalry paid no attention to this force, but crossed the Potomac, dashed into Hagerstown, made requisition for \$20,000, burned hay and grain, seized horses and cattle. Early followed to Boonsboro', turned east over the South Mountain, and entered Frederick. It was a very rapid movement, and a surprise to General Halleck, who at first thought it was only a small raiding party bent on obtaining plunder. That Washington might be protected, General Grant sent Ricketts' division of the Sixth Corps from the lines in front of Petersburg. The troops marched to City Point and embarked on steamboats en route for Baltimore.

The few Union troops in Maryland, under General Wallace, were stationed along the Monocacy River, east of Frederick. They were only 2500. Many of the soldiers had enlisted for 100 days and had never been in battle. Wallace kept them marching and countermarching in sight of the Confederate pickets, to make them think they were confronted by a large force.

General Early was in Frederick, demanding \$200,000, which was paid him. He was obtaining boots, clothing, and provisions. His cavalrymen were gathering horses and cattle from the surrounding country.

The morning dawned with the troops under Wallace and Ricketts, numbering 6000, posted along the eastern bank of the Monocacy. The

Confederates, numbering nearly 20,000, with forty cannon, advanced to brush Wallace aside; that done, they would move on to Washington or Baltimore. The Union troops made a stubborn resistance. Nearly 2000 were killed or wounded and more than 700 taken prisoners before they yielded the field. The stand thus resolutely taken, delaying the advance of Early, was of incalculable advantage in saving Washington.

The little handful of men under Wallace retreated towards Baltimore, and there were no Union troops to retard Early in his march towards the nation's capital. A division of Confederate cavalry was sweeping around Baltimore, destroying the railroad leading to Harrisburg and between Philadelphia and Baltimore. As at the beginning of the war it was intended to prevent troops from arriv-

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1864.

July 10,
1864.

ing at Washington; but soldiers were hastening to that city from another direction.

The four years of conflict were characterized by remarkable coincidences. When General Grant assumed command of all the armies he determined to conduct the campaign on a general principle—he would concentrate his forces. He saw that the Confederate army, under Lee, in Virginia, and the one in Georgia, under Johnston, constituted the power of the Rebellion. He would need reinforcements, especially in Virginia. The Nineteenth Corps in Louisiana, under General Emory, was holding that country, but was not in position to take aggressive action. He therefore directed Emory to embark his troops and sail to Fortress Monroe; and the steamers, with the veterans on board invigorated by the sea-voyage, were ready to drop anchor at Hampton Roads on the afternoon of the conflict at Monocacy. The telegraph flashed the news of the advance of Early towards the capital; and not only the Nineteenth Corps but the second division of the Sixth Corps, by the orders of Grant, were sent to Washington. There was a scene of excitement in that city: a mustering of convalescents in the hospitals, soldiers on detached service, marines and sailors in the Navy-yard, clerks in the Quartermaster's Department, artillerymen in the forts—nearly 20,000 in all. But they were undisciplined, widely scattered, unorganized. The chances were that Early, with his 20,000 veterans, would have little difficulty in entering the city.

Up the Potomac sailed the ocean steamers from New Orleans with the veterans from Louisiana, and the river steamers with those of the Sixth Corps. It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon ^{July 11,} _{1864.} when the President, looking from the south windows of the White House, beheld the vessels off Alexandria, and experienced a sense of relief from the anxiety of the morning. When the vessels came to the wharves at the foot of Sixth Street the soldiers beheld the President waiting to welcome them. They rent the air with cheers. Without delay the column marched up Seventh Street, welcomed by hurrahs. Mingling with the shout of welcome was the thunder of cannon at Fort Stevens, hurling shells upon the advancing Confederates. The veterans had arrived just when they were greatly needed. General Early's opportunity had gone by. Never was a Confederate flag to wave over the dome of the Capitol; never were his soldiers to march in triumph through Washington. He had determined to make an assault, but when he beheld the soldiers of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps confronting him, he hesitated to give the order.

The Union troops were not there to stand upon the defensive. General Wright, of the Sixth Corps, in command, determined to advance. The cannon of Fort Stevens opened fire. Upon its rampart stood President Lincoln surveying the scene. Wheaton's division of the Sixth Corps began the attack, driving the Confederate skirmishers. The rattling fire deepened to volleys. The heavy cannon in the forts sent shells over the heads of the advancing troops. Early had no intention of fighting a battle. He had come to seize the capital, but had been foiled. He signalized his exploit by burning the house of Mr. Blair, member of the President's Cabinet, then crossed the Potomac with the cattle and plunder collected in Maryland, and made his way once more to the Shenandoah.

Mr. Lincoln had selected able men as members of his Cabinet, but they differed widely in opinion upon questions of public policy. The convention which renominated him passed a resolution calling for harmony of action. The Postmaster-general, Mr. Montgomery Blair, was regarded with disfavor by many earnest Republicans. They importuned the President to remove him. It was known that the Postmaster-general was hostile to Mr. Seward and Secretary Stanton. He keenly felt the destruction of his residence by the Confederates, especially his library, which contained valuable papers. He commented severely upon the inefficiency of Halleck, who wrote a letter to Stanton.

"I desire to know," said Halleck, "whether such wholesale denunciation and accusation by a member of the Cabinet receives the sanction and support of the President of the United States? If so, the names of the officers accused should be stricken from the rolls of the army; if not, it is due to the honor of the accused that the slanderer be dismissed from the Cabinet."

The Secretary of War sent the communication to the President, making no comment upon Halleck's request. Plain the reply of Mr. Lincoln:

"Whether the remarks were really made I do not know, nor do I suppose such knowledge is necessary to a correct response. If they were made, I do not approve them; and yet, under the circumstances, I would not dismiss a member of the Cabinet therefor. I do not consider what may have been hastily said in a moment of vexation as so severe a loss is sufficient ground for so grave a step. Besides this, truth is generally the best vindication against slander. I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed." (*)

The members of the Cabinet assembled in the executive chamber to consult upon grave questions. They had been invited by Mr. Lincoln to be his advisers, to aid him in administering the affairs of the Government. The country was fighting for its life. Harmonious action was a duty they owed to the nation. The people demanded it. Abraham Lincoln was determined to have it. Before proceeding to business they heard him say :

“Gentlemen, I must myself be the best judge how long to retain in and when to remove any of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another’s removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and, much more, a wrong to the country. My wish is that on this subject no remark be made nor question asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter.”⁽⁹⁾

With firmness and dignity the head-master of the school had made known the rule to his subordinates. It was not for them to dictate his course of action. They were not the words of an autocrat, but of a servant of the people.

While Early was advancing towards Washington, the President received a letter from Horace Greeley, indorsing a communication from William Cornell Jewett, who was hobnobbing with Thompson and Clay, Confederate agents in Canada. Mr. Jewett was an adventurer, a busybody, who imagined he was of great importance to the country. He wrote letters to Jefferson Davis and Mr. Lincoln, proffering advice, of which no notice was taken. He also wrote letters to the newspapers. “I am authorized to state,” he wrote to the editor of the “Tribune,” “that two ambassadors of Davis & Co. are now in Canada, with full and complete powers for a peace, and Mr. Saunders requests that you come on immediately to me at Cataract House for a private interview; or, if you will send the President’s protection for him and two friends, they will come and meet you. He says the whole matter can be consummated by me, you, them, and President Lincoln.”

Mr. Greeley was an able editor and writer. He was impulsive and earnest. He wanted to bring about peace. He knew that Jewett was meddling with other people’s affairs. A little reflection would have led him to doubt the statements of such an adventurer, but with childish simplicity he wrote to Mr. Lincoln and enclosed that received from Jewett.

“I venture to remind you,” he said, “that our bleeding, bankrupt, almost dying country longs for peace, shudders at the prospect of fresh

conspirations, of further wholesale devastations, and of new rivers of human blood; and a wide-spread conviction that the Government and its supporters are not anxious for peace, and do not improve proffered opportunities to achieve it, is doing great harm now, and is morally certain, unless removed, to do far greater harm in the approaching election."

Mr. Greeley drew up a plan of his own for bringing about peace. The Union was to be perpetual. Slavery was to be abolished. Four hundred million dollars were to be paid to the Slave States. A national convention was to be called to settle all differences.

"Mr. President," he wrote, "I fear you do not realize how intently the people desire any peace, consistent with national integrity and honor, and how joyously they would hail its achievement and bless its authors. With United States stocks worth about forty cents in gold per dollar, and drafting about to commence on the third million Union soldiers, can this be wondered at? I do not say a just peace is now attainable, though I believe it to be so."

Mr. Greeley, accepting Jewett's statements without question, had jumped at a conclusion. President Lincoln had no faith in Jewett. He did not believe any one had been authorized by Jefferson Davis to negotiate a peace. Were it so, it was not probable that a busybody would be selected by the President of the Confederacy. The letter, however, was not tossed into the waste-basket. It should not be said that the Administration did not desire peace. Mr. Greeley had been criticising the conduct of the war, but the time had come when the President could effectually demonstrate to him his sincere desire to end the conflict.

"If you can find," he wrote in reply, "any person, anywhere, professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him he may come to me with you."

Mr. Greeley did not read in the words "any person, anywhere," "any proposition," the disbelief of Mr. Lincoln in the honest intention of Jewett and a quiet sarcasm upon himself.

Another meddler, George N. Saunders, who took part in making Greeley a dupe of the Democratic Party, wrote that he was authorized to say that Mr. Clay, Professor Holcombe, of Virginia, and himself were ready to go to Washington to negotiate peace.

"I am," wrote Greeley to the President, "of course quite other than sanguine that peace can now be made, but I am quite sure that a frank,

earnest, anxious effort to terminate the war on honorable terms would immensely strengthen the Government in case of its failure, and would help us in the eyes of the civilized world."

The President wrote a second letter to Greeley. "I am disappointed," he said, "that you have not already reached here with those commissioners. If they would consent to come on being shown ^{July 15,} _{1864.} my letter to you on the 9th inst., show this to them; and if they will consent to come *on the terms stated in the former*, bring them. I not only intend a sincere effort for peace, but I intend that you shall be a personal witness that it is made."

The President manifested his sincerity by sending one of his secretaries to New York to confer with Greeley. He was determined the editor of the "Tribune" should personally know that he was sincere.

Mr. Greeley went to Niagara with a paper which guaranteed the safety of Clay, Thompson, Holcombe, and Saunders in visiting Washington. He wrote a note to those gentlemen, informing them he ^{July 16,} _{1864.} understood they were duly accredited from Richmond as bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace. He did not inform them in regard to the condition mentioned by Mr. Lincoln—"a proposition in writing from Jefferson Davis."

They replied that they were not accredited from Richmond to negotiate peace. They had no writing from Davis. They did not doubt he might appoint them to conduct arrangements for peace if President Lincoln were to move in the matter.

The editor of the "Tribune" was perplexed, and telegraphed to Washington, asking what should be done.

The President concluded to send John Hay, one of his secretaries, to Niagara with the following document, which would be understood by all :

"To whom it may concern : Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war with the United States, will be received and considered by the executive government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms and other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways."

Mr. Greeley crossed to the Canada side, handed the proposition to Mr. Holcombe, and privately informed Jewett he would be ^{July 20,} _{1864.} pleased to receive through him any answer the Confederates might make. Mr. Jewett saw an opportunity to help the Peace Democrats and disparage Mr. Lincoln.

He informed the commissioners that he was Mr. Greeley's confidential agent. They wrote a letter pretending ignorance of any conditions attached to the first letter of the President to Greeley, and accused Mr. Lincoln of having made a withdrawal of his first overture. They said the South wanted peace, and intimated that he did not desire it. They appealed to patriots and Christians in the North to "recall the abused authority, and vindicate the outraged civilization of their country."

The letter was placed in the hands of Jewett, who, besides sending it to Greeley, sent copies to the Democratic newspapers. Jewett, Saunders, and the Confederates had used the unsuspecting editor of the "Tribune" to discredit Mr. Lincoln before the people. The President had not been deceived. He mistrusted at the outset that a trick was intended.

The Democratic newspapers declared more vehemently than ever that Mr. Lincoln was a blood-thirsty tyrant, who desired only to see the South humiliated and crushed, the country desolated—all on account of the negroes. Mr. Greeley was chagrined at the outcome of his exploit. The President, desiring to soothe his wounded sensibilities, invited him to visit Washington. The invitation was not accepted. "I fear," he wrote to Mr. Lincoln, "that my chance for usefulness has passed. I know that nine-tenths of the whole American people, North and South, are anxious for peace—peace on almost any terms—and utterly sick of human slaughter and devastation. I know that to the general eye it now seems that the rebels are anxious to negotiate, and that we refuse their advances. I know that if this impression be not removed we shall be beaten out of sight next November. I firmly believe that were the election to take place to-morrow the Democratic majority in the State of Pennsylvania would amount to 100,000, and that we should lose Connecticut also. Now, if the Rebellion can be crushed before November it will do to go on; if not, we are rushing to certain ruin. . . . I beg you, I implore you, to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith. And in case peace cannot now be made, consent to *an armistice for one year*, each party to retain unmolested all it now holds, but the rebel ports to be opened. Meantime let a national convention be held, and there will surely be no more war, at all events."

Two prominent members of Congress, Henry Winter Davis and Senator Wade, were chagrined at the action of the President in not signing the bill for the reconstruction of the Rebel States. The Presi-

dent had set up his opinion against a majority of both Houses. They gave vent to their anger by issuing a manifesto.

“The President,” they said, “by preventing this bill from becoming a law, holds the electoral votes of the Rebel States at the dictation of his personal ambition. . . . A more studied outrage on the legislative authority of the people has never been perpetrated. . . . If he wishes our support, he must confine himself to his executive duties; to obey and to execute, not make, the laws; to suppress by arms armed rebellion, and leave political reorganization to Congress.”

In their anger the authors of the manifesto overlooked the one question foremost in the mind of the President: the constitutionality of the act. They misjudged him in concluding he preferred his own plan to theirs, whereas he was zealous only to maintain the Constitution. He intended that every act of his Administration should be in accordance with its provisions. He could make no reply to the misstatements and falsehoods. He must bear calumny and misrepresentation in silence. It was hard to see old-time friends and strong supporters turning their faces away from him—condemning his course, maligning his motives. “Your re-election,” wrote Thurlow Weed, “is an impossibility.”

“The people,” said Henry J. Raymond, of the New York “Times,” “are wild for peace. Commissioners ought to be sent to Richmond on the basis of peace.”

“I doubt if I shall be re-elected,” said Mr. Lincoln to his intimate acquaintances.⁽¹⁰⁾

Just before the Cabinet entered the executive chamber August 23, 1864, the day assigned for the weekly meeting, the President wrote the following words:

“This morning, as for several days past, it seems probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so cooperate with the President-elect to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.”⁽¹¹⁾

What words are these! Where in all history, or in what biography, is there such a look into the future? No forecasting for advantage to himself! Everything for the country! The nation must be saved!

The writing is placed in an envelope and sealed. The members of the Cabinet enter the room. Cheerful as ever the greeting of the President.

“Gentlemen, may I ask a favor—will you please write your names upon this envelope?” the request. They do not know why he asks it.

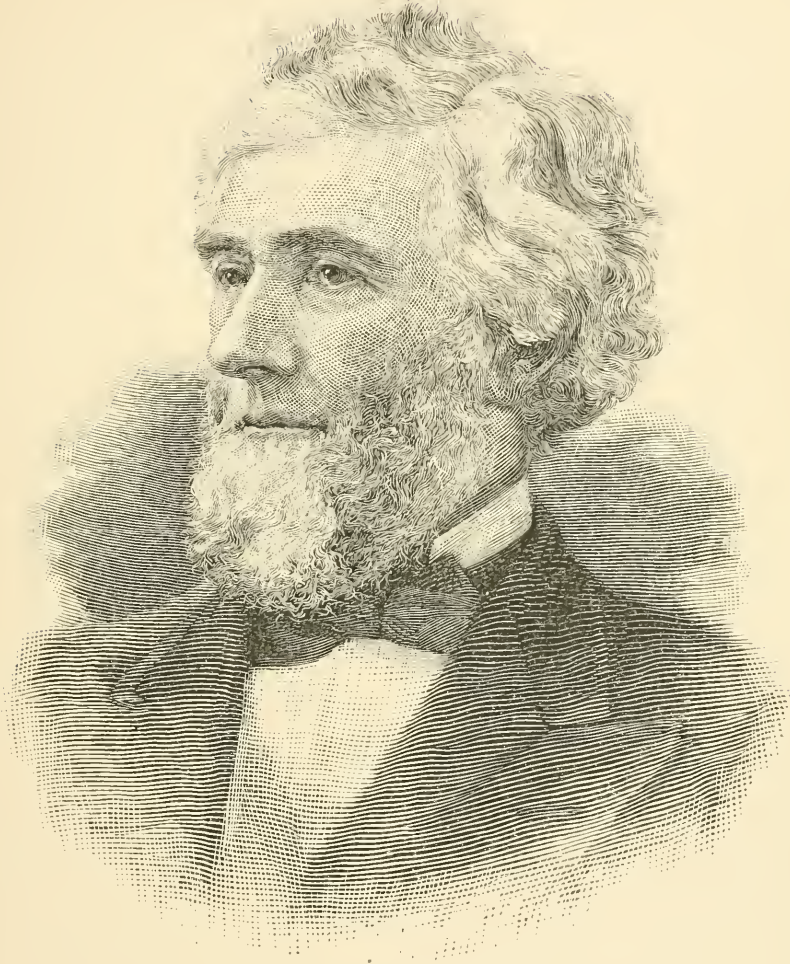
He makes no explanation. They have no knowledge of its contents. They write their names, and the package is laid away.

Why had the President written the remarkable words? Why had he asked the members of the Cabinet to write their names? To understand his action we must remember that it was one of the gloomiest hours in the history of the country. If we take the premium on gold as a standard of probabilities it was the darkest period of the war. In August, 1862, when the Union army was drifting back to Washington, after the disaster at Manassas, gold could be purchased by paying 20 per cent. premium. Very soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, the following December, specie disappeared. People were hiding it in safe places. On that summer morning, 1864, \$2.60 in paper-money were required to purchase \$1 in gold. The credit of the Government was at its lowest ebb. The country stood aghast at the slaughter on the battle-fields. The President was about to call for 300,000 men. Seemingly the sentiment of the country was for peace. McClellan, if elected, would succeed to the Presidency on such a basis. Mr. Lincoln, at such a gloomy hour, called the members of the Cabinet to witness that he would do all in his power to aid McClellan, if possible.

The Cabinet meeting over, the members departed, and R. E. Fenton, member of Congress from New York, entered the chamber in response to a telegram sent by the President.

"Mr. Fenton," said Mr. Lincoln, "you are to be nominated by our folks for Governor of your State. Seymour, of course, will be the Democratic nominee. You will have a hard fight. I am very desirous you should win the battle. New York should be on our side by honest possession. There is some trouble among our folks over there which we must try and manage—or, rather, there is one man who may give us trouble because of his indifference, if in no other way. He has great influence, and his feelings may be reflected in many of his friends. We must have his counsel and co-operation in holding friendly relations with Mr. Weed."

We have seen Mr. Thurlow Weed meeting defeat and disappointment by the defeat of Mr. Seward in the Chicago Convention of 1860. He was not heartily in sympathy with the Administration, and had not been consulted in regard to the appointment of the collector of customs and surveyor in New York, whom he regarded as hostile to himself. Political patronage was dear to Mr. Weed; in the eyes of Abraham Lincoln it was no more than a bauble. If Mr. Weed could be brought to wield his far-reaching influence for saving the nation, he would give



REUBEN E. FENTON.

him the toy. Mr. Fenton was sent to New York. He brought about the resignation of the surveyor, and the appointment of a gentleman who could be of service in saving the nation—one who was agreeable to Mr. Weed. Such was Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship.

No principle had been sacrificed, but harmony essential to the welfare of the nation had been attained.

Little did the President foresee how events beyond his control would dissipate the gloom; how through the obstinacy of Jefferson

Davis, through the blundering and malignity of the Peace Democracy, by the heroism and steadfastness of the great army of the republic the nation was to be saved.

There were others than William Cornell Jewett and Horace Greeley who thought themselves called upon to bring about peace. Mr. John R. Gilmore, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Jacques, of Illinois, desired to visit Richmond on an errand of peace, and were allowed by General Grant to pass his lines. They reached the Confederate Capitol and held a conference with Jefferson Davis. They expressed a desire to have the war ended. The Northern people longed for peace, they said.

“I desire,” Mr. Davis replied, “peace as much as you do; but I feel that not one drop of blood is on *my* hands. I can look up to God and say this: I tried all in my power to avert this war. I saw it coming, and for twelve years I worked night and day to prevent it; but I could not. The North was mad and blind; but it would not let us govern ourselves, and so the war came; and now it must go on till the last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battle, unless you acknowledge our right to self-government. *We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence; and that or extermination we will have. . . . Say to Mr. Lincoln, from me, that I shall at any time be proud to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach us with any other.*”

The Peace Democrats maintained that the President was waging war solely to abolish slavery. Jefferson Davis by this declaration informed them that the South was not fighting to maintain slavery, but for independence.

“We may lose much,” wrote the editor of a Southern newspaper, “by presenting a hostile movement to the Peace Democracy. Live with them under the same government we never will; but if they will use the ballot-box against Mr. Lincoln while we use the cartridge-box, each side will help the other, and both co-operate to accomplish the grandest work which this country has ever witnessed.”

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXII.

(1) Robert J. Breckinridge was born in Kentucky, March 8, 1800. He attended Princeton, Yale, and Union colleges, graduating at the latter, 1819. He studied law, was elected to the Legislature four successive years, but in 1832, in obedience to religious convictions, studied theology, and became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church,

Baltimore, where he remained till elected to the presidency of Jefferson College, 1845. He took great interest in promoting the public schools of Kentucky. In 1853 he accepted an appointment as Professor of Polemics in Danville Theological Seminary. He published several volumes upon theological subjects, and edited the Danville "Review." He was intensely loyal to the Union. Although his son and nephew, John C. Breckinridge, joined the Confederacy, he denounced secession as an unpardonable crime.—Author.

(²) F. B. Carpenter, "Six Months in the White House," p. 166.

(³) *Ibid.*

(⁴) Theodore Tilton, in New York "Independent," June 14, 1864.

(⁵) Clement L. Vallandigham was of Huguenot descent. He was born in New Lisbon, O., 1822. He taught an academy at Snow Hill, Md., studied law, and was admitted to the bar, 1842. He was elected to the Legislature of Ohio, and edited a newspaper at Dayton. He was an intense Democrat, and secured an election to Congress, 1857. His sympathies were with the Secessionists to an extent which led him to oppose the prosecution of the war. On the floor of Congress, at political gatherings, and through the Press he wielded his influence against the Government, and was arrested for treasonable utterances by General Burnside. He was tried by court-martial, sentenced to imprisonment in one of the forts in Boston Harbor; but President Lincoln overruled the decision and transferred him to the Confederate lines. He received scant courtesy in Richmond, where he remained but a short time. He ran the blockade to Bermuda, went from there to Canada, was nominated by the Democratic Party as candidate for Governor, 1863. He was defeated by John Brough by an overwhelming majority. He returned to Ohio, was elected delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, and wrote its platform. While engaged in a suit at court, and explaining the construction of a pistol, he was mortally wounded by its accidental discharge. He was a man of great earnestness and force—an intense partisan.—Author.

(⁶) The Secretary of the Treasury, William P. Fessenden, appointed to succeed Mr. Chase, was born in Boscawen, N. H., October 16, 1806. He received his education at Bowdoin College, studied law, began practice in Bridgeton, and subsequently in Portland. He was elected to the Legislature, 1832, but refused a nomination as member of Congress. He gave his attention wholly to his profession, attaining a high position as member of the bar. He was elected Senator, 1854, and took conspicuous part in the debates upon the Kansas troubles. He was re-elected, 1859. Upon the assembling of the Peace Congress, 1861, he was appointed a member of that body by the Governor of Maine. Upon the accession of the Republican Party to power he was made chairman of the Committee on Finance. His ability in that position elicited a glowing eulogy from Senator Sumner, who said, "In the financial field he is what the best generals are on the battle-field." Mr. Lincoln placed Senator Fessenden in charge of the finances at the darkest period of the war, when viewed from the financial stand-point. Mr. Chase had advertised a loan, but there was no response from the public, and it had been withdrawn. In the month of February, 1864, gold was at a premium of 225. Secretary Fessenden resolved that no more treasury notes should be issued. He devised a loan bearing $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. interest. He believed that the people, if appealed to, would subscribe to such a loan. They had shown their patriotism in raising men, they would be equally patriotic in furnishing money. He determined to appeal to the small investor and issue \$50 bonds. He judged rightly; and the people, having confidence in the stability of the Government, accepted the bonds, and gave the Government the needed funds to carry on the war. Mr. Fessenden was re-elected to the Senate in 1865, and was made chairman of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. He opposed the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. He died in 1869.—Author.

(⁷) Zachariah Chandler was born in Bedford, N. H., 1813. He attended the public

schools of his native town, and taught one term. At the age of twenty he became clerk in a dry-goods store; removed to Detroit, Mich., and engaged in business. He was elected mayor of that city, 1851. He was a Whig, but took an active part in the formation of the Republican Party. In 1857 he succeeded Lewis Cass as Senator from Michigan. He was ever outspoken in his denunciation of slavery. He vehemently opposed the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He had the courage of his convictions. In a letter to Governor Blair, written February 11, 1861, he said that "without a little blood-letting the Union was not worth a rush." When the President called for 75,000 troops to put down the Rebellion, Senator Chandler regretted that he had not called for 500,000. He reported in 1861 a bill for the confiscation of the property of those in rebellion. In July, 1862, he informed several Senators that he intended to assail McClellan in a speech on the floor of the Senate. He was informed that it would be fatal to his reelection to the Senate, then pending. He replied that the good of the country demanded an exposure of the inefficiency of the commander of the army, and delivered the speech as contemplated. It did not imperil his re-election. He was plain, straightforward, and intensely loyal to the Union.—Author.

(⁸) "Century Magazine," September, 1889.

(⁹) Ibid.

(¹⁰) "Century Magazine," August, 1889.

(¹¹) Ibid.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEACE DEMOCRACY.

JUST out from Chicago, at "Camp Douglas," were 5000 Confederate prisoners. The officer in command allowed some of the captives to visit acquaintances and friends in the city on their parole. He organized them in companies to keep the camp clean and distribute provisions. The Confederates were ready to do all that was required. The guards were few in number, and belonged largely to the invalid corps. They had seen service, but were not sufficiently hardy to enter upon a campaign.

The War Department appointed Colonel J. B. Sweet to command the post. In view of the sufferings of Union soldiers at Andersonville, he thought it wise to curtail the privileges that had been enjoyed by the prisoners. No longer were they allowed to visit the city. They were permitted to write letters to their friends, which were left unsealed, that Colonel Sweet might see they contained nothing contraband. It occurred to him it would be well to hold one of the letters over the flame of a lamp, when lo! and behold, writing between the lines appeared. He read about a "celebration" that was to be held in Chicago.⁽¹⁾ He determined to keep his own counsel, and make further discoveries about any society or organization planning a celebration.

Detectives, disguised as Confederate prisoners, soon learned that something was to be done in connection with the assembling of the Democratic Convention. It was known that the "Sons of Liberty" were making preparations to resist the Government in enforcing the draft ordered by the President. The leaders were in communication with Thompson and Clay in Canada. It was discovered that a large number of "Sons of Liberty" were preparing to attend the convention, and that an attempt was to be made to release the prisoners.⁽²⁾

The railroad trains from Canada, Ohio, Southern Indiana, and Illinois, entering Chicago, were filled with passengers. Some were
Aug. 28, 1864. delegates to the Democratic Convention, but the great majority were on their way to the city for a far different purpose—to act in

concert with the Confederate prisoners for their release. The movement was well understood in Richmond. Among the passengers from Canada were men holding commissions signed by Jefferson Davis as officers in the Confederate service, who were to take command of the prisoners. Their fare and the expenses of the motley crowds of "Sons of Liberty" were paid by Thompson and Clay with money from the Confederate treasury. "Men commanded by Mr. Vallandigham," says a Confederate writer, "had been intrusted with the necessary funds for perfecting county organizations. Arms had been purchased in the North by the aid of professed friends in New York."³) Alliances, offensive and defensive, had been made with peace organizations, and though we were not misled by the sanguine promises of our friends, we were confident that with any sort of co-operation on their part success was possible. During the excitement that always attends a great political convention, increased, as we supposed it would be, by the spirit of opposition to the Administration, we felt that we would be free to act unobserved, and that we could move with promptness and effect upon Camp Douglas. With 5000 prisoners there, and over 7000 at Springfield, joined by the dissatisfied elements in Chicago and through Illinois, we believed that we would have a formidable force, which might be the nucleus of more important movements. . . . Arms were ready, and information had been conveyed to the prisoners of our intention. Chicago was thronged with people from all sections of the country, and among the vast crowd were many officers of the secret organizations on whom we relied for assistance."⁴)

Had we been guests at the Richmond House, in Chicago, we should have seen one room carefully guarded. All who asked to be admitted were closely scrutinized. The Confederate officers and the "Sons of Liberty" were holding a conference. A large number of the "Sons" had arrived, but they were not organized for action.

"As day after day passed," wrote an editor of one of the Chicago newspapers, "the crowd increased till the whole city seemed alive with a motley crew of bleary-eyed, whiskey-blotched vagabonds, the very excrescence and sweepings of the slums and sinks of all the cities of the nation. I sat at my window and saw the filthy stream of degraded humanity swagger along to the wigwam on the lake shore, and wondered how our city could be saved from burning and plunder, and our wives and daughters from a far more dreadful fate. They talked loudly about the convention, cursed Abraham Lincoln, and praised Vallandigham. They swaggered through the streets, lounged at the corners, drank a

great deal of whiskey, and yelled with delight at the mention of the name of Jefferson Davis.”⁽⁶⁾

The conspirators reconnoitred Camp Douglas, and beheld vigilant sentinels pacing their beats. Cannon were planted to sweep every avenue of approach. The soldiers guarding the prisoners were veterans who had faced death on the battle-field. The Confederates holding commissions from Jefferson Davis saw that an unorganized mob could accomplish little against a body of disciplined troops, and wisely abandoned an attempt to release the prisoners.

Colonel Sweet was cognizant of all their plans. Very quietly he increased the force guarding the camp, and was prepared for whatever might happen.

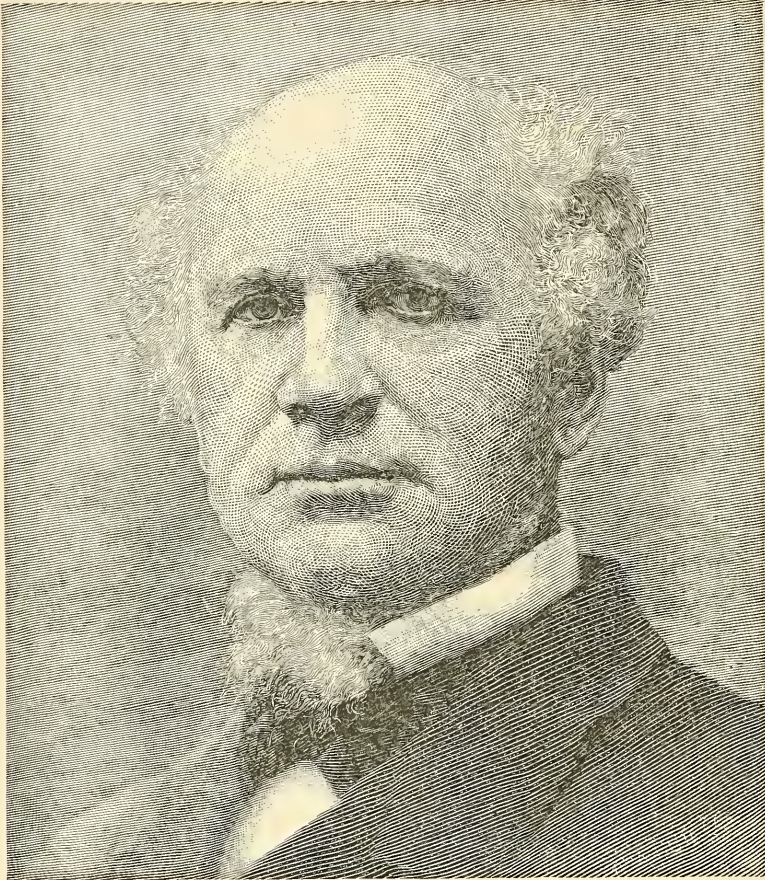
The Democratic Convention assembled. The delegates came with high expectations. It was called to order by Mr. August Belmont, of

New York. “Four years of misrule,” he said, “by a sectional, ^{Aug. 29,} _{1864.} fanatical, and corrupt party have brought our country to the verge of ruin. . . . The inevitable result of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln must be the utter disintegration of our whole political and social system and bloodshed and anarchy, with the great problem of liberal progress and self-government jeopardized for generations to come.”

Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, was elected president of the convention. “The Administration,” he said, “will not let the shedding of blood cease, even for a little time, to see if Christian charity or the wisdom of statesmanship may not work to save the country. They will not listen to a proposal of peace which does not offer that which the Government has no right to ask. . . . We are determined that the party which has made the history of our country, since its advent to power, seem like some unnatural and terrible dream, shall be overthrown.”

The platform of the party was prepared by Mr. Vallandigham. “The Constitution,” it read, “has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country injured. Justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States, that at the earliest possible moment peace may be restored.”

The name of George B. McClellan was presented as a candidate for the Presidency. From the hour of his removal as commander of the Army of the Potomac a portion of the Democratic Party had selected him as the man who would be most likely to defeat the re-election



HORATIO SEYMOUR.

of Mr. Lincoln. The peace wing of the party opposed his nomination. "He is a tyrant!" shouted Mr. Harris, delegate from Maryland. "He it was who initiated the policy by which our liberties were stricken down. He is the assassin of State rights, the usurper of liberty; and if nominated will be beaten, as he was at Antietam."

"You have arraigned Lincoln," said Mr. Long, of Ohio, "for interfering with the freedom of speech, the freedom of elections, and of arbitrary arrests; and yet you propose to nominate a man who has been guilty of the arrest of the Legislature of a sovereign State. He has suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, and helped to enforce the odious

Emancipation Proclamation of Lincoln, the instrument of a corrupt and tyrannical administration."

McClellan was almost unanimously nominated. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, was selected as candidate for Vice-president. While the convention was resolving that the war was a failure, the troops under General Sherman were making the movement which compelled the Confederates to evacuate Atlanta, and the flag of the Confederacy, which had waved above Fort Morgan in Mobile Bay, was giving place to the Stars and Stripes. No cheers rent the air when the delegates heard the news. The convention adjourned, not *sine die*, but to meet again, if need be, to act in relation to whatever might happen.

The events of the hour were dissipating the gloom which a few days before had settled over the country. The flashing of Sherman's guns at Atlanta and Farragut's in Mobile Bay, like lightning on a sultry evening in midsummer, cleared the atmosphere. The invincible host entering the Confederate stronghold in Georgia was the promise of final victory. At Petersburg, upon the receipt of the news, the cannon of the Army of the Potomac hurled a salute of shot and shell into the Confederate trenches. President Lincoln issued a proclamation to the country. "The signal successes," he said, "that divine Providence has vouchsafed call for a devout acknowledgment to the supreme Being in whose hands are the destinies of nations." He recommended the following Sunday as a day of thanksgiving to God. In behalf of the people he tendered the thanks of the nation to Farragut and Sherman, and all the officers, soldiers, and sailors who had achieved the victories. He directed that national salutes should be fired from all arsenals and navy-yards. So it came about that at the hour of noon the Peace Democrats of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, who were saying the war had failed, were compelled to hear in the thunder of the salutes the reply of loyal people to the Chicago declaration.

The first important speech of the campaign on the Republican side was made by Secretary Seward to the citizens of Auburn, N. Y. Sept. 3, 1864. "Who can vouch," he asked, "for the safety of the country against the rebels during the interval which must elapse before the new Administration can constitutionally come into power?"

He was talking of the possibility of McClellan's election. It was a simple and natural inquiry, but the Peace Democrats distorted the utterance into a threat. They said Mr. Seward represented the President, and it was the intention of Mr. Lincoln to hold on to the office.

"It is a threat," said Governor Parker, of New Jersey, "that in case

Mr. Lincoln should be defeated at the polls, he would resort to the means usually adopted by despots, and endeavor to perpetuate his reign by force of bayonets."

"The usurper," said Judge Comstock, of New York, "now has his heel upon the free suffrage of the people; yet if the people be defrauded by military intervention at the polls, the people must and will take George B. McClellan in their arms and carry him to the Presidency."

Little did the Democrats know what was in the heart of Abraham Lincoln, or what was in the sealed envelope witnessed by the members of the Cabinet—his last will and testament, as it were, bequeathing unimpaired to McClellan, if elected, the country—the government of the people.

The newspapers of the South hailed with exultation the action of the Democratic Party.

"A new party," said the Richmond "Examiner," "will succeed to power, which will sheathe the sword and hold out the olive-branch. . . . The Democratic Party would have been forever obliged to General Hood if he had managed to hold Atlanta another fortnight."

The political campaign began with vigor and intense feeling. Mr. Lincoln took no part in it. He thought he had no right to make speeches favoring his re-election. A regiment from Ohio, which had served three years, was returning home. The veterans wanted to see the man whom they loved and honored. They marched into the grounds of the White House. The President came to the window and welcomed them. They beheld a kindly, care-worn face.

"I wish," he said, "that the country understood the meaning of this struggle. We have a free government, under which every man has a right to be the equal of every other man. . . . In this struggle is involved the question whether your children and my children shall enjoy the privileges we have enjoyed. . . . When you return to your homes rise to the heights of a generation of men worthy of a free government, and we will carry out the great work we have commenced."

The Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, accompanied by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, a distinguished clergyman of New York, called upon the President. "I congratulate you, Mr. President,"
Sept. 6. said Mr. Thompson, "on the capture of Atlanta. I thank you for issuing a proclamation for the observance of next Sunday as a day for devout thanksgiving to God for the victory."

"I would be glad," the President replied, "if I could issue such a proclamation every week."

“The victory at Atlanta,” continued Mr. Thompson, “has wiped out half the Chicago platform, and if Grant will wipe out the other half we shall re-elect you by acclamation.”

“I think,” said Mr. Dana, “the Union revival of feeling in the country is quite as much due to the platform as to the victory.”

“I guess,” said Mr. Lincoln, “it is due to the victory. At any rate, it will bear repetition.”

“The platform,” Mr. Thompson remarked, “has not yet been accepted by McClellan. He seems to be as slow as he was in taking Richmond.”

“Perhaps he is *intrenching*,” said the President, laughingly.

“It is rumored,” Mr. Thompson added, “that he will decline the nomination on that platform.”

“Well,” Mr. Lincoln replied, “he does not seem to know whether he will accept or decline. And he never will. Somebody must do it for him. Of all the men I have had to do with in my life, *indecision is*



GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

most strongly marked in McClellan, if that can be said to be strong which is the essence of weakness."

There was no trace of personal rivalry or animosity in the tone. It was the utterance of deliberate judgment.

"Have you heard, Mr. President," said Dana, "of the death of John Morgan?"

"Is he dead? I would not desire the death of any man, but I assure you that I take his death resignedly, as a dispensation of divine Providence. Morgan was a nigger-driver before the war. You Northern men don't know anything about such mean, low creatures. Southern slave-holders despise them. But such a wretch has been used to carry on the Rebellion."

The President uttered the words with an emphasis which manifested his abhorrence of that phase of the institution of slavery.

Mr. Thompson alluded to his renomination.

"The churches, Mr. President, throughout the North desire your re-election."

"It gratifies me to be assured of it. I rely much upon them. I would like to be re-elected, that I may carry out the policy of the Administration."

"Several prominent ministers," said Mr. Thompson, "are exerting their influence in your behalf. Among them is Rev. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, who is earnestly advocating your re-election."

"Bacon! Let me see. What do I know of him? Didn't he once write a book on slavery, which some of the abolitionists did not agree with?"

"Yes."

"Well, I read that book some years ago, and at first did not know exactly what to make of it, but I afterwards read it more carefully, and got hold of Dr. Bacon's distinctions, and it had much to do with shaping my own way of thinking on the subject of slavery. He is quite a man."

"There is a distinction," said Mr. Thompson, "between what might be termed domiciliary subjection of captives taken in war, and the bond-service of paupers, as allowed under the Mosaic economy, and chattel slavery in our own country."

"Yes," replied the President, "there is a distinction. However, *I have somehow thought that Moses didn't quite understand the Lord along there.*"

With a warm grasp of the hand he bade Mr. Thompson good-bye.

“No description,” writes the latter, “can be given of the brilliancy of his repartee, the readiness of his wit, or the affability of his manner.” (°)

The month of September marks the beginning of the closing period of the war. General Early with his army was at Winchester, in the Shenandoah. He intended to prevent the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He desired to hold the valley till the harvests were gathered. His presence so near Maryland was a constant menace to that State. The Union troops at Harper's Ferry consisted of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps, and a large force of cavalry. General Sheridan was in command. General Grant, at Petersburg, extended his lines and took possession of the Weldon Railroad. “I think,” he said to Sheridan, “that Lee will order all troops back from the valley except what he believes will be sufficient to detain you. Watch closely, and if you find the thing correct, push with all vigor. Give the enemy no rest, and, if possible, follow to the Virginia Central Railroad. Do all the damage to railroad and crops you can, carry off stock of all descriptions and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to go on another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.”

General Lee did what Grant supposed he would. He ordered Early to send Anderson's division of troops to Richmond. Sheridan, finding they had started, advanced a portion of his force to Berryville. Early, thinking he was to be attacked, caused Anderson to return. In the West, General Sherman was resting his army in Atlanta. Such the position of troops the first week in September.

General Grant was studying the situation. He saw it would not do for Sheridan to risk a battle with a prospect of being defeated. Such a result would encourage the Confederates to continue the struggle, but a decisive victory would have a powerful influence upon the political campaign in favor of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. If Sheridan were defeated, the Confederates and their allies in the Democratic Party would push the advantage to the utmost. He did not send his instructions by telegraph or letter, but visited Harper's Ferry. “I knew,” he said, “it was impossible for me to get orders through Washington to Sheridan to make a move, because they would be stopped there, and such orders as Halleek's caution would suggest (and that of the Secretary of War) would be given instead, and would no doubt be contradictory to mine. I therefore, without stopping at Washington, went directly through to Charlestown, some ten miles from Harper's Ferry, and waited there to see General Sheridan, having sent a courier in advance to inform him where to meet me.”

The two commanders met. Through Miss Rebecca Wright, a loyal young lady in Winchester, Sheridan had ascertained that Anderson's division was on its way to Richmond.

"Anderson has gone, and I propose to fight a battle," said Sheridan.

"Your teams and supplies are at Harper's Ferry. How soon can you get them up?" Grant asked.

"This is Friday evening. I can be ready by daylight next Monday morning."

"Go in!"

The two words comprised all the instructions Grant had to give.

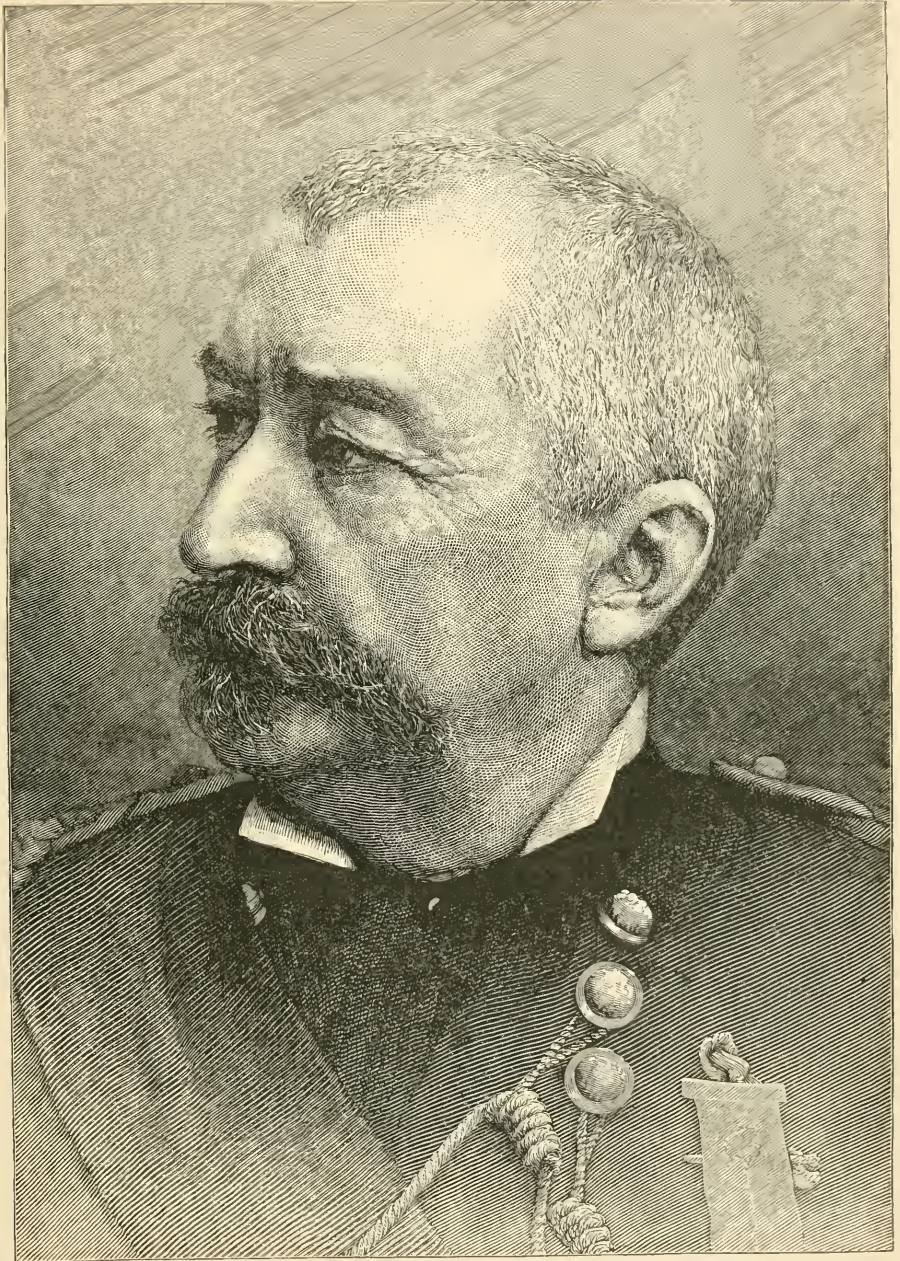
On a bright autumnal day Sheridan crossed the Opequan River and fought the battle of Winchester. When the sun went down the Sept. 19. Confederates were fleeing from the field, retiring to a very strong position at Fisher's Hill.

Two days later the Confederates were again routed, with a loss in the two battles of twenty-one cannon and several thousand men. Sept. 21. (See "Freedom Triumphant.")

"God bless you all, officers and men! I am strongly inclined to come and see you," the message sent by the President to Sheridan. In cities and villages throughout the North bells were ringing and bonfires blazing. The people comprehended the significance of the victories.

The malaria of the Potomac marshes affected the health of the inmates of the White House, necessitating the removal of the President's family to the Soldier's Home, three miles distant. Mr. Lincoln rode to the executive mansion every morning to attend to the affairs of the nation. A citizen of Washington thus pictures the daily scene: (')

"He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalrymen, with sabres drawn and held upright over their shoulders. The party makes no great show in uniforms or horses. Mr. Lincoln, in the saddle, generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse. He is dressed in plain black, somewhat rusty or dusty; wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire as the commonest man. A lieutenant, with yellow straps, rides at his left, and following behind, two by two, come the cavalrymen, in their yellow striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the one they wait upon. The sabres and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unornamented cortege, as it trots towards Lafayette Square, arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines and deep-set



PHILIP SHERIDAN.

eyes. There is always a latent expression of sadness. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones.

“Sometimes the President comes and goes in an open barouche. The cavalry always accompany him with drawn sabres. Often I notice he halts at the residence of the Secretary of War and holds conferences there. He does not alight, but sits in the carriage, and Mr. Stanton comes out to attend him. Sometimes his son, a boy of ten or twelve, accompanies him, riding at his right on a pony. Earlier in the summer I occasionally saw the President and his wife, towards the latter part of the afternoon, out in a barouche on a pleasure ride. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in complete black, with a long crape veil. The equipage is of the plainest kind—only two horses, and they nothing extra. They passed me once very close, and his look, though abstracted, happened to be directed steadily in my eye. He bowed and smiled, but beneath his smile I noticed the sadness. None of the artists or pictures have caught the subtle and indirect expression of this man’s face. One of the great portrait-painters of two or three centuries ago is needed.”

Many letters threatening violence had been received by Mr. Lincoln. He usually referred to them jocosely, and often said that the people of Washington might find him some morning decorating a lamp-post or dangling from the limb of a tree. So many had been received that Mr. Stanton, as a matter of precaution, detailed the cavalymen as an escort. Their riding with drawn sabres was not to repel any apprehended assault, but in accordance with military discipline.

In the quiet and healthful retreat of the Soldier’s Home, after the labors of the day, Mr. Lincoln gave himself to recreation. He looked out upon a lovely landscape—hill, dale, meadow, forest, field, the Capitol, the spires of the city, the white headstones of the soldiers’ cemetery.

On a calm summer evening Mr. Lincoln sat upon the veranda of the Home, surrounded by friends, and as he beheld the newly-made graves recited with tender pathos the stanzas written by the poet Collins: (*)

“How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all the country’s wishes blest,
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold?
She then shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.

“By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

Then Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there !”

The grounds of the Home were adorned with a great variety of trees and shrubs. A lady plucked a fragrant evergreen. She thought it a species of cedar. Another declared it spruce. A third thought it a variety of pine.

“I know a little about trees,” said the President. “I lived in the woods once. This is neither cedar, spruce, nor pine, but a sort of illegitimate cypress. Trees are as deceptive as certain classes of men, among whom none but the eye of a physiognomist can detect dissimilar moral features until events have developed them. Do you know I think we ought to have a school of events?”

“A school of events, Mr. President !” exclaimed one of the ladies.

“Yes,” he continued ; “for it is only by active development that character or ability can be tested. Understand me. I mean *men*, not trees. The latter can be tested, and an analysis of their strength obtained at less expense to life and human interests than any estimate of the strength and value of men. Call it a whimsey, if you will. I mean that students, before entering public life, might pass through mimic vicissitudes to bring out their strength and calibre. You might ascertain who was fitted to be a soldier or a martyr or a cunning politician. These things have to be ascertained later in life. There is no more dangerous or expensive analysis than that which consists in trying a man.”

“Do you think, Mr. President, that all men are tried?”

“Scarcely ; for if they were, so many would not fit their places so badly. Our friend Henry Ward Beecher explains this in his quaint illustrations of men who are out of their proper sphere. He meets clerical faces in gay, rollicking life, and finds natural wits wearing ascetic robes.”

“Some men, Mr. President, seem to be able to do anything,” said the lady.

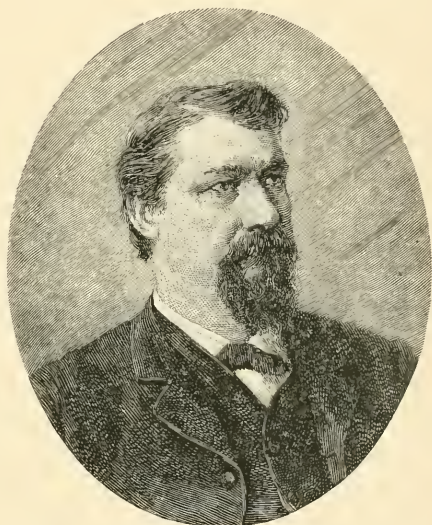
“Versatility,” Mr. Lincoln replied, “is an injurious possession, since it never can be greatness. It misleads you in your calculations, and it inevitably disappoints you in any great trust, from its want of depth. A versatile man, to be safe, should never soar. Mediocrity is sure of detection.”

We have seen Mr. Lincoln turning for recreation to the humor of

“Artemas Ward,” but he read with greater zest the letters of “Reverend Petroleum V. Nasby,” written by David R. Locke, editor of the “Toledo Blade.” Mr. Locke saw, in 1861, the false position assumed by the Democratic Party by its sympathy with the Confederacy, its readiness to defend slavery, its hatred of the negro, and its opposition to the war. He also comprehended that irony, sarcasm, and ridicule might be made far more effective than logical argument in an exposure of the attitude of that party.

There was irony in the title “Reverend.” It was expressive of the position assumed by the Southern churches in their defence of slavery. “Reverend Mr. Nasby,” at the outbreak of the war, represented himself as a citizen of Kentucky (a *neutral* State), residing at “Confederate Cross Roads;” but when the people of that section declared for the Union, he moved into southern Ohio, and took up his residence among the Peace Democrats, who had established a church, the members of which were wholly of that political faith. “Reverend Mr. Nasby” was not a member of a Total Abstinence Society, but drank

whiskey quite freely. He not only kept a private demijohn, but never declined to drink when invited by any of his parishioners, who often met at Bascom’s grocery to discuss public affairs and denounce President Lincoln. They were very bitter in their denunciation of the Emancipation Proclamation, the call for troops, and the enlistment of negroes. When President Lincoln issued a proclamation for drafting soldiers, “Reverend Mr. Nasby” fled to Windsor, Canada. He found many negroes there, who had escaped from slavery before the war; also many white men—citizens of Ohio and Indiana who, like himself, had accepted voluntary exile to escape the draft. “Mr. Nasby” thus described the situation of himself and fellow-exiles: (°)



DAVID R. LOCKE (“PETROLEUM V. NASBY.”)

“200 Peece men are here, and I must acknowledge that we are not treeted with that distinguished consideration usually accorded political eggshiles. Fer instance, at the tavern where I board the parler is partikelerly present, and I was a settin into it. In trips a

girl, purty enuff fer a man, whose taste was not vishiaded, 2 eat. 'Shel I shet down this window, sir?' sez she. 'Why shet it down, jentle maid?' retorts I, lookin sweet onto her. 'Because,' replide she, 'I thot, perhaps, the *draft* was too much fer ye.' A few slavish Kanajens who set there laft. The landlord required a months pay in advance, and a further deposit uv 25 cents per eggssile, as sekoority fer the pewter spoons, wich we hev at table. To cap the climacks, last nite a big nigger was put into each uv our rooms, and we were forced to sleep with em, or okkepy the floor, wich I did. The cussid nigger laft all nite, in a manner trooly aggravatin to hear.

"P. S. Tell my wife to send sich money as she earns to me, as livin is high, and ther aint no tick. The township kin support her and the children."

Mr. Nasby returned to Ohio, and was drafted into the service, but took an early opportunity to desert to the Confederates. He had various experiences in the "Loozeaner Pelikin" regiment. He writes:

"I endoord hunger and cold—I saw the rags drop off my muskeler limbs wun by wun—I murmered not. But wen the pantaloons wuz awl gone—wen my costoom was a blanket and wun shoe—I applide fer new pants, and the Quartermaster onfeelingly remarkt that my dress was all rite; that hereafter my costoom wuz to be adoptid ez the uniform uv the rejyment—I felt that desershun wuz no longer a crime, and I deserted. It is entirely onnessary to rekount awl I endoord in makin my eskaip. Suffice it to say that at Columbus I stript the klose off uv an innebryated solger and maid my way to Amanda township. My old Demokratik friends did not kno me, and ez I expected to borry money uv them I deemed it best not to make myself knone.

"They were suspishus uv my bloo kote, at fust, until wun uv them remarkt how I liked the serviss?"

"To wich I anserd, 'Dam the serviss!'"

"'Don't admire fitin fer the nigger, eh?'"

"'Not any,' sez I."

"'Why not desert?' sez he."

"'I have deserted,' sez I."

"In a instant the aspeck uv things wuz changd. A jug wuz prodoost, and they awl shook hands. Wun, more richer nor the rest, handed me a treasury note uv \$10, sayin, 'You may need it.'"

"I replide that, as a general thing, I wood endoor it until I cood get it changd into Injeany munny. They took up a kollekshun to wuust, fer my benefit, wich amounted to \$43. Jest at this pint wun uv em asked me to what rejyment I belonged.

"I replide the Loozeaner Pelikins."

"'Loozeaner!' sed another; 'why, that's a Confedracy rejyment, aint it?'"

"'To be sure,' sez I."

"'And air yoo a deserter frum a Suthrin rejyment?' sez the benevelent old butternut who hed invested \$10 in the deserter biznis."

"'Sartin,' sez I."

"'Seezin me by the throte, he ejackelated, 'Give me my money, you swindler!' And with a unanimity trooly surprisin they awl yelled, 'Give me my money, you swindler; you got it under false pretences!'"

"Hevin the munny safe in my pokkit, I took these compliments with ekaninity, sidlin out and gettin away ez soon ez possible."

"I am disappointed in Amandy. Frum what I had heard I hed supposed they were kind to deserters. I found that it makes a diffrence wich side you desert from."

Among the allies of slavery in the North, use was made of the Bible to prove that slavery was divinely ordained for the well-being of the race. Churches were organized in some of the Western States on this basis. "Reverend Mr. Nasby," in consequence, was invited to become the pastor of the "Church uv St. Vallandygum." The letters written by the pastor were greatly enjoyed by Mr. Lincoln. One of them read:

"We hed a blessid and improvin time yisterday. My little flock staggered in at the usual hour in the mornin, every man in a heavenly frame uv mind, hevin bin engaged all nite in a work uv mercy, to wit: 2 mobbin uv 2 enrollin officers. One uv em resisted and they smote him hip and thigh, even ez Bohash smote Jaheel. (Skriptooral, wich is nessary, bein in the ministry.) He wuz left fer dead.

"We opened servis by singin a hym, wich I writ, commencin es follows:

"Shall niggers black this land possess,
And mix with us up here?
Oh no, my friends, we rayther guess,
We'll never stand that 'ere.

"I then held forth from this text: 'Whar hev ye laid him?' I staid that the person I referred to wuz the martered Vallandygum, and I, in behaff uv a outraged Dimocrisy, demanded uv the tyrant Linkin, 'Whar hev yoo laid him?' A unconvertid individuooal sed, 'He's laid him out!' wich remark cost him a broken head. I went on to show why our saint hed bin martered. It wuz becoz he wuz a Dimocrat—becoz he dared to exercise the rites garanteed to every American, exceptin Ablishnists and niggers, aboosin the Government. Fer this and nuthin else wuz he eggsiled. 'My friends,' sez I, drawin myself up to my full hite, and looking ez much like Fernandy Wood ez possible, 'I am willin to be martered. I denounce this war as unholy, unconstooshnel, unrighteous and unmitygated. It is nuthin less than a invashen uv Dimocratik States, fer the sole purpos uv frecin niggers. Linkin is a tyrant. Burnside a tool, order 38 a relik uv barbarism, and I will resist the enrollment, the couskripshen, and the tax. Hooray fer Jeff Davis!'

"Our class meetin wuz more interestiner than ever. One old whiteheaded brother sed at times his way was dark and his pathway gloomy. Wunst he wuz very near becomin a infiddle. He reely believed at one time that the nigger was human, and wunst he voted fer a Republican road Supervisor. But he hed repented, and was, he trusted, forgiven. His mind wuz now easy, and he should vote the whole Dimocratic ticket.

"Two backsliders who scratched their tickets last fall confest their sin publiely. I exhorted em two hours, fined em a gallen uv whisky apeece, and took em into full communion. The whisky will be devoted to the missionary service, wich is me."

It was unspeakable relief to President Lincoln to turn from the arduous and wearying duties of the day to the Nasby letters. He read them aloud to those who called upon him, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks, and making sententious comments upon the position

assumed by the Democratic Party. He expressed his appreciation of the Nasby letters by personally writing a letter to Mr. Locke. He said :

“For the genius to write such things I would gladly give up my office. Why don't you come to Washington and see me? Is there no place you want? Come on, and I will give you any place you ask for—*that you are capable of filling and are fit to fill.*”(16)

The editor of the “Toledo Blade” did not desire any official position. His genius was making his paper a political power. The letters were widely read.

“It is impossible,” said Senator Charles Sumner, “to measure their value. Of publications during the war none had such a charm for Abraham Lincoln. He read every letter as it appeared. He kept them all within reach for refreshment.”

Statesmanship under a government of the people is far different from statecraft under monarchical institutions. He who would successfully administer the affairs of a nation for its well-being and continuance must be actuated by lofty motives. Abraham Lincoln, in the political campaigns of 1864, thought not of himself, but ever of the needs of the nation. He knew, by a divine instinct, that justice and righteousness are eternal principles. From that day, in 1857, when, against the protests of all his friends, he gave utterance to the words “A house divided against itself cannot stand,” he had been obedient to the heavenly vision. He believed in God, in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, in the future greatness of the country. He trusted the people.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIII.

- (1) “Atlantic Monthly,” July, 1865, p. 109.
- (2) T. Henry Hines, “Southern Bivouac,” February, 1887.
- (3) *Ibid.*
- (4) “Atlantic Monthly,” July, 1865.
- (5) William Bross, “Biographical Sketch of B. J. Sweet,” p. 18.
- (6) “Congregationalist,” March 30, 1866.
- (7) Walt Whitman, “Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln,” p. 469, note.
- (8) The Nasby Papers, “Toledo Blade,” 1864.
- (9) *Ibid.*
- (10) D. R. Locke, “Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln,” p. 459.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, when a member of the Illinois Legislature, declared himself in favor of extending the franchise to women. Public sentiment did not favor the movement. Woman's Rights conventions were held up to ridicule. Women who desired to vote were regarded as going beyond their proper sphere in life. A meeting was held in a church at Akron, O., 1851. It was attended by those who favored and by those opposed to the movement. Several clergymen were present. The attention of the audience was directed to a tall, gaunt colored woman wearing a sun-bonnet, who marched up the aisle, looking for a seat. No one offered her any civility, and she planted herself upon the steps leading to the pulpit. A buzz of disapprobation was heard. "An abolition affair!" "Woman's Rights and niggers!" the exclamations from opponents.

The colored woman was known throughout Michigan and Ohio as Sojourner Truth, preacher and exhorter in the religious assemblies of her race. She had been a slave. She did not know a letter of the alphabet, but was endowed with a commanding intellect and a deep religious nature.

The clergymen present opposed granting the franchise to women. One claimed superior rights for men, because of superior intellect. Another because Christ was a man. If God had desired the equality of woman with man, He would have given some token of His will through the birth, life, and death of the Saviour. Still another gave a theological review of the sin of Eve in the garden of Eden. The audience applauded the arguments.

The old colored woman arose, walked up the steps and stood upon the platform, stepped to its front, removed her bonnet and laid it deliberately at her feet. Hisses greeted her.

"Sojourner Truth will address you. I ask that you give her a respectful hearing," said the president, Mrs. Frances Gage, appealing to their sense of fair play.⁽¹⁾

“Well, chillen,” she said slowly, distinctly, and with resonant tones, that hushed the audience upon the instant, “whar dar’s so much racket dar must be somet’ing out o’ kilter. I t’ink dat twixt de niggers of de Souf an’ de women of de Norf, all a-talking about de rights, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. Dat man ober dar says dat woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de best place eberywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or gives me de best place. Ar’n’t I a woman? I have ploughed, planted, gathered, and no man could head me. Ar’n’t I a woman? I’ve borne thirteen chillen, and seen most of ’em sold; and when I cried, none but Jesus heard. Ar’n’t I a woman? Den dey talks about dis t’ing in de head—intellect. What’s dat got to do wid woman’s rights or nigger’s rights? If my cup holds a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn’t you be mean not to let me have my half-measure full?”

She pointed her finger towards the minister who had made the argument in regard to the manhood of Jesus Christ. All eyes turned towards him.

“Dat little man in black, dar, he say woman can’t have as much right as man, ’cause Christ wasn’t a woman. *Whar did your Christ come from? Frou God and woman. Man hadn’t anyt’ing to do wid him.*”⁽²⁾

The building shook with applause. Those who a moment before were ready to hustle her out-of-doors shook hands with her. An unlettered woman, once a slave, had discomfited learned graduates of colleges and theological schools.

On a morning in October, 1864, Sojourner Truth, past eighty years of age, entered the White House. She had travelled from Battle Creek, Mich., to Washington to see the man who had given freedom to her race. President Lincoln had heard of her.

“This is Sojourner Truth,” said the attendant at the White House, introducing her. The President rose and gave her a kindly welcome.

“Mr. President,” said Sojourner, “when you fust took your seat I feared you’d be torn in pieces. You was like Daniel ’mong de lions. If de lions did not tear you, I knew it would be God who would shut their moufs. I tol’ Him, if He spared me, I’d come and see you, and here I is.”

“I am pleased to see you, Sojourner, and it seems that a good Providence has spared me.”

“You are de best President we eber had.”

“I suppose you refer to my giving freedom to the slaves; but, Sojourner, the men who have preceded me—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and others—would have done just as I have, had the time called for such action. If the people over the other side of the Potomac had behaved themselves, I would not have done what I have; but they did not, and I was compelled to do those things.”

“I t’ank God, Mr. President, dat He s’lected you to do it.”

“Here is what the colored people of Baltimore gave me the other day,” said the President, taking up the Bible presented on the Fourth of July. “Isn’t it beautiful? They have given it to the Head of the Government. And yet, only a little while ago, the laws would not permit the colored people to read it.”

“Will you write your name for me, Mr. President?” she asked.

“Certainly.” His autograph was written:

For Aunty Sojourner Truth.

October 29, 1864.

A. Lincoln.

“I shall be pleased to see you again, aunty,” said the President, as she departed.

Frederick Douglass, who had also been a slave, was once more in Washington. The President, desiring to talk with him upon some points concerning the welfare of the colored people, invited him to the White House.

“Come and take tea with me,” read the note.

The citizens of Washington were astonished to see Mr. Douglass riding to the executive mansion in the President’s own carriage, and still more amazed to learn that a colored man had been a guest at Mr. Lincoln’s table.

“The President,” said Mr. Douglass, “is one of the few men with whom I have passed an hour who did not remind me in some way that I am a negro.”

In several of the Northern States elections for State officers were to be held during the months of September and October. The Republicans feared the draft for 500,000 men, ordered by the President, would influence the people to vote the Democratic ticket. They visited Washington and importuned Mr. Lincoln to withdraw the call, or at least to suspend it till after the elections. A committee from Ohio came, asking for its suspension. Very plain, patriotic, and pertinent the President’s question:

“What is the Presidency worth to me if I have no country?”⁽²⁾

He comprehended what the frightened politicians could not see: that the soldiers under Grant and Sherman would lose confidence in him were he to suspend the draft. He never had deceived them. They trusted him. To suspend the draft in order to gain political advantage would be a fatal mistake.

“If the President,” said General Sherman, “modifies the draft to the extent of one man, or wavers in its execution, he is gone forever. The army would vote against him.”

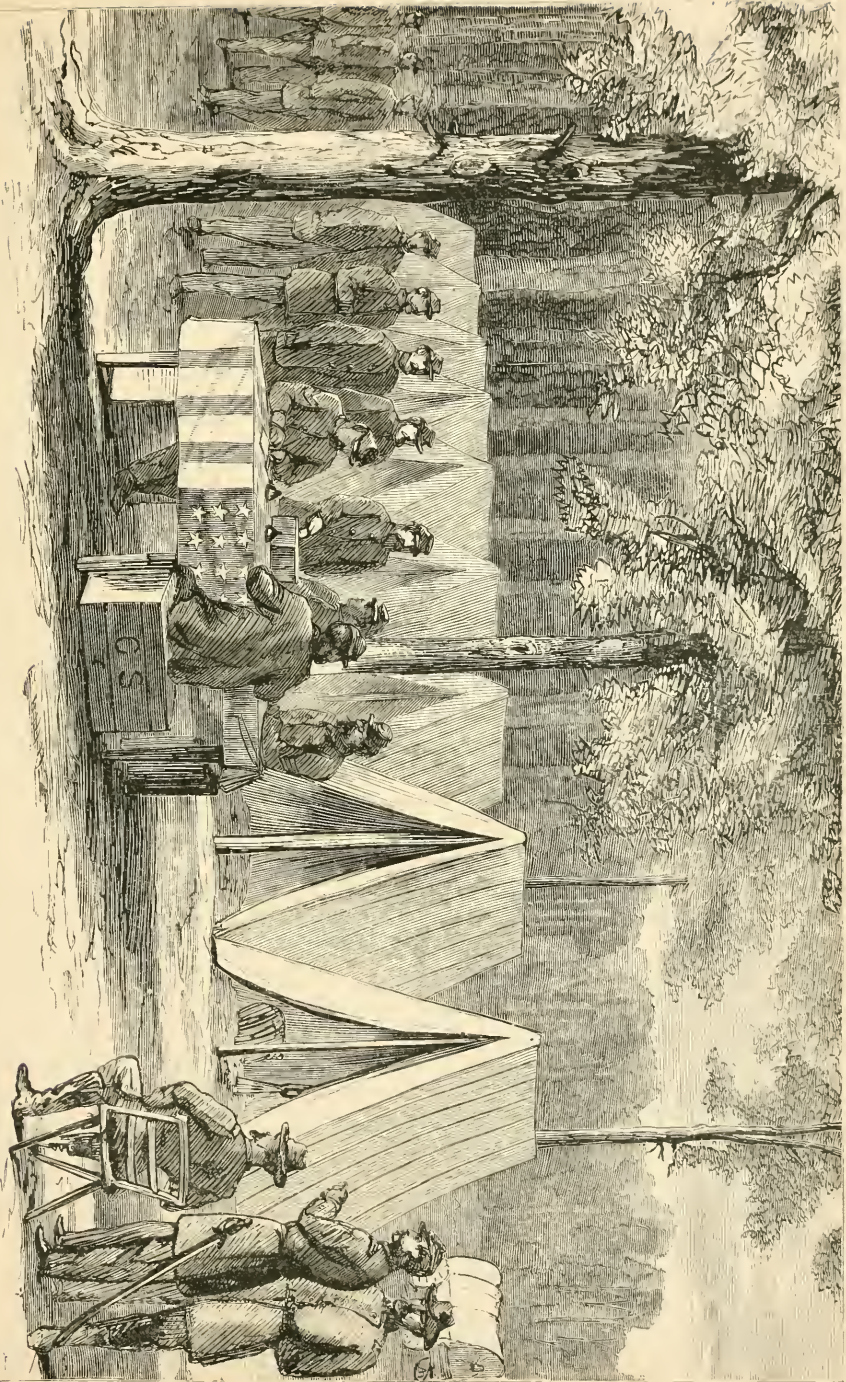
Nearly all the Northern States had statutes enabling the soldiers to vote in the field. Indiana had failed to enact such a law. The “Sons of Liberty” and the Democratic Party opposed such legislation. The draft was proceeding. The President was being denounced as a “tyrant,” “butcher,” who cared nothing for the soldiers. The Indiana soldiers desired to show their patriotism and loyalty by their ballots. Atlanta had been taken, and Sherman was preparing for his next movement. He would not be hampered if they were allowed to return to Indiana for a few days.

“Anything,” wrote the President, “that you can safely do to let the soldiers, or any part of them, go home to vote, will be greatly to the point. They need not remain for the Presidential election, but may return to you at once. This is in no sense an order, but is merely intended to impress you with the importance to the army itself of your doing all you safely can, yourself being the judge of what you can safely do.”

The cars rolling northward from Atlanta during the first week in October were filled with veterans who had won the victories of Resaca, Kenesaw, and Atlanta. They were having a furlough, and were going home to Indiana to vote once more for Oliver P. Morton, governor. He had displayed great energy in carrying on the affairs of State during the war. He had been solicitous for their welfare. They trusted him. They had no sympathy with the “Knights of the Golden Circle,” or “Sons of Liberty,” allied with the Democratic Party.

Very few ballots were cast for the Democratic candidates by the soldiers. On the evening of the election the President visited the War Department, and sat by the side of the telegraph operator to
Oct. 11. learn the results. Gratifying the intelligence that Morton was re-elected by 20,000 majority. Pennsylvania had gained four Republican members of Congress. The majority in the State was more than 10,000. Maryland had adopted an amendment to the State Constitu-

SOLDIERS VOTING.



tion putting an end to slavery. Very cheering the news from Ohio, where the Republicans had a majority of 54,000. The Democrats had elected two members of Congress, the Republicans seventeen—a gain of twelve.

Notwithstanding the results were so favorable to the Republicans, Mr. Washburne, member of Congress, was afraid the President's own State would vote against him in November.

"It is no use to deceive ourselves about Illinois," he wrote. "Everything is at sixes and sevens; no head or tail to anything. There is imminent danger of our losing the State."

Mr. Lincoln read the letter, smiled, and wrote on the envelope: "*Stamped!*"⁽⁴⁾

Mr. Locke ("Reverend Petroleum V. Nasby") visited Washington in behalf of a young soldier sentenced to be shot for desertion. He was warmly welcomed by the President, who kindly listened to his story. The soldier had given his affections to a young girl before he enlisted, and they were engaged to be married. Word came to him that another was paying her especial attention. He applied for a furlough, but it not being granted, deserted, made his way home, to find the reports in a measure true. Once more the lady plighted her troth to him, and they were married. The honey-moon was suddenly interrupted by his arrest, trial, and sentence. Mr. Lincoln heard the story, and without solicitation signed the pardon.

"I'll punish him another way," he said, his face wreathed with smiles. "Probably in less than a year he will wish I had withheld the pardon. We can't tell, though. I suppose when I was a young man I should have done the same foolish thing."⁽⁵⁾

He turned the conversation upon the political situation and the confidence of the people in his administration.

"Do the masses of the people," he asked, "hold me in any way responsible for the loss of their friends in the army? It is a good thing," he added, "that there is a Government to shoulder the acts. The shoulders of no one man are broad enough to bear what must be."

Two prominent members were striving each to obtain a foremost position in the Republican Party.

"You do not," said Mr. Locke, "take any pronounced position in relation to the controversy."

"No. I learned a great many years ago that in a fight between man and wife a third party should never get between the woman's skillet and the man's axe-helve."

A member of Congress who had been drinking whiskey entered the room. He was in the maudlin stage of intoxication, and, hiccoughing, said :

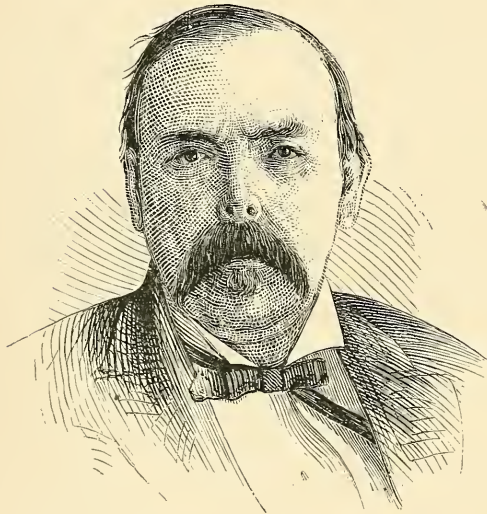
“Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?”

“I see no reason whatever,” the President replied.

The conversation with Mr. Locke turned upon the avarice of those who were accumulating fortunes. A man who had been prominent in political affairs was accused of attempting to swindle the Government out of a large sum of money.

“I cannot understand,” said Mr. Lincoln, “why men should be so eager after money. *Wealth is simply a superfluity of what we don't need.*”⁽⁶⁾

Although the October elections indicated the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, the presidential campaign was vigorously contested by the Democratic Party. General McClellan was greatly beloved by many of the officers and soldiers of the Army



OLIVER P. MORTON.

of the Potomac. General E. W. Andrews, stationed at Baltimore, being present at a Democratic meeting, expressed his high regard for General McClellan, and declared his intention of voting for him. Greatly to his surprise, he received notice from the War Department the following morning that he was mustered out of service by the Secretary of War. A gentleman laid the matter before Mr. Lincoln.

“Was the revocation of General Andrews’s commission by your order?” he asked.

“I know nothing about it,” the President replied. “Of course, Stanton does a thousand things of which I know nothing. What has General Andrews done?”

“He attended a Democratic meeting, and was called up for a speech. He declared himself in favor of General McClellan.”

“Well,” replied Mr. Lincoln, “that’s no reason why he should be dismissed. Andrews has just as good a right to hold on to his Democracy, if he chooses, as Stanton had to throw *his* overboard. If I should muster out all my generals who avow themselves Democrats, there would be a sad thinning out of commanding officers of the army. No! when the *military* duties of a soldier are faithfully performed, he can manage his politics in his own way; we’ve no more to do with *them* than with his religion. Tell this officer he can return to his post; and if there is no better reason for the order of Stanton than the one he suspects, it shall do him no harm. The commission he holds will remain as good as new. Supporting General McClellan for the Presidency is no violation of army regulations; and as a question of taste, of choosing between him and me—well, I’m the longest, but he is the best looking.” (?)

Of all the battles of the war, that of Cedar Creek was the most dramatic. The Union troops in that engagement were surprised and driven, losing many prisoners and several cannon in the morning; but when night came the Confederate army was fleeing in confusion. All the lost cannon were recaptured, together with twenty-four others, and 1200 prisoners. Sheridan was at Winchester when the battle began, but reached the field, re-formed the scattered troops, aroused their enthusiasm, and won the victory. President Lincoln sent this despatch to him:

“With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month’s operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864.”

The cannon captured in this battle were taken to Washington and presented to the Government in the grounds of the War Department. The President, members of the Cabinet, and a great gathering of people witnessed the ceremony. The country rang with praises of Sheridan and his men.

The victory had great influence upon the political campaign. The people saw that the Confederates were rapidly losing ground—that the time would come when the authority of the nation would once more be established throughout the South. They knew slavery was doomed. The policy adopted by President Lincoln in due time would bring peace to the country. As the prospects for the re-election of Mr. Lincoln brightened, those who hated him became more virulent. More bitter and insulting were their epithets.

The day of election was bright and beautiful throughout the country. Troops were stationed in New York to preserve order.
 Nov. 8. They were commanded by General Butler, who issued an address to the people.

“Let every citizen,” he said, “having the right to vote, act according to the inspiration of his own judgment. He will be protected in that right by the whole power of the Government, if it shall become necessary.”

No troops were seen at the polling places in that city. There was no rioting or disorder anywhere.

“To Mr. Lincoln,” writes one of his secretaries, “this was one of the most solemn days of his life. Assured of his personal success, and devoutly confident that the day of peace was not far off, he felt no elation and no sense of triumph over his opponents. His mind seemed filled with mingled feelings of deep and humble gratitude to the vast majority of his fellow-citizens who were this day testifying to him their heart-felt confidence and affection, and of a keen and somewhat surprised regret that he should be an object in so many quarters of so bitter and vindictive an opposition. He said: ‘It is singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should always, except once, have been before the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time; but always, except that, the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor.’”⁽⁸⁾

Once more Mr. Lincoln was sitting with the telegraph operator during the evening to receive despatches regarding the Presidential election.

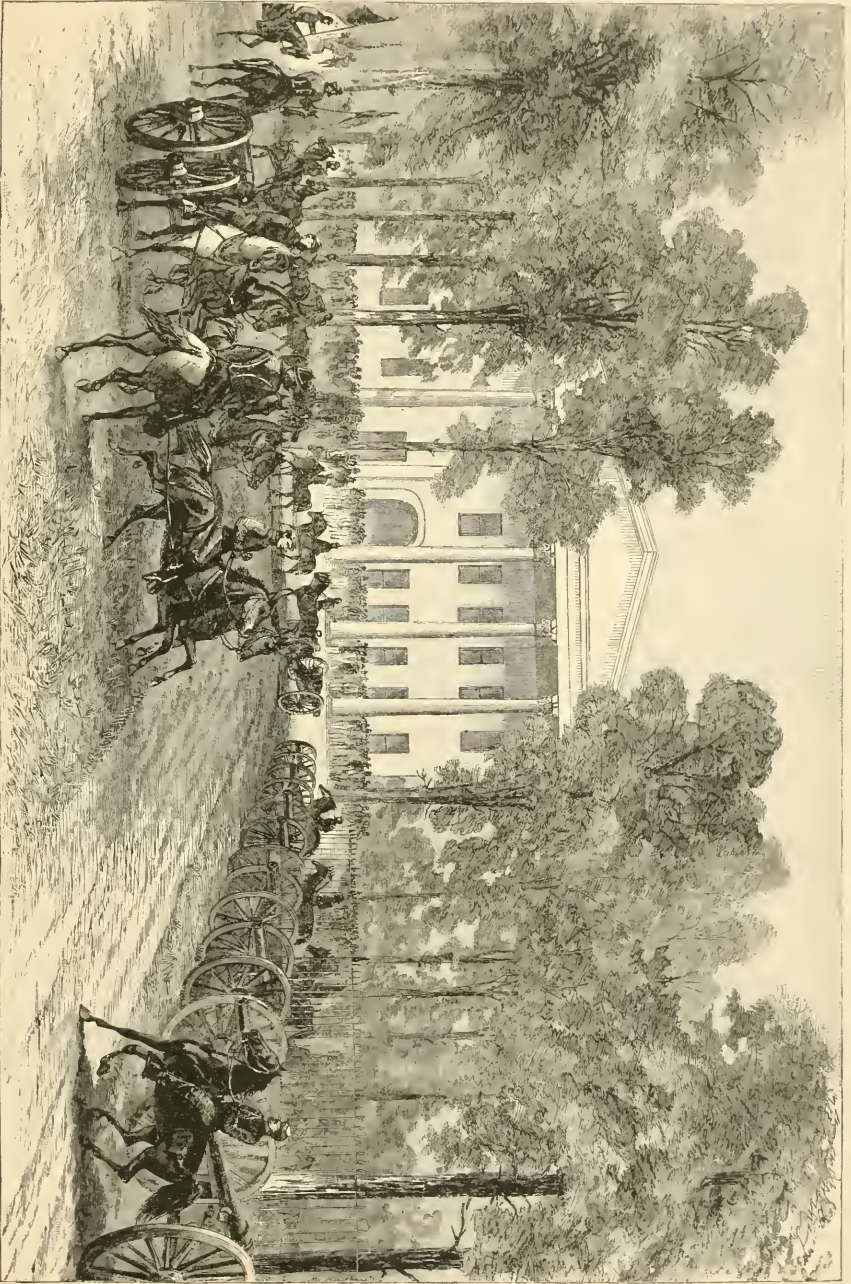
“The Union majority in Philadelphia will be 10,000,” the message from Mr. Forney. This was much beyond what Mr. Lincoln had anticipated. “I reckon Forney is a little excited,” he said.

“We shall have,” telegraphed Mr. Felton, “15,000 majority in Baltimore, and 5000 in the State. All hail, free Maryland!”

It came from the city where, in 1861, the President-elect was to have been assassinated. Mr. Henry Winter Davis, of Baltimore, was an ardent Republican, but had opposed Mr. Lincoln, and had failed of a re-election to Congress.

“I am glad,” said Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, “that he has been defeated. He has maliciously assailed the navy for the last two years.”

“I cannot quite agree with you,” said Mr. Lincoln. “You have



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND CABINET RECEIVING THE CANNON CAPTURED BY SHERIDAN.

more of the feeling of personal resentment than I. Perhaps I have too little of it; but I never thought it paid. A man has no time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me I never remember the past against him.”⁽⁹⁾

Mr. Stanton, Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and Mr. Eckert, who had charge of the telegraph, were present.

“Dana,” said Mr. Lincoln, “have you ever read any of Reverend Petroleum V. Nasby’s letters?”

“No, Mr. President, I have only had time to glance at them, but they seem to be quite funny.”

“Well, let me read a specimen.” The President thereupon took a yellow-covered pamphlet from his pocket and read one of Nasby’s letters, written some weeks before the election. Mr. Stanton viewed the proceeding with an impatience which he did not try to conceal; but Mr. Lincoln went on reading and laughing, stopping long enough to listen to the reading of the election returns, and then resuming Nasby. Mr. Chase and Mr. Whitelaw Reid entered the apartment. The President greeted them. Mr. Stanton left the room and beckoned Dana to follow him.

“I shall,” writes Mr. Dana, “never forget the fire of his indignation at what seemed to Mr. Stanton to be mere nonsense. The idea that when the safety of the republic was thus at issue, when the control of an empire was to be determined by a few figures brought in by the telegraph, the leader, the man most deeply concerned, not merely for himself but for his country, could turn aside to read such balderdash and to laugh at such frivolous jests, was to his mind indescribably repugnant. He could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which these jests afforded to the strain of mind under which Mr. Lincoln had so long been living, and to the natural gloom of a melancholy and desponding temperament, that the safety and sanity of his intelligence was maintained and preserved.”⁽¹⁰⁾

There was more than this. Mr. Lincoln was not so solicitous in regard to the election as were Chase, Fox, Dana, and Stanton. He had forecast the result with unerring vision. They were not so far-seeing. His belief in the people, his trust in God, his unswerving faith in the ultimate triumph of eternal principles, his knowledge of passing events, had enabled him to determine the probable verdict of the people upon his administration. Weeks before the election he had comprehended the trend of events. He profoundly believed divine Providence was directing the affairs of the nation, and ceased to be solicitous as to results.

Before midnight he became satisfied that the great State of New York had voted in his favor, though by a small majority, not exceeding 7000. Very wisely had he brought about harmony among the leading Republicans in that State. Two hundred and twelve electoral votes had been secured for him, and twenty-one for McClellan.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when he left the War Department. At the door he encountered a brass-band and a crowd of people, who called for a speech.

"I earnestly believe," said Mr. Lincoln, "that the consequences of this day's work will be of lasting advantage, if not the salvation of the country. All who have labored to-day in behalf of the Union organization have wrought for the best interests of their country and the world, not only for the present, but for all future ages. I am thankful to God for this approval of the people; but while deeply grateful for this mark of their confidence in me, if I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of any one opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over any one; but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."⁽¹¹⁾

From the day of his retirement as commander of the army, General McClellan had been residing in New Jersey. The election returns indicating his defeat, he resigned his commission as major-general in the regular army and became once more a private citizen. His resignation was accepted by the President, and the place thus made vacant was filled by the appointment of Philip H. Sheridan.

On the evening of November 10th the various Republican clubs of Washington marched to the White House with banners and torches to pay their respects to the President. He had been informed of their intentions, and wrote a brief address. He stood by an open window to read it, one of his secretaries holding a candle. "It is not very graceful," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I am growing old enough not to care much for the manner of doing things."

Mr. Lincoln said in his address :

"It is demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. Until now it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows also how sound and strong we still are. It shows that, even among the candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's vote. It shows also to an extent yet unknown that we have more men than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place, but brave, patriotic men are better than gold. . . . So long as I have been here I

have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result."

Many delegations called to congratulate the President.

"Those who differ from us," he remarked to one, "will yet see that defeat was better for their own good than if they had been successful."

A quarter of a century has passed since the words were spoken, and people in the Southern as well as in the Northern States rejoice in the fulfilment of the prophecy.

The result of the election was an announcement to the world that the war was to go on till the last rebel had laid down his arms.

Congress reassembled on December 6th. In his message Mr. Lincoln said :

"The public purpose to re-establish and maintain the national authority is unchanged, and, as we believe, unchangeable. It seems to me that no attempt at negotiation with the insurgent leader could result in any good. He would accept nothing short of severance of the Union—precisely what we will not and cannot give. His declarations to this effect are explicit and oft repeated. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. Between him and us the issue is distinct, simple, and inflexible. It is an issue that can only be tried by war and decided by victory. If we yield, we are beaten. If the Southern people fail him, he is beaten. But what is true of him who heads the insurgent cause is not necessarily true of those who follow. Although he cannot reaccept the Union, they can. Some of them we know already desire peace and reunion. They can at any moment have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to national authority under the Constitution. . . . I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

The Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Roger B. Taney, died. We have seen Mr. Lincoln referring to him, in connection with the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, as a "house builder" working in conjunction with Franklin Pierce and Stephen A. Douglas. His private life had been without reproach, but his sympathies had been with the slave propaganda for the extension of that institution of servitude. His decisions upon the bench had been antagonistic to the spirit of the age. Instead of going to his grave beloved, honored, and revered, his death was regarded as a beneficent dispensation of divine Providence, in view of the great questions growing out of the war, which must be decided by the Supreme Court. The future welfare of the nation demanded decisions in correspondence with its new charter of liberty. Whom should the President appoint to such a responsible position? The friends of Mr. Chase presented his name.

“A chief-justice is needed,” wrote Senator Charles Sumner, “whose position on the slavery question is already fixed, and who will not need argument of counsel to convert him.”

Mr. Fessenden, who had succeeded Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Stanton thought Mr. Chase should be appointed.

“I shall be very *shut pan* about this matter,”⁽¹²⁾ said Mr. Lincoln, using an obsolete military term in connection with a flintlock musket, such as he carried in the Black Hawk War. In loading a musket, the pan was first opened, “primed” with powder, then shut. The friends of Mr. Chase and the friends of other able jurists had “primed” Mr. Lincoln, but the “pan” would remain shut until he was ready to announce his choice. Mr. Chase had endeavored to secure the nomination as President, but Abraham Lincoln had no personal resentments. He gave him the appointment.

While General Sherman was planning a movement from Atlanta, General Hood, commanding the Confederate army in the West, was making arrangements to invade Tennessee. He thought Sherman would be compelled to hasten northward. One started eastward in the direction of Savannah; the other at the same time moved northward towards Nashville, held by Thomas. It was a remarkable spectacle—two great armies marching in opposite directions.

On December 16th Hood suffered a disastrous defeat. His troops were disheartened and scattered. Many of his soldiers deserted to their homes, never again to be marshalled for battle.

The army under Sherman reached the sea and opened communication with the war-ships. On the morning of December 23d it entered Savannah. Inspiring the message sent by Sherman to President Lincoln:

“I beg to present you a Christmas gift—the City of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, also about 25,000 bales of cotton.”

There was joy in the White House on Christmas Eve. The newspapers throughout the country on Christmas morning contained the thrilling news. As the dawn betokens the coming day, so the defeat of Hood, the march of Sherman, the possession of Savannah, heralded approaching peace.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIV.

- (¹) Mrs. Frances D. Gage to Author, 1863.
- (²) Ibid.
- (³) "Century Magazine," September, 1889.
- (⁴) Ibid.
- (⁵) D. R. Locke, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 450.
- (⁶) Ibid., p. 452.
- (⁷) E. W. Andrews, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 507.
- (⁸) "Century Magazine," September, 1889.
- (⁹) Ibid.
- (¹⁰) Charles A. Dana, "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," p. 372.
- (¹¹) "Century Magazine," September, 1889.
- (¹²) Ibid.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END OF SLAVERY.

CONGRESS was in session. The time had come for carrying out the verdict of the people in regard to slavery. Senator Trumbull, Jan. 6, from the Joint Judiciary Committee, reported the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution: 1865.

“*Section I.* Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

“*Section II.* Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.”

Mr. Voorhees, member from Indiana, thought the time had not come for such an amendment, and opposed it. “When the sky,” he said, “shall again be clear over our heads, a peaceful sun illuminating the land, and our great household of States all at home in harmony once more, then will be the time to consider what changes, if any, this generation desires to make in the work of Washington and Madison, and the several sages of our antiquity.”

Such was not the opinion of Mr. Rollins, of Missouri. “I have been a slave-holder,” he said, “but I am no longer an owner of slaves, and I thank God for it. Missouri has adopted an amendment to her Constitution for the immediate emancipation of all slaves in the State. If the giving up of my slaves without complaint shall be a contribution upon my part to promote the public good, to uphold the Constitution of the United States, to restore peace and preserve the Union, if I had owned a thousand slaves they would cheerfully have been given up. We never can have entire peace as long as slavery remains as one of the recognized institutions of the country.”

“We have,” said Thaddeus Stevens, who had the amendment in charge, “suffered for slavery more than all the plagues of Egypt. More than the first-born of every household has been taken. We still

harden our hearts and refuse to let the people go. The scourge still continues; nor do I expect it to cease till we obey the behests of the Father of men. We are about to ascertain the national will by an amendment to the Constitution. If the gentlemen opposite will yield to the voice of God and humanity, and vote for it, I verily believe the sword of the destroying angel will be stayed, and this people be reunited. If we harden our hearts, and blood must still flow, may the ghosts of the slaughtered victims sit heavily upon the souls of those who cause it."

Two-thirds of those voting must favor the amendment to secure its passage. It was known that some of the Democratic members of the House were ready to vote for so beneficent a measure; but would there be a sufficient number?

Breathless the silence as the clerk called the roll—broken by a low murmur of approval when Mr. English, Democratic member from Connecticut, responded "Aye." The applause was repeated with increasing emphasis as other Democrats followed his example. The last name was called. One hundred and nineteen Ayes, fifty-six Noes—two more than the requisite number! The great transaction was accomplished. The hall rang with cheers. Members stood upon their seats, mounted their desks, shouted their huzzas. The great audience in the galleries and crowding the doorways thundered its applause. Outside the Capitol cannon announced to President Lincoln, to the soldiers wasting away in the hospitals, to the people of Washington, that there was to be no more slavery in the land. In the evening a great crowd gathered around the White House. The President, responding to their call, said:

"I cannot but congratulate you, myself, the country, the whole world, upon this great moral victory."

In God's time and way the blow had been given, and slavery abolished.

President Lincoln, in 1860, cheerfully surrendered to Great Britain the two Confederate agents—Mason and Slidell, wrongfully seized by Commodore Wilkes. Mr. Mason had been courteously received in London by Lord John Russell as a private citizen, but England was not ready to recognize him as an agent of the Confederacy. Mr. Slidell, in Paris, had been accorded several interviews with Louis Napoleon, who said that his sympathies were with the South. He considered the re-establishment of the Union impossible, and final separation a mere question of time. The difficulty before him was to find a way to ex-



PASSAGE OF THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROHIBITING SLAVERY.

press his sympathies. He desired to preserve friendly relations with England, but was not willing to act without the co-operation of that country.

Through the war the Emperor had keenly watched every movement of the conflict. He was dreaming of empire and power. He longed to have his name known in future ages. He desired to see the great re-

public of the West divided, the government of the people overthrown. Its example and influence were threatening the stability of European governments. The United States, during the administration of President Monroe, declared to the world that there must be no interference on the part of European governments with affairs in the Western hemisphere. Each government must be left to itself in working out its well-being and destiny. Just before the secession of the Southern States the "Clerical" Party in the Republic of Mexico annulled the Constitution of that country and elected Miramon dictator, who seized \$660,000, which had been set aside for the payment of interest on bonds held in England. The dictator issued \$15,000,000 in bonds, which were sold to French brokers for \$700,000 in gold. The Liberal Party elected Juarez President, who defeated Miramon in battle, and compelled him to flee the country. The Liberals, having obtained possession of the Government, confiscated a portion of the estates of the Church. Some of the bishops, who had made themselves very obnoxious, also the Papal Nuncio, were ordered to leave Mexico. The people had been plundered by the Clerical Party. The country was poor. Miramon had taken the last dollar from the national treasury. A law was passed suspending for two years payment of interest on the bonds held in England and in Europe. The ministers of England, France, and Spain informed President Juarez that unless it was annulled in twenty-four hours they would haul down their flags and suspend all intercourse. A convention was held in London by agents of the three countries, and it was agreed that each country should send a fleet and troops to Vera Cruz to hold that port, and collect the custom dues.

It probably never will be known just what inducements were brought to bear upon Emperor Louis Napoleon to induce him to enter upon a grand scheme for the extension of the influence and power of France in Mexico, but on February 14, 1862, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, at London, informed Secretary Seward that the Emperor of France intended to establish a monarchy in Mexico, with Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, and Carlotta, daughter of the King of Belgium, upon the throne.

The fleets of France crossed the Atlantic with several thousand troops, which landed at Vera Cruz, marched inland, but were confronted and defeated by the Mexicans. England and Spain, seeing Louis Napoleon had ulterior designs in Mexico, withdrew their troops. A form of election was held by the French commander, and Maximilian declared to be the choice of the Mexicans as ruler of the na-

tion. The Monroe Doctrine had been set aside by the Emperor of France.

At this juncture Mr. Francis P. Blair thought he could render great service to the United States. He was a venerable gentleman, who had been influential in political affairs during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. He was intimately acquainted with Jefferson Davis and men holding high positions in the Confederate Government. Mr. Blair undoubtedly believed that he could bring about peace. He applied to President Lincoln for a pass beyond the lines of the army, which was granted. Mr. Blair addressed a letter to Mr. Davis, stating that when General Early's army was in the vicinity of Washington, the soldiers had access to his home in the suburbs of the city, and doubtless carried away some papers which were of value to himself, and he would like to visit Richmond to recover them. The letter furnished a reason to an inquiring public. Far different a personal letter to Mr. Davis, which set forth his true desire. He wished to explain his views upon the state of the country—to promote its welfare. He was not an accredited agent from President Lincoln, but desired, as an individual and a private citizen, to "unbosom his heart frankly and without reserve." (1)

By flag of truce Mr. Blair reached Richmond, January 12, 1865, and was kindly received. He submitted a long communication to President Davis.

"Slavery," Mr. Blair said, "no longer remains an insurmountable obstruction to pacification. . . . The North and South speak one language, are educated in the same common law. . . . They were coming together again. . . . The few States remaining in arms against the Government were ready to surrender slavery. . . . Louis Napoleon had declared he intended to make the Latin race supreme in the southern section of the continent."

Mr. Blair told Mr. Davis he was in a position to drive Maximilian from his American throne and baffle the designs of Napoleon. (2)

Mr. Blair's plan was for the Confederacy to give up the struggle, unite with the North, and drive the French out of Mexico.

President Davis addressed a note to Mr. Blair, which he was at liberty to read to President Lincoln.

"I have no disposition," said Davis, "to find obstacles in forms, and am willing now, as heretofore, to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace. I am ready to send a commission whenever I have reason to suppose it will be received, and to receive a commission if the United States Government shall choose to send one."

Mr. Blair reached Washington, January 18th, and laid the letter from Davis before the President, who in turn wrote :

“ You may say to Mr. Davis that I have constantly been and am now and shall continue ready to receive any agent whom he or any other influential persons now resisting the national authority may informally send to me with the view of securing peace to the people of our common country.”

Mr. Blair returned to Richmond, and informed President Davis that President Lincoln would not be able to make any direct movement towards peace. Were he to do so he would be hampered by Congress. It was Mr. Blair's excuse, not the President's.

The chief executive of the nation would receive any one accredited from the Confederate Government, but Grant, Sherman, and the soldiers were the agents upon whom he relied for securing lasting peace. He knew that in a few weeks the Confederacy would have no power to continue the war. It was known that the Confederate army had very little food. Governor Brown, of Georgia, was refusing to obey the laws passed by the Confederate Congress. The return of Mr. Blair to Richmond created a stir in that city. The people regarded it as a sign of approaching peace. Mr. Davis appointed Vice-president Alexander H. Stephens, Judge John A. Campbell, and R. M. T. Hunter commissioners to act under the letter written by President Lincoln to Mr. Blair.

“ You are requested,” said Mr. Davis, in his letter to them, “ to proceed to Washington City for informal conference with Mr. Lincoln upon the issues involved in the existing war, and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries.”⁽³⁾

President Lincoln was ready to receive any one coming with a view of securing peace to the people of “ our common country.” President Davis was for securing peace to the “ two countries.” That was the difference.

The President commissioned (January 31, 1865) Secretary Seward to proceed to Fortress Monroe to meet the Confederate commissioners. Explicit and plain his letter of instructions.

“ The following things,” wrote Mr. Lincoln, “ are indispensable :

“ *First.* The restoration of the national authority throughout all the States.

“ *Second.* No receding by the executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress and in preceding documents.

“*Third.* No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government. You will inform them that all propositions of theirs, not inconsistent with the above, will be considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality; you will hear all they may choose to say and repeat to me; you will not assume to definitely consummate anything.”

Equally explicit was the instruction of the President to General Grant, sent by special messenger Major Eckert: “Let nothing which is transpiring change, hinder, or delay your military plans.”

General Grant had desired no armistice, and informed the President that the troops were in readiness to move at the shortest notice. The sentinels did not relax their vigilance. The sharpshooters were still on the alert. The cannon of both armies thundered daily.

Secretary Seward visited Fortress Monroe to meet the agents of the Confederate Government. It was night when the commissioners, under a flag of truce, reached the headquarters of General Grant ^{Feb. 1,} at City Point. They found the commander of the Union army _{1865.} in a log-cabin, busily writing at a small table. The cabin was lighted by a kerosene lamp. Mr. Stephens was impressed with the simplicity and naturalness of General Grant.

“There was nothing,” he says, “to indicate his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. He furnished us comfortable quarters on board one of his despatch-boats. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. During the time he met us frequently, and conversed freely upon various subjects, not much upon our mission. I saw, however, very clearly that he was anxious for the proposed conference to take place.”⁽¹⁾

General Grant in turn was impressed by the sincerity and earnestness of the commissioners.

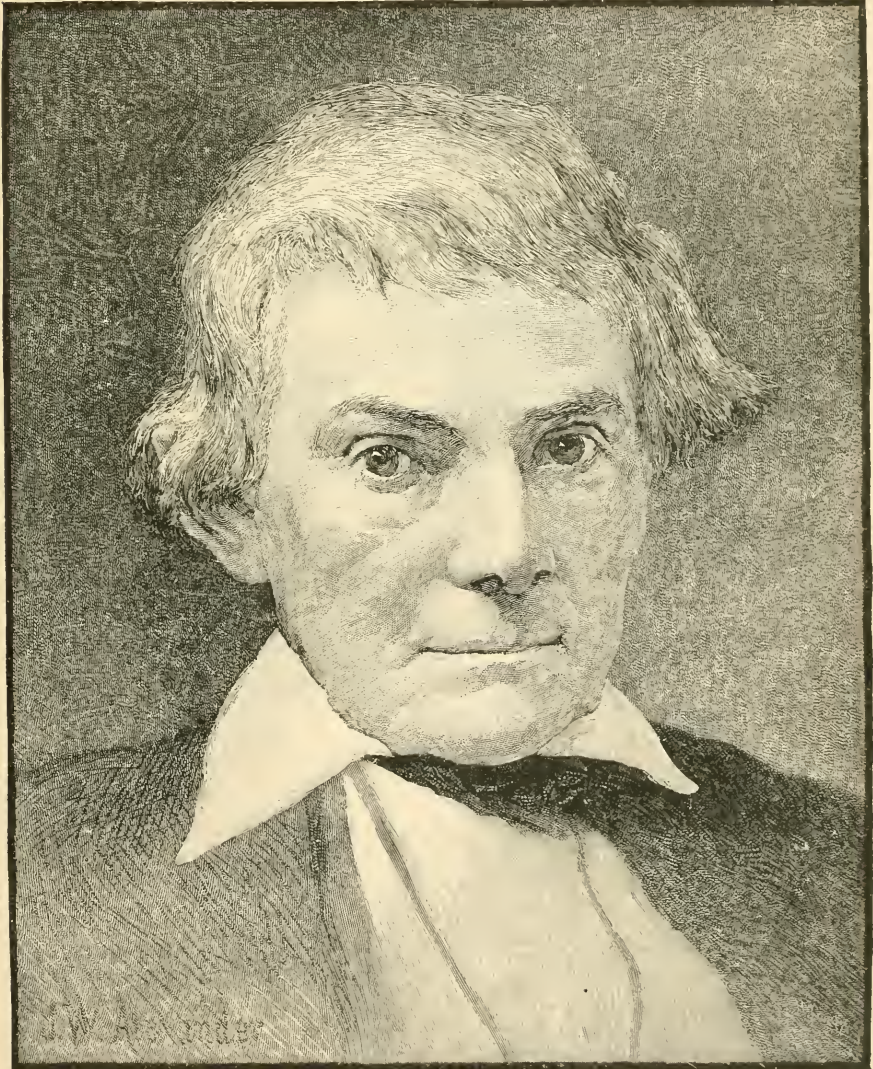
“I recognize,” he telegraphed to Stanton, “the difficulties in the way of receiving these informal commissioners at this time, and do not know what to recommend. I am sorry, however, that Mr. Lincoln cannot have an interview with the two named in this despatch (Stephens and Hunter), if not with all three now within our lines.”

President Lincoln read the despatch. If the Confederates sincerely desired peace he was ready to see them, although they had ^{Feb. 2.} been appointed by Jefferson Davis on a basis different from what he himself had stipulated. He did not know that Davis had charged

the commissioners to demand his recognition as President of a separate nationality. (5)

“Say to the gentlemen,” Mr. Lincoln telegraphed, “I will meet them personally at Fortress Monroe.”

It was midwinter—the mercury nearly down to zero. Mr. Stephens, small of stature, in feeble health, wrapped himself in three overcoats



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

and a woollen muffler. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were in the cabin of the steamer *River Queen*, awaiting the arrival of the com-
 Feb. 3, 1865. missioners. They saw, at the farther end of the saloon, Mr. Stephens laying aside his overcoats one by one. When the disrobing was finished they beheld a shrivelled, boyish-looking little man.

“Seward,” said Mr. Lincoln, “that is the largest shucking for so small a nubbin that I ever saw.”

There were friendly greetings, hearty hand-shakings, pleasant talk of old times. Mr. Stephens asked if there was no way of restoring happiness and harmony.

“I know of but one way,” Mr. Lincoln replied. “Those who are resisting the laws of the Union must cease their resistance.”

“We have been induced to believe,” said Mr. Stephens, “that both parties might cease present strife and take up a Continental question, which would give time for their anger to cool.”

“I suppose,” the President replied, “you refer to something Mr. Blair has said. Now it is proper for me to state that Mr. Blair had no authority from me to make any statement. When he applied to me for a pass to go to Richmond with certain ideas he wished to make known to me, I told him flatly I did not want to hear them. When he returned and brought me Mr. Davis’s letter, I gave him the one to which you allude in your application to pass the lines. I was always willing to hear propositions for peace, on the conditions of this letter and on no others. The restoration of the Union is a *sine qua non* with me, and hence my instructions that no conference was to be held except on that basis.”⁽⁶⁾

Mr. Stephens possibly thought Mr. Lincoln could be influenced by argument. He urged an armistice, and a joint expedition of Union and Confederate troops to drive the French out of Mexico. This would establish the right of self-government to all countries in the western hemisphere against any interference from European nations. The Confederate Vice-president underrated the logical powers of Mr. Lincoln if he thought to hoodwink him by such sophistry. Consenting to a joint expedition would be an acknowledgment of the Confederacy as a separate nation.

“I cannot,” Mr. Lincoln replied, “entertain a proposition for an armistice on any terms while the vital question of reunion is undisposed of. That is the first question with me. I can enter into no treaty, convention, or stipulation or agreement with the Confederate States, jointly or separately, upon any other subject but upon the basis first



R. M. T. HUNTER.

settled—that the Union is to be restored. Any such agreement or stipulation would be a *quasi* recognition of the States then in arms against the National Government as a separate power. That I never will do. . . . Even if the Confederate States should entertain the proposition to return to the Union, I could not enter into any agreement in regard to reconstruction, or upon any other matters of that sort, while there were parties in arms against the Government.”⁽⁷⁾

“But,” interposed Mr. Hunter, “there are instances where a chief executive has entered into agreements even when there were parties in arms against acknowledged authority. Charles I., of England, did it.”

“I do not profess to be posted in history,” Mr. Lincoln replied. “On such matters I will turn you over to Mr. Seward. All that I distinctly recollect about Charles I. is that he lost his head.”⁽⁸⁾

The Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery was read.

“The slaves,” said Mr. Hunter, “have always been accustomed to an overseer. If you suddenly free them on the basis of the Emancipa-

tion Proclamation, you will not only precipitate them, but the entire Southern people, into irredeemable ruin."

"Mr. Hunter," the President replied, "you ought to know more about this matter than I, for you have always lived under the slave system. I can only say that your statement brings to mind Farmer Case, out in Illinois, who undertook to raise a lot of hogs. It was no small job to feed them. He had a large field of potatoes, and he concluded to turn the hogs loose and let them have full swing. It would save digging the potatoes. He was looking at the critters one day when a neighbor came along. 'Case,' said he, 'your hogs are doing well just now, but what will become of them when the ground freezes?' 'Well,' said Case, 'it may come rather hard on their snouts, but it will be root, hog, or die.'" (9)

"Mr. President," said Mr. Seward, "I think we may as well inform the gentlemen that the Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery was acted on by Congress yesterday, and it doubtless will be ratified by the requisite number of States."

"That is true, gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln. "I suggest that the States which have seceded return and vote for its ratification. It is desirable to have the consent of the people as soon as possible. I do not doubt they will be ready to make liberal compensation for your slaves—possibly \$400,000,000. You would be surprised, gentlemen, were I to give you the names of those who favor it."

Mr. Lincoln spoke of the position of individuals who had taken part in the Rebellion.

"According to your view of the case," said Mr. Stephens, "we are all guilty of treason and liable to be hanged."

"Yes, that is so," Mr. Lincoln replied.

"Well, I have no fear of being executed so long as you are President," said Mr. Stephens.

Hampered by the conditions imposed by Jefferson Davis, the commissioners could not make any definite proposition for ending the war. Mr. Lincoln stated frankly and decidedly that there was one course they could pursue which would end the struggle at once—submission to Federal authority.

"I'll tell you," he said to Mr. Stephens, "what I would do, were I a citizen of Georgia, as you are. I would go home and get the Governor to call the Legislature together, recall the troops, elect Senators and Representatives to Congress, and ratify the Amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery." (10)

Both the meeting and parting were friendly. On the trip up the Potomac the President was looking into the future. He knew the time was near when the people must deal with the question of reconstruction. If there was to be a true restoration of the Union, there must be conciliation on the part of the North towards the defeated South. Would not an offer of compensation for the slaves freed go far towards bringing about harmony? Upon his arrival at Washington the matter was brought to the attention of the Cabinet. The President proposed to submit a message to Congress recommending an appropriation of \$400,000,000, and that all political offences be condoned.

The Cabinet did not take kindly to the proposition. The President was surprised.

"How long will the war last?" he asked. No one answered. It was a painful silence. The President continued: "Let us suppose it will last 100 days. We are spending \$3,000,000 a day, which will amount to all the money, besides all the lives. But I see you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message."

It was laid aside and never again taken up. In his desire to save life, his earnestness to secure peace, in the greatness of his charity, Mr. Lincoln had gone to the extreme verge of magnanimity.

"The earnest desire of the President," wrote Mr. Welles in his diary, "to conciliate and effect peace was manifest, but there may be such an overdoing as to cause distrust or adverse feeling. The rebels would misconstrue it if the offer were made."⁽¹⁾

The Confederate commissioners had not manifested any desire to return to the Union. Jefferson Davis had stipulated for his recognition as chief executive of an independent nation. There was no evidence that the slave-holding States could be conciliated by the proposed offer. A noble desire had taken possession of the great-hearted President. The longing for peace, the restoration of the Union, and the saving of life for the moment outweighed his judgment. Had he waited a few hours we may be sure the matter never would have been laid before the Cabinet.

The Confederate commissioners returned to Richmond, chagrined over their failure. While they were making their way up the James and through the Union lines under their safe conduct, the Confederate Congress was considering the question of adopting a new flag for the Confederacy, as if it was to wave forever as an emblem of sovereignty, oblivious as was Belshazzar of approaching doom. The commissioners reported to Jefferson Davis that the Con-

Feb. 4,
1865.

federacy must disappear before there could be any peace. A clerk in the Confederate War Department wrote the following in his diary :

“As I supposed, the peace commissioners have returned from their fruitless errand. President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, it appears, had nothing to propose, and would listen to nothing but unconditional submission. The Congress of the United States has Feb. 6. just passed, by a two-thirds vote, an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery. Now, the South will soon be fired up again, perhaps with a new impulse, and the war will rage with greater fury than ever. Mr. Stephens will go into Georgia and reanimate his people. General Wise spoke at length for independence at the Capitol on Saturday night amid applauding listeners, and Governor Smith spoke to-night. Every effort will be made to popularize the cause again. General Wise’s brigade has sent up resolutions consenting to a gradual *emancipation*, but never for reunion with the North. All hope of peace with independence is extinct, and valor alone is now relied on for our salvation. Every one thinks the Confederacy will at once gather up its military strength and strike such blows as will astonish the world.” (12)

Mr. Campbell had comprehended the situation of affairs more clearly than either Stephens or Hunter. He saw the impracticability of the scheme devised by Mr. Blair, which had been made the basis of the conference. He advised that the reason for its failure be kept secret. Jefferson Davis, in his anger, refused to accept such advice. He sent a message to Congress, in which he said that the enemy had refused all terms except those which a conqueror might grant. The newspapers of Richmond reflected the general sentiment of the hour.

“We have had,” said the ‘Sentinel,’ “some peace men among us, but there are no peace men now. Not realizing the full enormity of our enemies, they have deemed it impossible that their devilish thirst for our blood was not yet slaked; that their rapacious designs upon our homes and property, and their desire to destroy our liberties were not yet abandoned or abated; and hence they have been anxious that our government should extend the olive-branch. These questions are settled now. We have been pressed to the wall, and told plainly there was no escape except such as we shall hew out with our manful swords. There is literally no retreat except in chains and slavery.”

The Governor of Virginia, William Smith, called a public meeting, which was held in the African Baptist Church, the largest in Richmond. He presented a series of resolutions denouncing and spurning as a gross insult the terms offered by President Lincoln. “Men who grumble now deserve a lamp-post,” he said.

“If the spirit which animates you to-night,” said Jefferson Davis, “shall meet with a general response, as I have no doubt it will, I shall feel that we are on the verge of success. We shall not again be insulted

by such terms of peace as the arrogance of the enemy has lately proposed, but ere many months have elapsed our successes will cause them to feel that when talking to us they are talking to their masters."

Jefferson Davis was confronted by a puzzling question. He had transmitted a message to Congress relating to the enlistment of slaves as soldiers. He thought the slaves would fight for the Confederacy. The Government ought to purchase them from their masters. But ought not the negroes to have their freedom? Would they fight unless some inducement were held out to them?

"The policy," he said, "of engaging to liberate the negro on his discharge after service faithfully rendered, seems to me to be preferable to that of granting immediate manumission or that of retaining him in servitude."

The Southern people were greatly astonished when they read the message. Arm slaves! Give them their freedom! Was not slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy?

A meeting was held to consider the question. Mr. Benjamin said that slaves who volunteered to fight for the Confederacy ought to have their freedom. Other speakers said the white soldiers would re-
Feb. 11. sent the enlistment of negroes. General Lee, in a letter, said that negroes would make good soldiers. The Confederate Congress passed a law for the employment of 200,000 slaves as soldiers, and authorized President Davis to accept slaves which might be given to the Confederacy by their owners. No reward was promised to the slaves. The master was still to be master and owner. Such half-hearted, insincere, death-bed repentance could be of no avail. The slaves knew that Abraham Lincoln had given them their freedom. They knew that 200,000 of their race were marshalled under the Stars and Stripes as free men, citizens of the Republic. The passage of the bill was a humiliating confession of wrong-doing and failure.

The Confederate Congress also passed a resolution that if Richmond were evacuated, all public property should be destroyed, especially the great warehouses filled with tobacco owned by the Government. General Lee was made military dictator. Having passed these bills, Congress adjourned.

General Lee was making great efforts to recruit his army and obtain supplies. He knew that General Grant had brought a large force from Tennessee to North Carolina; that Sherman was advancing from Savannah; that Sheridan with 15,000 cavalry would soon be moving in the Shenandoah. With the several Union armies closing around him,

the struggle must eventually end. There would be humiliation in defeat. It would be far better to secure peace by coming to an agreement with Grant. A flag of truce brought a letter to the Union commander proposing a conference.

President Lincoln was at the Capitol in Washington, signing bills which Congress had passed, when a despatch from Grant to
 March 3. Stanton announced the proposition of Lee. Mr. Lincoln laid aside for a moment the bills, and wrote this reply, purporting to be from Mr. Stanton :

“The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for capitulation of General Lee’s army, or on some minor or purely political matters. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conference or convention. Meanwhile you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.”

Abraham Lincoln, servant of the people, to begin on the morrow another term of service, determined no mistake should be made in the closing of the conflict.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXV.

- (¹) “Century Magazine,” October, 1889.
- (²) Ibid.
- (³) Jefferson Davis, “Rise and Fall of the Confederate States,” vol. ii., p. 612.
- (⁴) A. H. Stephens, “War Between the States,” vol. ii., p. 597.
- (⁵) “Angusta Chronicle,” January 17, 1865.
- (⁶) John A. Campbell, “Southern Magazine,” December, 1874.
- (⁷) A. H. Stephens, “War Between the States,” vol. ii., p. 603.
- (⁸) “Century Magazine,” October, 1889.
- (⁹) F. B. Carpenter, “Six Months in the White House,” p. 210.
- (¹⁰) “Century Magazine,” October, 1889.
- (¹¹) “Century Magazine,” November, 1889.
- (¹²) J. B. Jones, “Rebel War Clerk’s Diary,” vol. ii., p. 710.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SECOND PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

A SECOND time Abraham Lincoln stands upon the portico of the Capitol to take the oath of office as President of the Republic. Far different the outlook from that of the first inauguration. Then, uncertainty, darkness, gloom; now, the dawn of a brighter day, the rising sun of a new era. Then, an unfinished edifice; now, the ^{March 4,} _{1865.} statue of Liberty crowning the world's most beautiful halls of legislation. Then, war about to begin; now, the prospect of its end. Then, 4,000,000 bondmen; now, slavery abolished. The nation then as helpless as a child; now a giant, astonishing the world by the majesty of its power.

In the month of August preceding the November election the Peace Democracy, seemingly, were about to take possession of the Government. Mr. Lincoln had doubted his re-election, but the people indorsed his administration by giving him 212 electoral votes, against 21 for McClellan. None in the Presidential office ever had greater cause for elation, but those nearest Mr. Lincoln noticed a growing sense of responsibility, and a consciousness that he was an agent of divine Providence to promote the well-being of his fellow-men. It is manifest in his reply to the Committee of Congress apprising him officially of his re-election.

“With deep gratitude,” said Mr. Lincoln. “to my countrymen for this mark of their confidence; with a distrust of my own ability to perform the duty required under the most favorable circumstances, and now rendered doubly difficult by exciting national perils; yet with a firm reliance on the strength of our free government and the eventual loyalty of the people to just principles upon which it is founded, and, above all, with an unbroken faith in the Supreme Ruler of Nations, I accept this trust.”

Never had any nation or people heard such words as were uttered by Mr. Lincoln as he stood upon the portico of the Capitol before taking the oath of office for a second term:

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

"One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The address has no parallel in political literature. To the great audience listening in breathless attention it was like a transcription of a portion of the Sermon on the Mount. From the hour when Lucy Gilman Speed talked with Mr. Lincoln about eternal truths, there had been within him a growing recognition of divine Providence in human affairs. It appears in many of his State papers and private letters.

"Every one likes a compliment," he wrote to Mr. Weed. "Thank you for yours, and on my little notification speech and on the recent inaugural address. I expect the latter to wear as well, or perhaps better, than anything I have produced, but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown there is a difference of purpose between the Almighty and themselves. To deny it, however, in this case is to deny there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and as to whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it." (1)

The great drama was about to close. The army under Sherman was in North Carolina. Union troops were in Charleston and Wilmington. Sheridan with the cavalry was on his way from the Shenandoah to Petersburg. A few more weeks, and the final blow would be given.

General Grant, desiring to have an interview with the President, invited him to visit City Point. The invitation was accepted. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and "Tad," on the steamer *River Queen*, protected by a small gunboat. Upon the President's arrival General Grant and the members of his staff went on board the steamer to pay their respects to their commander-in-chief. They were cordially received.

"I am not feeling very well," said the President. "I got pretty well shaken up on the bay coming down, and am not altogether over it." (2)

"Let me send," said a staff-officer, "for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President; that is the best remedy I know of for sea-sickness."

"No, no, my young friend; I have seen many a man in my time sea-sick ashore from drinking that very article," the President replied.

In the evening a pitch-pine camp-fire was kindled at the military headquarters. It was a pleasure to the President to sit before it, assuming any attitude he pleased. He was regardless of etiquette. With his legs at full length or doubled up, the bright flames illuming his countenance, he gave free play to fancy, and entertained General Grant and his staff with anecdote and story. He listened with interest to

what others said. He inquired in regard to new inventions relating to military art.

"I have here," said General Horace Porter, member of the staff, "a specimen of the new powder for the fifteen-inch guns at Fortress Monroe. The kernel is nearly as large as a walnut."

"Well," the President replied, "that is a little larger than the powder I used in my shooting days. It reminds me of what once occurred in a country meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few newspapers then, and the country store-keepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the preacher happened to be late in coming to a prayer-meeting of an evening, the shopkeeper would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods. One evening a man said: 'Brethren, let me take occasion to say, while w're a-wa'tin', that I have just received a new inv'ice of sportin' powder. The grains is so small you kin scarcely see 'em with the naked eye. They are polished so fine you kin stand up and comb your ha'r in front of 'em jes' like it was a lookin'-glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the cross-roads, and examine that powder for yourselves.'

"When he had got about thus far a rival merchant, who had been boiling with indignation at the amount of advertising, got up and said: 'Bretherin, I hope you'll not believe a single word Brother Jones has been saying about that powder. I've been down thar and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word, brethren, that the grains is bigger than the lumps in a coal-pile, and any one of you brethren in your future state could put a bar'l of that powder on your shoulder and march square through the sulphurious flames of the world below without the least danger of an explosion.'"⁽³⁾

Mr. Lincoln desired to see the army, and on the following morning, mounted on General Grant's favorite horse, "Cincinnati," he rode along the lines. The soldiers tossed their caps and cheered lustily for the man in whom they had unswerving confidence.

Again, as evening came, the President sat by the glowing camp-fire. He spoke of the events of the war—of the changes that had taken place, the patriotism of the people, the attitude of England and France.

"Have you ever doubted, Mr. President," one asked, "of the final success of our cause?"

"Never for a moment. Mr. Seward has said that there is just enough virtue in the Republic to save it—not much to spare, but suffi-

cient for any emergency. I agree with him. The capture of Mason and Slidell made me uneasy."

"Was it not hard to surrender them?"

"Yes, it was a pretty bitter pill to swallow; but I contented myself with believing that England's triumph in the matter would be short-lived, and that after the war we should be so powerful that we could call her to account for all the embarrassments she has inflicted on us. I felt a good deal like the sick man in Illinois who was told he hadn't probably many days to live, and he ought to make peace with any enemies he might have. He said the man he hated most of all was a fellow named Brown in the next village, and he guessed he had better commence with him first; so Brown was sent for, and when he came the sick man began to say in a voice as meek as Moses that he wanted to die in peace with all his fellow-creatures, and hoped he and Brown could now shake hands and bury all their enmity. The scene was becoming very pathetic. Brown had to get out his handkerchief and wipe his tears. He finally melted and reached out his hand, and they had a regular love-feast. It was an affecting parting. Brown had about reached the door when the sick man raised himself, and said, 'See here, Brown, if I ever *should* get well that old grudge is going to stand,' so I thought that if this nation should happen to get well we might want that old grudge to stand against John Bull."⁽¹⁾

It was a season of delightful recreation to the President. For the moment he forgot the great questions confronting him relating to the reconstruction of the seceded States—the future status of the liberated slaves, the pardon of the Confederate leaders. For four years he had been burdened with the nation's welfare. The lines had deepened upon his face. He had endured anxious days, passed sleepless nights. The grief of the nation had been his grief. But as the storm-tossed sailor beholds the headlands of the harbor where he may ride in safety, so he looked forward to a haven of peace and rest. He could rejoice in the thought that the people trusted him as they had trusted no other man since George Washington. They were sustaining his administration—manifesting their patriotism and confidence by subscribing for the new loan of \$500,000,000, bearing $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. interest. It had been placed upon the market just before the election. Mr. Lincoln believed that the people would sustain the Government in financial as they had in military affairs. The bankers of Great Britain were not appealed to. They trusted the Confederate Government, subscribed to the Confederate cotton loan, but distrusted the United States. Their sympathies

were with the Confederacy. The people of Holland and Germany, with truer instinct and clearer vision, had purchased the bonds of the United States. The new loan might have been negotiated at Frankfort, Hamburg, and Amsterdam, but President Lincoln and his Cabinet determined to call upon the people for money to carry on the war. The appeal had not been in vain. In forty-three days \$161,000,000 was subscribed, not by bankers as a speculation, but by the people in every section of the country. (°)

The army under Sherman had reached Goldsboro'. Its commander, wishing to confer with General Grant, proceeded to Wilmington, and from that port to City Point. I had witnessed his departure
 Mar. 27, 1865, from Savannah, beheld the Stars and Stripes floating once more over Sumter, and was again with the Army of the Potomac. While at headquarters, near the cabin which General Grant had occu-



GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

ped during the winter, I saw him step from the door, followed by President Lincoln, Generals Sherman, Meade, Ord, and Crook.

“Good-morning. What news have you?” said the President, shaking my hand as he entered the headquarters.

“I have just arrived, Mr. President, from Savannah and Charleston.”

“Indeed! Well, I am right glad to see you. How do the people down there like being back in the Union again?”

“I think some of them are reconciled, if we may draw conclusions from the action of one planter, who came down Savannah River on a flat-boat loaded with cotton, bringing wife and children, a negro woman and her children, of whom he was the father. Of course he was anxious to sell his cotton.”

The eyes of the President sparkled as he replied, “Oh yes, I see,

patriarchal times once more! Abraham, Sarah, Hagar, Isaac, and Ishmael, all in one boat." General Sherman laughed heartily, and General Grant's countenance was illuminated by a smile. The President added, "I reckon they will accept the situation now they can sell their cotton at a price never dreamed of before the war." (°)

All present turned to a map lying on a table.

"We are in a position to catch Lee between our thumb and finger," said Sherman, pointing to Grant's position at Petersburg, and his own at Goldsboro'.

In the cabin of the *River Queen* the next advance of the armies was discussed by the President, Grant, and Sherman. The last named thus narrates the conversation:

"Mr. Lincoln made many inquiries about the events which attended the march from Savannah to Goldsboro', and seemed to enjoy the humorous stories about our bummers which he had heard. When in lively conversation his face brightened wonderfully, but if the conversation flagged it assumed a sad and sorrowful expression. General Grant and I explained to him that my next move would bring my army of 80,000 men in close communication with Grant's army, and that unless Lee could escape, and make junction with Johnston in North Carolina, he would soon be shut up in Richmond, with no possibility of supplies, and would have to surrender. Mr. Lincoln seemed unusually impressed with this. General Grant said that Sheridan was passing his cavalry across James River, and he would extend his left to the south side road. If Lee let go his fortified lines he (Grant) would follow him so close that Lee could not possibly fall on me alone in North Carolina. I expressed the fullest confidence that my army was willing to cope with Lee and Johnston combined till Grant could come up. We both agreed that one more bloody battle probably would be fought before the close of the war. . . . More than once he exclaimed, 'Must more blood be shed? Cannot this last bloody battle be avoided?' We explained that we had to presume Lee must see that Johnston alone was no barrier to my progress, and if my army should reach Burksville he was lost in Richmond. We were forced to believe he would not await that inevitable conclusion, but make one more desperate effort. . . . We talked generally about what was to be done when Lee's and Johnston's armies were beaten and dispersed. On this point Mr. Lincoln was very full. He said he had long thought of it, and he hoped this end could be reached without more bloodshed, but in any event he wanted us to get the deluded men of the rebel armies disbanded and back to their

homes. He contemplated no revenge, no harsh measures, but quite the contrary. Their sufferings and hardships during the war would make them submissive to law." (7)

General Grant was not disposed to wait till Sherman should reach Burksville. He desired to compel Lee to meet him in the open field. If he were to wait, the soldiers from the Western States might become unduly elated by a feeling of superior prowess over those from the Eastern States. He determined the Army of the Potomac should have an opportunity of finishing the work it had thus far maintained against the strongest of the Confederate armies. He made the Fifth Corps and the cavalry a movable force to operate on his left, and changed his headquarters to be near the scene of action. "I feel like ending the matter, if possible, before going back," he said to Sheridan.

The cavalry of General Lee and three brigades of Pickett's division of infantry confronted Sheridan at Dinwiddie Court-house. The battle ended in the retirement of the Confederates to Five Forks, ^{Mar. 31.} towards which the Fifth Corps and the cavalry advanced.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when I reached General Sheridan's headquarters. Ayer's division of infantry was advancing through the woods. The cavalry had dismounted, and were ^{April 1.} fighting as infantry. The movement of the Fifth Corps threatened to separate Pickett from the main body of Lee's army. The Confederate soldiers lost heart at the moment when they needed the most courage. The troops under Sheridan swept over the Confederate intrenchments and captured 6000 prisoners, six cannon, and thirteen battle-flags.

General Grant was at Dabney's Mill, six miles away. He had listened to the cannonade and the volleys of musketry, which suddenly ceased. What its meaning? The battle was over, but which side was victorious? Horace Porter, of his own staff, brought the news. Grant stepped into his tent and wrote an order to Meade: "Assault along the whole line!"

He sent a second telegram to President Lincoln at City Point: "I have ordered everything to advance, to prevent concentration against Sheridan."

He telegraphed to Meade: "I believe that with a bombardment beforehand the enemy will abandon his works."

The time had arrived when the whole army was to take part. In the evening at ten o'clock the cannonade began. It was continued through the night, from James River to the extreme left of the Union

line. President Lincoln heard the deep reverberations. He comprehended that the decisive hour was near, and was turning over the profound questions that presented themselves to his mind. On what basis ought the conquered States to be restored to the Union? What clemency ought he to show the men who had led the Southern States into the Rebellion? What should be done with Jefferson Davis? Would it not be well for the country if the leaders were to escape to some foreign land? Congress would not be in session before December. Such questions as were likely to arise must not be left to the military authorities for settlement. He alone must deal with them.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVI.

(¹) Weed's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 449.

(²) Horace Porter, "Century Magazine," October, 1885.

(³) Ibid.

(⁴) Ibid.

(⁵) Jay Cooke to Author.

(⁶) Author's Note-book, 1865.

(⁷) Sherman to I. N. Arnold, Arnold's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 421.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN RICHMOND.

THE stars were shining from a cloudless sky and day was dawning when the troops of the Ninth Army Corps rushed upon the Confederate intrenchments east of Petersburg, captured twelve cannon and 800 prisoners. The Sixth and Second corps were in motion. Sunday, April 2, 1865, President Lincoln knew Grant had determined to make the most of the advantage gained at Five Forks. A little later came the information that the Second and Sixth corps were engaged. I watched the varied movements, saw the white battle-clouds above the contending forces, beheld the last charge—compact lines rising like an ocean billow over the fortifications—and then the flag of the Union waving in triumph.

Very gratifying the telegram from Grant to the President :

“The whole captures are not less than twelve thousand, and probably fifty pieces of artillery.”

To the Union armies it was a day of victories.

The people of Richmond in the early morning heard the church bells summoning the corps of citizen soldiers to the rendezvous. Many times during the siege had the tocsin sounded—so often that the clanging created no alarm. The corps was organized for guard duty, or to hold some unimportant point, that Lee might have the entire army in an emergency. No information had been received of the battle at Five Forks. During the night Longstreet's corps had been passing through the city to attack Sheridan. Before Lee could execute the plan his whole line was being assailed. Again the church bells—not clanging, but solemnly and sweetly ringing the hour for public worship.

“What news have you?” asked a lady of an officer, as they walked to Rev. Mr. Hoge's church.

“All quiet. The croakers are peaceful,” the reply.

“Do you think Richmond safe?”

“Never safer. We had a narrow escape from being starved out a

few weeks ago. It frightened people into crowding provisions into the city. I am assured this morning that we have not been so safe for many months.”⁽¹⁾)

Secretary Breckinridge was sitting in his office when this startling despatch came to him from General Lee:

“My lines are broken. Richmond must be evacuated to-night.”

The worshippers in St. Paul's Church had finished the devotional service and the rector was preaching, when an officer walked up the aisle and handed a slip of paper to Jefferson Davis. The people saw he was much agitated as he hastily left the church. The service closed abruptly.

The news that the city was to be evacuated quickly spread. There was hurrying to and fro, and activity everywhere.

A Southern historian has thus pictured the scene:

“The disorder increased every hour, the streets were thronged. Pale women and little shoeless children struggled in the crowd. Oaths and blasphemous shouts smote the ear. Wagons were being hastily loaded at the departments with boxes and trunks, which were taken to the Danville depot. All the departments were in confusion. There was no system, no answer to inquiries. Important officers were invisible, and every one felt like taking care of himself.”⁽²⁾

The mayor of the city was informed by General Ewell that the tobacco warehouses were to be set on fire; it would endanger the entire city, but he must obey orders. The mayor and a deputation of citizens called upon President Davis, and protested against the execution of the order.

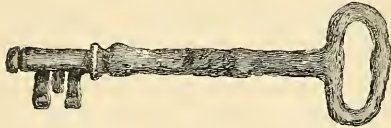
“Your statement,” said Davis, “that the burning of the warehouses will endanger the city is only a cowardly pretext to save your property from the Yankees.”⁽³⁾ General Ewell endeavored to impress upon the authorities the necessity of providing protection against the mob after the withdrawal of the troops. A half-dozen members of the council hastily assembled, and decided that the liquor in the city should be destroyed.

The railroad to Danville and the James River Canal were the only avenues by which the Confederate Government could leave. Coaches, wagons, carts, vehicles of every description, were brought into use to convey to the railroad station chests and boxes packed with public documents and the personal baggage of Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet. An excited crowd gathered. Women gave way to lamentations, men cursed and blasphemed, as soldiers with fixed bayonets pushed

back all except a favored few. From Lumpkins's prison came a gang of fifty negroes with clanking chains—the last slave coffle of North America.

From the day when cotton became “king,” in the estimation of the propagandists of slavery, Virginia had been purchasing human flesh for southern markets. The Richmond mart with its iron-grated cells was scarcely a stone's-throw from the mansion purchased by the Confederate Government for Jefferson Davis. There was no room on the train

for Lumpkins's chattels. What loss! In 1861 those fifty men and women would have brought \$50,000, but on that Sunday evening they were utterly valueless. There was no longer a slave mart in the United States—no longer a slave. Lumpkins could only turn his chattels loose amid the



KEY OF THE RICHMOND SLAVE PRISON.
[In possession of the author.]

surging crowd. The prison, whip, shackles, driver, auction block — relics of barbarism — were of the past. The excited multitude saw cars provided for the horses, coach, and coachman of Jefferson Davis. Oaths and curses fell upon the ears of the departing President and Cabinet, when at 8 P.M. the train moved away from the station. Later in the evening the Governor of the State and members of the Legislature took their departure on a canal-boat. (4)

Day had not dawned when there came a series of thunder-like peals which awakened President Lincoln and the army, caused by the blowing up of the war-vessels of the Confederate navy. The soldiers of the Ninth Corps, with whom I had passed the night, were instantly alert. They needed no other reveille. General Wilcox, commanding the division nearest Petersburg, found only deserted fortifications where a few hours before Confederate cannon had flashed defiance. I traversed the trenches, surveyed the almost impregnable works, and passed on with the troops into the city. The army was compelled to wait for the arrival of pontoons and the laying of a bridge across the Appomattox, before it could begin the pursuit of Lee. General Grant made his headquarters at the mansion of Mr. Wallace. I saw him a few moments, and then, comprehending that Richmond was the objective point for a correspondent, hastened to Meade station, on the military railroad.

A train came from City Point bringing President Lincoln. Just before reaching the station it was stopped by a procession of several

April 3,
1865.



MILITARY RAILROAD, CITY POINT.

[Where President Lincoln took the cars. From a sketch made in December, 1864.]

thousand Confederate prisoners crossing the track. They were mostly boys, who had been forced into the army by the remorseless Confederate Conscription. They were in rags, and had no blankets. Many had neither shoes nor hats. Mr. Lincoln watched them in silence a while, then said, as if in soliloquy: "Poor boys! poor boys! If they only knew what we are trying to do for them they would not have fought us, and they would not look as they do."⁽⁶⁾

An escort awaited the President at the station. The Union soldiers gave a cheer. He thanked them for what they had accomplished, mounted a horse and rode to Petersburg. He dismounted at the mansion of Mr. Wallace, with whom he had been acquainted when member of Congress. Mr. Wallace's young son, fired by Southern patriotism and prejudice, saw Mr. Lincoln entering the grounds.

"You are not going to let him come into the house, are you, father?" he said.

"I don't think it will be best to try to stop a man who has such an army," the father replied.

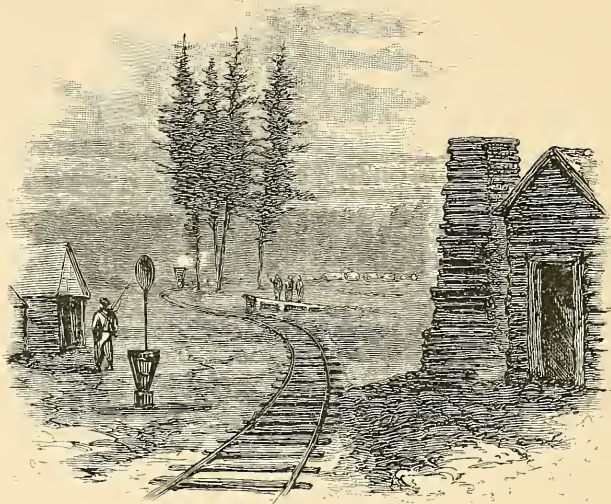
"I think we have met before. May I take a seat on your piazza?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"I am pleased to see you. Will not you and General Grant take seats in the parlor?" said Mr. Wallace.

The President accepted the courteous invitation. When seated, Mr. Wallace narrated the conversation between himself and his son, at which Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily. They talked of former times, recalling the days before the war. Mr. Wallace was much impressed by the quiet, unassuming ways of the President and General Grant. The latter, while the troops were passing, sat quietly on the piazza smoking a cigar.⁽⁶⁾

More dramatic the scenes in Richmond during the early morning hours. The Confederate troops were leaving the city. Stragglers and citizens, men and women, were breaking open stores and shops. One who participated in the plundering has thus described the events of the morning:

"I turned into Thirteenth Street, and from thence into Cary. A strong odor of whiskey greeted my nasal organ. A voice cried, 'Look out below!' A moment later a barrel of whiskey was hurled from the third story of a warehouse. It was dashed to pieces against the pavement, the liquor running in streams down the gutter. A crowd was gathered around the door of the medical purveyor's office, where stood a guard with fixed bayonets. From this building barrels of liquor were



PARKE STATION.

rolled into the streets and knocked to pieces. The streets literally ran with whiskey. A lieutenant told me that it was to prevent the Yankees from getting tight when they should enter the city. Unfortunately, the Confederate officers were allowed to fill their canteens. Drunken officers were unable to maintain any authority over the excited men, who roamed at will over the city.”(?)

The blowing up of the vessels increased the frenzy. Long trains of wagons and artillery were crossing the bridges at the moment. After the wagons came the infantry. A spectator has vividly pictured the scene :

“Custis Lee’s division came first, many of the men singing, others joking, but the majority tramped on silently, evidently depressed by the great disaster. Lee’s forces were about forty-five minutes in passing, and then came Kershaw’s division, a much larger body of troops. Old women and girls were constantly passing and repassing, their backs bending low beneath the weight of heavy sacks of flour, meal, sugar, butts of cloth and cotton goods. Some loaded their carts with plunder, some returned again with their wheelbarrows, while many more were rolling barrels of bread-stuff or meat. . . .

“While Kershaw’s division was passing, General Ewell came over from Richmond. The appearance of this distinguished veteran was by

no means prepossessing as he sat on his horse with his old black hat pulled over his brows. He rode an old gray horse, wore a faded cloak, and carried a stout walking-stick. Shortly after I recognized the well-known form of J. C. Breckinridge. He, too, halted, and for a moment viewed the passing troops. He wore a suit of plain black, with a cape or talma thrown over his shoulders. He was attended by several officers in dress uniform. My soldiers recognized the familiar face of 'Old Breck,' and acknowledged his presence by hearty cheers, which the secretary returned by touching his cap. . . . At length the last straggler crossed, and as delay now seemed dangerous, the order to fire the bridge was given, and in a few moments the whole structure was enveloped in a broad sheet of flame. . . . As we mounted our horses, flames suddenly burst from the windows and roof of one of the tallest buildings. Haxall's mills were burning, and a moment after we perceived that Crenshaw's mills and a great tobacco warehouse were wrapped in flames. The laboratory was now on fire, and explosion followed explosion in quick succession."(*)

By mid-forenoon 800 buildings were burning. A few citizens attempted to work the fire-engines, but to no purpose. The panic-stricken crowd was powerless to stay the progress of the flames. A little past four o'clock in the morning Major Atherton H. Stevens, with two companies of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, reconnoitred the Confederate lines east of the city. He found the intrenchments evacuated and the cannon spiked. He met a carriage containing the mayor and Judge Meredith of the Confederate State Court, who tendered the surrender of Richmond. Major Stevens proceeded to the Capitol, ascended the roof, pulled down the State flag which was flying, and hoisted a guidon of his troop in its place. It was nearly eight o'clock when the infantry, with General Weitzel at the head of the column, entered the city. The colored soldiers sang,

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on."

With even ranks, steady steps, colors waving, drums beating, the column passed up Main Street to the grounds surrounding the Capitol, laid aside arms and equipments, manned the fire-engines, mounted the roofs, poured buckets of water upon the kindling shingles, tore down buildings, and fought the destroying flames. These the benign acts of the men who, through the four years of conflict, had been stigmatized as a "vandal horde."

It was past noon when, after a ride from City Point, I entered Richmond. The city was a sea of flame. A great cloud of smoke ascended heavenward. A division of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, was then entering the city. On Main Street I came upon a company of negro soldiers working a fire-engine. I dismounted at the Spotswood Hotel. No one welcomed me. Its spacious hall was deserted save by the clerk, who stood by a window watching the flames at that moment threatening the building.

“Can I have a room?” my question.

“You can have the entire hotel, but you will be burned out in a few minutes,” the reply.

Upon the desk lay the open register with a long list of names having the prefix of colonel, major, captain, and affix C.S.A. I wrote my name—the first from the “foreign country,” as the newspapers had been accustomed to speak of the United States, and took possession of a commodious room and looked out upon the scene. The fire at that moment was leaping from a building so near that a biscuit could have been tossed across the intervening space. From the arsenal came explosions of bursting shells. The grounds around the Capitol were piled with furniture. Old men leaning heavily upon their staves, weeping women, haggard and woe-begone, with barefooted children, were huddled in groups, enduring indescribable agony. The cause they had espoused had gone down never to rise again. The money in their possession was as valueless as last year’s withered forest leaves. A thousand dollars would not purchase a mouthful of food. Their homes were in ashes—burned by the action of Jefferson Davis. He could have prevented the destruction of the city, but had been deaf to the entreaties of the mayor and citizens. Negro soldiers—men who had been sold on the auction block, who had been freed by the act of Abraham Lincoln—were dividing their rations with the homeless and famishing multitude.

President Lincoln had returned from Petersburg, and was once more at City Point. It was natural that he should desire to visit Richmond, not to enter the Confederate capital as victor, neither to witness the desolation, but to begin the work of reconstruction. Might he not put himself in communication with some one holding official position and bring about a restoration of civil authority? He intuitively distrusted military government as being antagonistic to the best interests of the people. He comprehended the meaning of the brilliant apothegm of Wendell Phillips—that one can do many things with a bayonet, but

cannot sit on it. A civil government recognizing the authority of the United States must be established at the earliest possible moment in Virginia. Impelled by such a motive, arrangements were made for a visit to Richmond.

The President, his son "Tad," Admiral Porter, and Captain A. H. Adams, of the navy; Captain Penrose, of the army, detailed by Secretary Stanton to attend the President; and Lieutenant W. W. ^{April 4,} _{1865.} Clemens, of the signal corps—ascended the *James* on the *River Queen*, accompanied by a tug and the gunboat *Bat*. Obstructions prevented the vessels from going beyond Drewry's Bluff.

I was standing on the bank of the river, not far from Libby Prison, when a barge approached rowed by twelve sailors. The President, recognizing me, inquired if I could direct him to the headquarters of General Weitzel. I replied in the affirmative. Near at hand a dozen or more negroes were at work under the direction of a lieutenant constructing a bridge across the canal.

"You were a slave, I suppose," I said to one.

"Yes, mars."

"Would you like to see the man who made you free?"

"What, mars?"

"Would you like to see Abraham Lincoln? There he is, that tall man."

"Be dat President Linkum?"

"Yes."

"Mars Linkum has come! Mars Linkum!" he shouted.

The boat reached the landing. Captain Adams stepped ashore; then six sailors in blue jackets and caps, armed with carbines, followed by the President, "Tad," and other members of the party, and, lastly, six other sailors. A negro led the way, and the procession began its march towards Capitol Hill. I transcribe from the columns of the Boston "Journal," April, 1865, my account of the event, written during the evening of that day:

"What a spectacle! Such a hurly-burly—such wild, indescribable, ecstatic joy I never before have witnessed. A colored man acted as guide; six sailors, wearing their round blue caps, short jackets, and bagging pants, with navy carbines, were the advance guard. Then came the President and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him, and the correspondent of the Boston "Journal;" then six more sailors—twenty of us all told—amid a surging mass of men, women, and children, black, white, and yellow, running, shouting, dancing, swinging their caps, bonnets, and handkerchiefs. Soldiers saw the President, and swelled the increasing crowd, cheering with wild enthusiasm.

One colored woman, standing in a doorway as the President passed along the sidewalk, shouted: 'Thank you, dear Jesus, for this! thank you, Jesus!' Another by her side was clapping her hands and shouting 'Bress de Lord!' A colored woman snatched her bonnet from her head, whirled it in the air, screaming, 'God bress you, Mars Linkum!' A few white women looking out from the houses waved their handkerchiefs. One lady, in a large and elegant building, looked and turned away as if from a disgusting exhibition. President Lincoln walked in silence, acknowledging the salutations of officers, soldiers, and citizens, *black and white*, alike. It was the man of the people among the people. It was the great deliverer meeting the delivered. Yesterday morning the majority of the thousands who crowded the streets and hindered our advance were slaves. Now they were free, beholding him who had given them liberty.

"The procession advanced at a rapid pace. The President manifested weariness, and halted for a moment near the railroad station on Broad Street. He was wearing his overcoat. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky. Cavalrymen with gleaming sabres were clattering down the hill from the Capitol, having been informed that the President was on his way. While thus halting, an aged negro without a coat, his tattered garments made from cotton bagging, whose crisp hair appeared through his almost crownless straw-hat, half kneeling, invoked God's blessing upon the man who had given him freedom: 'May de good Lord bress and keep you safe, Mars Linkum!'

"The President lifted his own hat from his head, bowed, wiped the gathering moisture from his eyes, and then the procession moved on to the mansion from which Jefferson Davis had taken his departure on Sunday evening. The sailors formed in two lines, presented arms, and the President and party entered the building. Mr. Lincoln dropped wearily into a chair, before which stood a writing-table—a chair often occupied by the Confederate President." (9)

The President manifested no signs of exultation. In Petersburg his countenance had been radiant and joyful, but at that moment it was one of indescribable sadness. A great column of smoke was still ascending from the burnt buildings. He had caught a glimpse of the desolation, the misery and woe, bequeathed by the departed Confederate authorities. He was confronted by great questions. How could he best exercise the powers given him to relieve suffering, and bring about a restoration of civil authority?

A few moments later the mayor of the city and Judge Campbell, one of the commissioners in the Hampton Roads conference, arrived. They were cordially welcomed.

The President, accompanied by Admiral Porter, General Weitzel, and General Shepley, rode through the city, escorted by cavalry, followed by thousands of colored people. Mr. Lincoln was much affected as they crowded around the carriage to touch his hands. A clergyman who was serving in the Christian Commission has pictured the scene:

"I was standing upon the open square before the Court-house at



PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

Richmond. Until the preceding afternoon no black person had been permitted to set foot upon that ground. But now it swarmed with emancipated slaves. They were frantic with excitement. They sang, they danced, they shouted hallelujah! They were expecting something, but what I did not know. Suddenly a great hush fell upon us all, and the President, in an open carriage, was driven into the square. Slowly his vehicle moved as he bowed and threw his salutations to those who were ready to worship him. The carriage crossed the open space and halted in the street beyond. Mr. Lincoln arose from the back seat, on which he had been sitting, turned half round, faced the great multitude of blacks who thronged the area behind his carriage, and reached out his hands till he stood in the attitude of a minister pronouncing the benediction. Thus he remained, without speaking a word, for more than a minute, while the carriage stood still; and, when the horses moved forward, in the same attitude he was driven out of sight." (10)

The President made a second visit to Richmond on April 5, and held a conference with Mr. Campbell.

"I had," said Mr. Campbell to Mr. Lincoln, "an interview with Jefferson Davis, Benjamin, and Breckinridge just before they left the city. I said to them: 'The military power of the Confederacy is broken; its independence is hopeless. It only remains for us to make the best terms we can. The trouble is, the President of the United States cannot enter into negotiations with you, but he recognizes the States. The troops of Virginia will recognize the authority of the Legislature.' If you, Mr. President, will permit that body to convene, it will doubtless recall them."

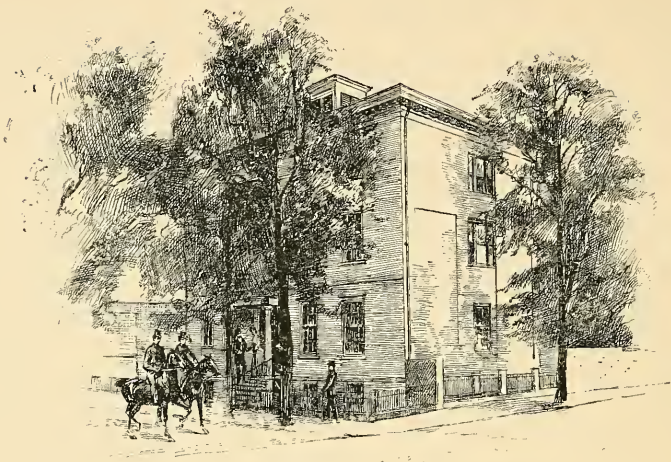
"Judge Campbell," the President replied, "let us have no misunderstanding. I will give you in black and white my only terms:

- "1. The territorial integrity of the Republic.
- "2. No change of Executive or Congressional action on the subject of slavery.
- "3. No armistice."

"Could you not make a modification of the third point in relation to an armistice?" Campbell asked.

"I will not," the President replied, "negotiate with men so long as they are fighting against us. The last election established the deliberate determination of the country."

He was lenient, charitable, but inflexible in his decision to secure abiding peace. No further attempt was made to secure a modification of the terms.



CONFEDERATE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION.

The President returned to Fortress Monroe, and visited the hospitals. Although weary and burdened with care, he spent several hours with the sick and suffering, informing them that the war would soon be over, and thanking them for what they had accomplished.

April 8,
1865.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVII.

- (¹) Mary Tucker Magill, "Independent," January, 1886.
- (²) E. A. Pollard, "Lost Cause," p. 694.
- (³) General Ewell to J. B. Lossing, "Independent," March 11, 1866.
- (⁴) Ibid.
- (⁵) William Burnett Wright, "Congregationalist," vol. xl., No. 22.
- (⁶) Mr. Wallace to C. C. Carpenter, "Century Magazine," June, 1890, p. 306.
- (⁷) A Confederate Courier's Experience, "Watchman," February 3, 1866.
- (⁸) Ibid.
- (⁹) Author's account in Boston "Journal," written April 4, 1865.
- (¹⁰) William Burnett Wright, "Congregationalist," vol. xl., No. 22.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

IN the farm-house of William McLean, at Appomattox, General Lee surrendered the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant. The thrilling news ran along the lines of the Union army. A mighty shout rent the air. Men cheered and yelled with irrepressible delight. No more fighting nor weary marches. No ghastly wounds; but home, wife, and children awaited them. Thenceforth joy, peace, and rest!

President Lincoln had returned to Washington. He had been but a short time in the executive mansion when the following despatch came from General Grant:

“General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself.”

It was the supreme moment of Mr. Lincoln's life. The country was saved, the nation redeemed. All he had labored for, lived for, prayed for, had been accomplished. Bells rang, cannon thundered, thanks ascended to God in every city, town, and hamlet.

A multitude gathered in the grounds around the White House to express their congratulations. Beneficent the countenance of the President as he looked into the radiant faces of his fellow-citizens.

“We meet this evening in gladness of heart,” he said. “The surrender of the insurgent army gives hope of righteousness and peace. . . . In the midst of this, He from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten.”

During the war there had been much apprehension among the people for the safety of the President.

“You are not sufficiently careful of yourself,” said a member of the Cabinet to Mr. Lincoln, just before his re-election. “There are bad men in Washington.”

The President took a package of letters from his desk.

“Every one of these letters,” he said, “contains a threat of assassination. I might be nervous if I were to dwell upon the subject, but I have come to the conclusion there are opportunities enough to kill me every day of my life if there are persons disposed to do it. It is not possible to avoid exposure. I shall not trouble myself about it.”

Solicitude for the President’s safety was not confined to the City of Washington. General Van Allen, of New York, the day after Mr. Lincoln returned from Richmond, addressed a letter to him expressing his apprehensions.

“I intend to adopt the advice of my friends and use due precautions,” the President wrote in reply.

The day commemorating the entombment of the World’s Redeemer was not celebrated by fasting and solemn reflections, but by thanksgiving and hallelujahs. It was Good Friday, and also the anniversary of the surrender of Sumter. Four years had passed. The time had come when the emblem of national authority was to float again in beauty where it had been dishonored. General Robert Anderson was to raise the same flag which he had lowered when surrendering the fort. On that December morning, 1860, when he took possession of Sumter, the voice of Rev. Matthias Harris was heard in prayer. Once more he kneeled and led the assembled multitude in devotion. Selections from the Bible were read alternately by Rev. Richard S. Storrs and the people :

Friday,
April 14,
1865.

“The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.’

“Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.’

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.’

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.’

“Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.’

“We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.’”

With orchestra, choir, and congregation joining in the “Gloria of the Church Universal,” the Stars and Stripes floated once more where it had been humiliated by treason.

An address was given by Henry Ward Beecher which breathed the spirit of brotherhood and charity.

“We offer,” he said, in conclusion, “to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody

years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom."

It was a day of joy and gladness in the White House. Captain Robert Lincoln, who had witnessed the surrender of Lee, arrived in season to breakfast with his father and mother. He narrated the last scene at Appomattox. Breakfast finished, the President passed a pleasant hour with Mr. Colfax, speaker of the House, who was about to make a journey across the continent. At eleven o'clock the Cabinet met in regular session. General Grant arrived, and was warmly welcomed.

"I am somewhat anxious in regard to Sherman," said General Grant.

"We shall have news from him soon," said Mr. Lincoln, "for I had my usual dream last night—the one I have had just before the occurrence of several important events."

"What are the particular features of your dream?" asked Mr. Welles.

"I might say that it relates to your department," the President replied. "I am always in a vessel which I cannot describe, and am moving rapidly towards a dark and undefined shore. I had the dream before the firing on Sumter, before the Bull Run battles, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, and Wilmington."

"Stone River was no victory, Mr. President," said General Grant. "A few such victories as that would have ruined us. I do not know that anything of importance resulted from that battle."

"I might not wholly agree with you about that," said the President, "but I had this dream before that engagement. Victory has not always followed my dream. I have no doubt that a battle has been, or is soon to be fought, between Sherman and Johnston, for my thoughts were in that direction, and I know of no other important event likely to occur."

At the moment of this conversation a Confederate officer was approaching General Sherman's lines with a letter from General Johnston asking for a conference, with the view of surrendering his army.

Richly endowed natures behold at times by mental vision what others may not see. The Bible tells us that by the eastern wall of Jerusalem the first martyr of the Christian Church, while laying down his life for his faith, beheld heaven opened and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God. Saul, fierce persecutor, beheld a blinding light,

talked with Jesus, and became like a child in spirit. John saw a new heaven and a new earth descending from God out of heaven. Upon a house-top in Joppa, Peter, in mid-day slumbers, beheld phenomena far more mysterious than that dreamed by President Lincoln, and heard from one unseen a truth never before announced—that they who fear God and work righteousness in every nation are accepted of Him. Thrice that vision. More than three times sailed the ship that was bearing President Lincoln to the shadowy shore. At that noon hour the nation and himself were approaching a haven of peace.

We are not to conclude that the President believed in omens. Neither may we say that what he had seen was a hallucination or the phantasm of a disordered imagination. The reality of his dreaming cannot be questioned. We may conclude that philosophy has not as yet fully comprehended mental and psychic conditions.

The Cabinet took up the great questions of the hour—the restoration of the revolted States, and what should be done with the Confederate leaders.

“I have no desire,” said the President, “to kill or hang them. Let us frighten them out of the country—open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off. Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect to live in harmony and peace.”

In the afternoon the President, with Mrs. Lincoln, drove in his carriage through the suburbs of the city. He was welcomed everywhere by affectionate recognition. He was very happy, and talked of the past and also of the future.

“When these four years are over, Mary,” he said, “we will go back to Illinois, and I will again be a country lawyer. God has been very good to us.”

Mr. Lincoln occasionally sought rest and recreation by attending the theatre. On that evening the drama of “Our American Cousin” was to be enacted at Ford’s Theatre. Miss Laura Keene, a favorite actress, had chosen it on the occasion of her benefit. It was known that the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and possibly General and Mrs. Grant, would be present. The desire to see the two men foremost in the affections of the people filled the theatre. General and Mrs. Grant, desiring to leave the city, informed the President that they could not accept the proffered invitation to accompany himself and Mrs. Lincoln. Invitations were accordingly sent to Miss Harris and Major Rathburn, daughter and stepson of Senator Harris.

Early in the evening Mr. Colfax called again at the White House to

say farewell. He was accompanied by Mr. Ashman, who was president of the Republican Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln in 1860.

“Was it not,” asked Mr. Ashman, “rather imprudent for you to expose yourself in Richmond? We were much concerned for your safety.”

“I would have been alarmed myself if any other person had been President and gone there, but I did not find any danger whatever,” Mr. Lincoln replied.

Upon a matter of business the President made a remark which he saw disturbed Mr. Ashman.

“You did not understand me,” Mr. Lincoln quickly said. “I did not mean it. I take it all back. I apologize for it.”

The carriage was waiting to convey the President to the theatre. He desired to see Mr. Ashman again early the next morning, and wrote upon a card:

Allow Mr. Ashman to come at 9 o'clock A.M. to-morrow.

A. LINCOLN.

At the door of the White House the President said to Colfax: “Senator Sumner has the gavel of the Confederate Congress, which he got at Richmond to hand to the Secretary of War; but I maintained he must give it to you. You tell him to hand it over. You are going to the Pacific Coast. Do not forget to tell the people in the mining region what I told you this morning about their development. Good-bye.”

The audience crowding the theatre rose and cheered as the presidential party entered the box assigned them. The orchestra played “Hail to the Chief.” The President acknowledged the kind reception, and the performance went on. Mr. Lincoln greatly enjoyed it. The curtain rose upon the second scene of the last act. Miss Keene, personating Mrs. Montchessington, was saying to Asa Trenchard:

“You don’t understand good society. That alone can excuse the impertinence of which you are guilty.”

“I guess I know enough to turn you inside out,” the reply of Trenchard.

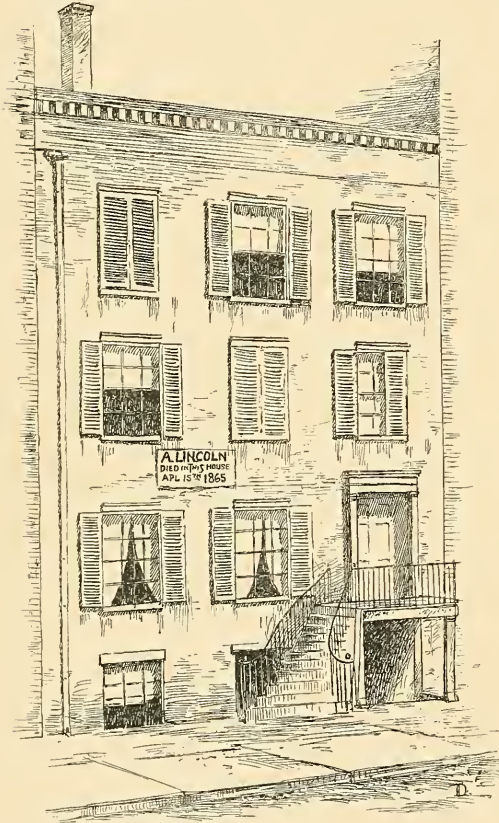
A pistol report startles the laughing audience. A man leaps from the President’s box, falls upon the stage, rises, flourishing a knife dripping with blood.

“*Sic semper tyrannis!* The South is avenged!” he shouts, and disappears.

“John Wilkes Booth!” some one exclaims. There is instant commotion—a rush towards the stage and the box.

The President had fallen forward. Major Rathburn had received a fearful wound in his arm.

The President was borne to a small house across the street. Mrs. Lincoln, dazed and wild with grief, followed, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Physicians and the members of the Cabinet were summoned.



HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED.

Who was John Wilkes Booth? What motive impelled him to commit the crime?

The Confederate Government, in its desperation during the last months of the war, had used pitiable and despicable means to postpone approaching doom. The Confederate agents in Canada had employed William L. McDonald to manufacture an explosive compound to be placed in hotels and steamships for their destruction. On the evening

All Washington was in commotion — thronging the streets, learning not only that the President had been shot, but that another assassin had gained entrance to the house of Mr. Seward as a messenger with medicine from his physician. The assassin had snapped a pistol at Mr. Frederick Seward, and beaten him senseless with the weapon; had inflicted several wounds upon Mr. Seward with a knife, and also wounded two attendants.

Through the night the members of the Cabinet, physicians, and the weeping family watched the ebbing tide of life. (1)

A little past seven o'clock in the morning Abraham Lincoln died, with inexpressible peace upon his face.

“Now he belongs to the ages,” said Secretary Stanton, breaking the silence.

of November 5, 1864, while the people of New York were rejoicing over the re-election of President Lincoln, incendiary fires were kindled in thirteen places, which, however, were quickly extinguished. Steam-boats had been burned on the western rivers.

John Y. Beall, educated in the University of Virginia, owner of 100 slaves, captain in the Confederate Army, an accredited agent of the Confederacy, had been employed to wreck railroad trains. When arrested and brought to trial he took a commission from his pocket, signed by Jefferson Davis, to show that he was an officer in the Confederate service, and ought not to be held accountable as a private individual for throwing a railroad train from its track and endangering the lives of innocent passengers. He manifested no sorrow for what he had done.

While President Lincoln was having the interview with the Confederate commissioners at Fortress Monroe, Professor McCullough was presenting to Senator Oldham, of Texas, a scheme which the Senator in turn laid before Jefferson Davis. It was a proposition to burn all the shipping of the Northern States.⁽²⁾

“We can burn,” he wrote, “every transport that leaves the harbor of New York or other Northern port with supplies for the armies of the enemy, burn every transport and gunboat on the Mississippi River, as well as devastate the country, and fill the people with consternation.”

Jefferson Davis did not thrust this letter into the fire, but wrote the following words :

“*Hon. W. I. Oldham :*

February 12, 1865.

“In relation to plans and means to burn the enemy’s shipping, towns, etc., preparations are in the hands of Professor McCullough, and are known only to one party. Ask the President to have an interview with General Harris, formerly of Missouri, on this subject. Secretary of War at his convenience please see General Harris, and learn what plan he has for overcoming difficulties heretofore experienced. J. D.”⁽³⁾

Soon after the re-election of President Lincoln an advertisement appeared in a newspaper published in Selma, Ala., proposing to raise a fund for the assassination of the President and Vice-president of the United States.

A letter from Lieutenant Alston, proposing assassination, was turned over to Mr. Seddon by Jefferson Davis, bearing this indorsement: “For attention.”⁽⁴⁾

Among those who were ready to engage in desperate undertakings for the benefit of the Confederacy was John Wilkes Booth, a dramatic actor. I saw him frequently during the war. After John Brown seized Harper’s Ferry, Booth had assisted at his capture. He visited

Richmond, making his way secretly through the lines. He was in communication with Confederate agents in Canada. He was twenty-six years old; his form was manly, his bearing that of a gentleman. In parlor and drawing-room he was ever an attractive figure. He delighted in tragic and startling scenes. He had tasted the wine of popular applause upon the stage, and delighted to be before the public.

Booth did not imitate those who conspired against Cæsar, and select his associates in crime from those occupying high social position, but chose his accomplices from a gang of ruffians. Among them was Lewis Powell, often known as Lewis Payne. He had served the Confederates as a spy. George Atzeroth had frequently been in Richmond with an invoice of goods contraband of war. Daniel E. Harold had been a student of pharmacy. Spangler, Arnold, McLaughlin, and Dr. Mudd were lesser accomplices. Their rendezvous was in a boarding-house kept by Mary E. Surratt, whose son John was also an accomplice. (*) Just when Booth made their acquaintance is not known. By his almost hypnotic power they became obedient to his imperious will.

During the four years of the war President Lincoln had been denounced as "usurper," "autocrat," "tyrant," "czar" in the newspapers of the Peace Democracy. This destroyer of the liberties of the Southern people, as Booth regarded President Lincoln, had turned loose 4,000,000 slaves, thus robbing the masters of their property. The Ides of March had brought humiliation to the Confederacy. Why should not the world be rid of such a despot? Booth had often exclaimed upon the stage:

"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!'—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!"

Why should not John Wilkes Booth enact in life what he had performed upon the stage—avenge the South and make his name famous? It is not probable that he gave any thought as to what benefit or loss might come to the people of the Southern States by murdering the President. Revenge and vanity impelled him. He determined to send a bullet through the brain of the "tyrant" who had conquered and despoiled the South, who had walked in triumph through the streets of the capital of the Confederacy. Passion and self-gratulation had taken



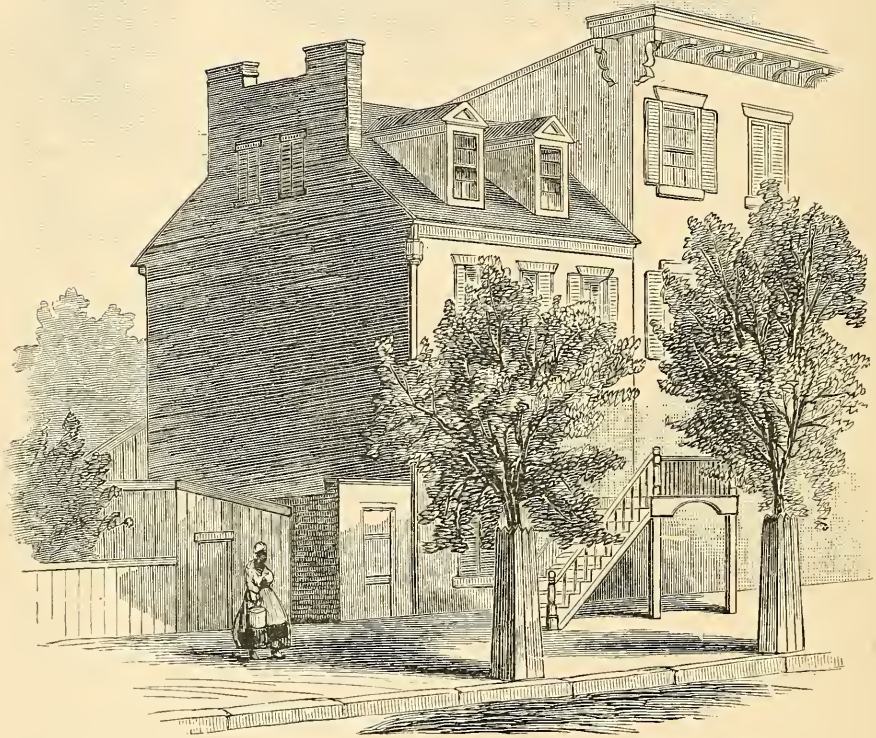
JOHN WILKES BOOTH.
[From a photograph taken in 1864.]

possession of him. Every detail of preparation and execution was thought out. He knew the President was to attend the theatre. As an actor he had been many times upon its stage, and was acquainted with all its passageways. He visited the building, examined the box which would be occupied by the Presidential party, bored a hole in its door through which he might look before entering to fire the fatal shot. His forethought provided a wooden bar to be placed across another door opening to the area behind the box. By this means he could prevent any interference with the execution of his plans. That the world might know his motives and applaud his act, he wrote a carefully prepared statement, which he intrusted to a fellow-actor, Mr. Mathews, to be delivered to the "National Intelligencer" for publication.

He hired a fleet horse at a livery-stable, and rode the animal to accustom himself to its gait. His scheme contemplated the assassination of President Lincoln, also Vice-president Johnson and Secretary Seward. The last-named had been thrown from his carriage, and was lying helpless upon his bed with a fractured jaw and arm. Harold was detailed to murder the Vice-president, and Payne the Secretary of State.

The box in which the President and his party were sitting had been decorated with the Stars and Stripes. It was ten o'clock, and the curtain had risen upon the second scene of the last act. At that moment Booth dismounted from his horse in the alley at the rear of the theatre. He gave the reins to a boy, passed into the restaurant, and drank a glass of brandy. He then entered the front of the theatre, and reached the door opening to the area behind the President's box. He was well known to the employés, and was admitted by the attendant. He placed the wooden bar across the door, stepped to the box door, peeped through the hole which he had bored and saw the position of the President, drew his revolver and knife, and softly entered. He held the pistol near the President's head, fired, and leaped forward. Major Rathburn sprang to seize him. Booth struck at his throat with the knife. Rathburn, in parrying the stroke, received a wound in the arm. In leaping upon the stage a spur on one of Booth's feet caught in the folds of the flag he hated, and he fell headlong. A bone of one leg was broken; but he rose, uttered his triumphant shout, ran across the stage, gained the alley, sprang upon his horse, and disappeared.

There is poetic justice in the thought that the flag of the republic should be the means of bringing swift retribution to the murderer and his accomplices. Had it not been for the fracture of one limb, it is



MRS. SURRETT'S HOUSE.

[From a photograph taken in 1865.]

altogether probable that before sunrise he would have been on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and before the week ended so far away that he would have, for a time at least, escaped capture.

A little past ten o'clock a sentinel stationed at the navy-yard bridge crossing the Eastern Branch of the Potomac saw a man on horseback rapidly approaching.

"I live out here in Charles County, and have been waiting for the moon to rise," said the horseman. The sentinel allowed him to pass, and he rode swiftly on.

Another man on horseback came. He also said that he lived in Charles County and was going home, and was permitted to cross.

A third horseman arrived.

"That fellow ahead of me has stolen my horse," he said.

"I can't allow you to pass," the sentinel replied. No explanation or entreaty availed.

The first who had crossed the bridge was Booth, and the second Harold, who was acting as his assistant.

It was midnight, and the moon two hours above the horizon, when Booth and Harold rode up to a tavern owned by Mrs. Surratt, in the village of Surrattsville. The landlord, Mr. Lloyd, knew that some desperate undertaking had been planned. Harold leaped from his horse and entered the tavern. "We have killed the President. Let me have the things," he said. The landlord made no reply, but handed him a bottle of whiskey, a field-glass, and two guns. Booth could not take a gun. He was suffering terrible pain. They rode to the house of Dr. Mudd. Booth was well acquainted with him. Though living in Maryland, Dr. Mudd had ever sympathized with the South. He lifted Booth from his saddle to a bed, and set the fractured limb. Through the following day the murderer and his accomplice rested. When night came they left Surrattsville and rode to Port Tobacco. Thomas Jones sheltered them—not in his own house, but in a thicket—giving them food, and waiting for an opportunity to ferry them to the Virginia shore.

Booth had been recognized by a number of persons when he leaped upon the stage of the theatre. The police very soon learned that he had frequented Mrs. Surratt's house. The sentinel at the bridge had a story to tell of two horsemen making their way to Charles County. Detectives were quickly on their track. The assassin Payne, who attempted the life of Secretary Seward, and who had wounded Mr. Frederick Seward and the attendants, had left behind a blood-stained knife, a broken revolver, and his hat. He did not ride to Charles County to join the chief conspirator, but made his way to a piece of woods. If he had matured a plan to escape, it was abandoned. For two days he remained in hiding. He could think of no better course to pursue than to return to the house of Mrs. Surratt, where the conspirators had been at home in maturing their plans. It was nearly midnight when the officers who had taken possession of Mrs. Surratt's house heard a knocking at the door. It was opened by Major Smith, who saw a man wearing a cap made from a portion of his coat-sleeve. He had a pick upon his shoulder.

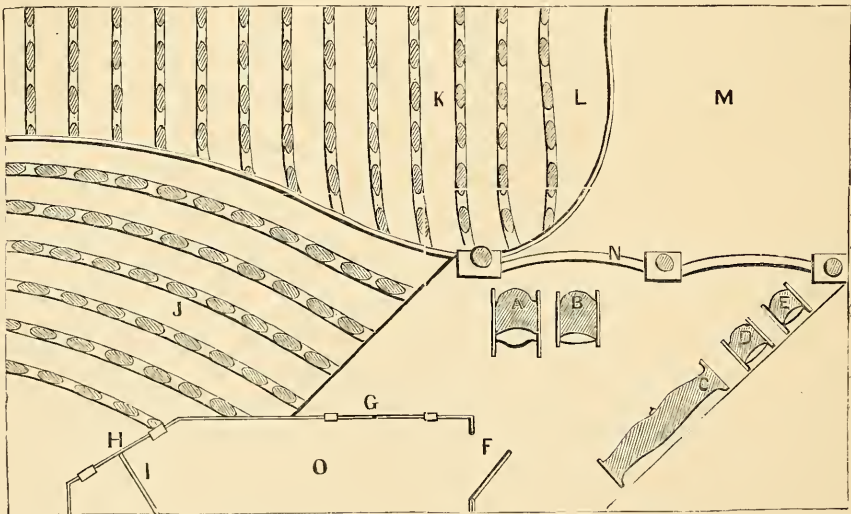
"Who are you? What do you want?" asked the officer.

"I have come to dig a drain for Mrs. Surratt," said the man.

“Have you engaged this man to dig a drain for you?” the question put to Mrs. Surratt.

“Before God, I do not know him—never saw him before. I have not hired him,” Mrs. Surratt replied, lifting her right hand that the officer might know she was swearing a solemn oath. Little did she mistrust that her words and acts would lead to the conviction of both herself and Payne as conspirators in the terrible crime.

The military authorities had little difficulty in getting upon the track of Booth and Harold. The trail began at the bridge across the Eastern Branch. The besotted tavern-keeper of Surrattsville, fearing he might be implicated, voluntarily came and told all he knew. The trail led to Port Tobacco. Soldiers were searching houses and scouring the woods. Gunboats were passing up and down the Potomac. Several times Jones had attempted to ferry them to the Virginia shore in the night and had turned back, but at last succeeded. In Maryland, Booth found those who gave hearty hospitality. He was greatly disappointed at not receiving a like welcome across the Potomac. He had struck the blow to avenge the South, and was chagrined and angered by the coldness of his reception.



[O. Dark corridor leading from the dress-circle to box.—H. Entrance to corridor.—I. The bar used by Booth to prevent entrance from without.—J. Dress-circle.—K. The parquette.—L. The foot-lights.—M. The stage.—F. Open door to the President's box.—G. Closed door.—N. Place where Booth vaulted over to the stage below.]

DIAGRAM OF THE BOX OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Booth made this entry in his diary :

“Friday, April 21.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods, and last night chased by gunboats till I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man’s hand against me, I am here in despair! And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero. . . . I struck for my country and that alone—a country ground beneath his tyranny. And yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me.”

From those who gave him food he obtained newspapers, and learned that his fellow-actor, Mathews, had burned the article which had been



FORD'S THEATRE, AS DRAPED AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

[From a photograph taken at the time.]

intended for publication. So, then, the world would never read his vindication of himself. During the days while hiding in the thickets, his ear open to every sound, his intellect alert, conscience arraigned him. He stood before the Great White Throne, the Judgment-seat of the Universe.

“I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me,” the entry in his diary.

Vanity put in its specious plea for self-justification.

“If the world knew my heart, that one blow would make me great.” he wrote.

By no such pleading could he set aside the universal verdict that

instead of crushing a "tyrant" he had murdered a lenient friend. Instead of his name upon the scroll of fame, he was to be ranked with Cain and Judas and the outcasts of all time—accursed of God and man.

Booth and Harold made their way from place to place, finding shelter at last in the barn of Mr. Garrett, near Bowling Green, on the Rappahannock. At midnight a company of soldiers surrounded the

April 25,
1865. building. When called upon to surrender Harold complied;

Booth refused, and the barn was set on fire. The flames revealed his position to Sergeant Corbett, who sent a bullet through the assassin's brain. The final scene of the tragedy was in the yard of the Old Capitol Prison—the execution of Payne, Harold, Atzerodt, and Mrs. Surratt. Arnold, McLaughlin, Dr. Mudd, and lesser accomplices were imprisoned at Key West. Quick had been Nemesis. John H. Surratt alone escaped. He went to Canada, from thence to Europe, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the Pope, deserted, and fled to Egypt. Vigilant eyes followed him. He was arrested, brought to the United States, and tried; but the jury disagreed.

It was suspected, but could not be definitely proven, that Jacob Thompson, in Canada, agent of the Confederacy, supplied Booth with money. Neither could it be certainly demonstrated that Jefferson Davis or Secretary Benjamin were acquainted with or gave countenance to Booth's intentions. But the historic facts will ever remain that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was contemplated before his first inauguration; that it was never lost sight of during the war by persons hostile to him; that he received many letters containing threats against his life. It was no sudden impulse on the part of Booth, but a crime deliberately planned and executed.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVIII.

(1) The persons present at the death of President Lincoln were Mrs. Lincoln, Robert Lincoln, Secretaries Stanton, Welles, McCullough, Usher, Dennison, and Speed; Generals Halleck, Meigs, Farnsworth, Auger, and Todd; Senator Sumner, Rev. Mr. Gurley, Schuyler Colfax, Governor Farwell, Judges Cartter and Otto, Surgeon-general Barnes, Drs. Stone, Crane, and Teale; Major John Hay, and Maunsell B. Field.

(2) Jacob Thompson to Secretary Benjamin. Letter dated at Toronto, C. W., December 8, 1864. Unpublished Confederate Archives.

(3) Senator W. I. Oldham to Jefferson Davis, February 11, 1865. Unpublished Confederate Archives.

(4) Pitman, "Report of Conspiracy Trials," p. 51.

(5) Mrs. Surratt resided at 541 H Street. She also owned an estate at Surrattsville, on the road leading to Port Tobacco.

CHAPTER XXIX.

APOTHEOSIS.

THE world stood aghast at the tragic death of Abraham Lincoln. Church bells tolled, business ceased, workmen left their occupations. The marts of trade were deserted. Strong men were overcome by their emotions. Rulers had been assassinated in other lands, but never before in the New World.

Easter Sunday dawned upon a people stricken with grief. The day April 16, was not given to joy and gladness commemorating the rising of 1865. the world's Redeemer from the tomb, but to lamentations for the martyred redeemer of the republic.

Everywhere the great sorrow of the people was manifested by emblems of mourning. There was touching pathos in the attempts of the poorest to express their grief by draping their homes.

A regiment of colored soldiers, freed from slavery and made citizens by the Emancipation Proclamation, formed the escort of the funeral procession from the White House to the church where Mr. Lincoln had worshipped, and from thence, after appropriate religious service, to the Capitol. In its rotunda thousands looked once more upon the peaceful face. Illinois claimed that the last resting-place of her greatest citizen should be at Springfield. The route thither was the one travelled by Mr. Lincoln on his journey to Washington when about to assume the duties of the Presidential office. Generals of the Army, admirals of the Navy, deputations from the Senate and House of Representatives formed a guard of honor. Far different the reception in Baltimore from that of 1861. Then, conspirators planning his death; now, the highest possible honor.

The State of Pennsylvania officially expressed its bereavement in the Capitol at Harrisburg. At Philadelphia, Mr. Lincoln had said in Independence Hall he would rather be assassinated than surrender the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Speechless now his lips, yet never before had they been so eloquent. Then, uncer-

tainty ; now, the country saved. Then, readiness to give his life ; now, the life given.

In New York half a million people gazed upon the inanimate form. In the Capitol at Albany, at Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo thousands manifested their sorrow. People congregated at intermediate towns to catch a glimpse of the passing train. No edifice at Cleveland could contain the multitude. The States of Ohio and Indiana rendered homage to the greatness of Abraham Lincoln in the Capitols at Columbus and Indianapolis. At Chicago a countless throng passed through the corridors of the Court-house, where his body lay in state. In the Capitol at Springfield his old friends and acquaintances beheld in the benignity of his countenance the benediction, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

At last the coffin-lid was closed. Simple the ceremonies at the tomb May 14, in Oak Ridge Cemetery : a hymn, a prayer, a brief address, and 1865. the reading of the second inaugural of the departed President. No words could be more appropriate.

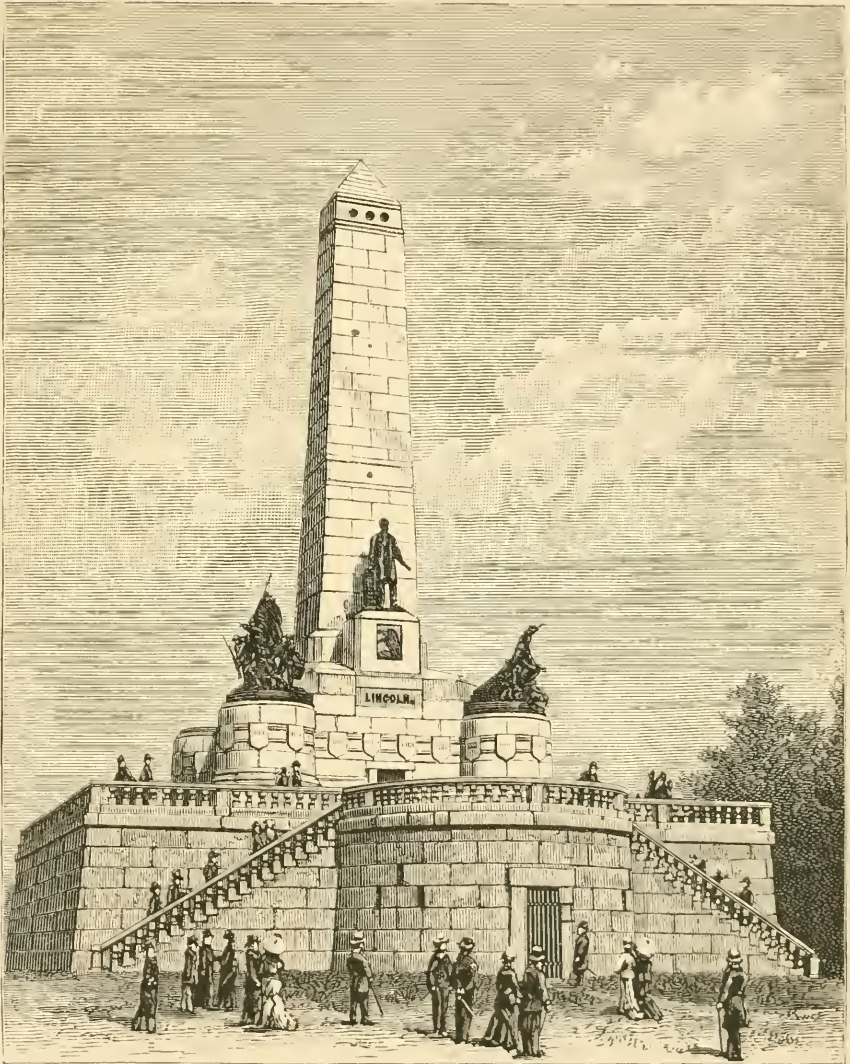
All the world laid wreaths upon the bier of Abraham Lincoln—sovereign and subject, crowned and uncrowned, emperor, king, czar, sultan, pasha ; monarchy, republic, commonwealth, city, and town ; people of every race and clime. No other ruler ever had such apotheosis. Statesman, orator, journalist, and poet came with their immortelles.

Through the war the aristocracy of England and the mercantile interests of that country, for commercial gain, sided with the South ; but lords and commoners, rising in their seats, expressed their horror at the crime, and gave condolence to the republic.

"If any one was able to relieve the pain and animosities which prevailed it was Abraham Lincoln," the words of Lord John Russell.

"In the character of this victim," said Disraeli, "in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy ; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind."

From the outbreak of the Rebellion the sympathies of the working-men of England had been with the North. When the throbbing engines of the Lancashire manufacturers became motionless for want of cotton, when half a million men and women were seeking employment, when hunger was keenest and children crying for bread, they prayed for the success of the North. By a heaven-born instinct they comprehended that the men upholding the flag of the Union were fighting a battle for



MONUMENT TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

[From a photograph taken by the author in 1890.]

all the world. The working-men of London sent these words to the people of the United States :

“ Abraham Lincoln has endeared himself to his country and mankind, especially to the toiling millions of the civilized world. The loss of such a man is ours as well as yours. He is enshrined in the hearts

of the laborers of all countries as one of the few uncrowned monarchs of the world."

"A man," reads the tribute of the Working-men's International Association, "neither to be browbeaten by adversity nor intoxicated by success, slowly maturing his steps, never retracing them; carried away by no surge of popular favor, disheartened by no slacking of the popular pulse; illuminating scenes dark with passion by the smile of humor; doing his Titanic work as humbly and truly as heaven-born rulers do little things; who succeeded in becoming great without ceasing to be good. The world only discovered him a hero after he had fallen a martyr." Robert Leighton, poet, wrote:

"Rest to the uncrowned king, who, toiling, brought
His bleeding country through a dreadful reign;
Who, living, earned a world's revering thought,
And dying, leaves his name without a stain."

Said the "Bradford Review:": "The great, pure, single-hearted man, who, with unequalled moral courage and absolute perseverance, had steered the vessel of State through such a time of trial as the world never before witnessed."

"We doubt," said the "Dublin Freeman's Journal," "whether modern history contains a grander character than the humble lawyer of Illinois. His public virtues shone as brightly as his private worth, and both made him the best beloved man in the United States."

"History," said the "London Daily News," "will respect him as actuated by an abiding sense of duty, as striving to be faithful in his service of God and of man, as possessed with deep moral earnestness, and as endowed with vigorous common-sense and faculty for dealing with affairs."

Said the "London Star:": "With a firm faith in his God, his country, and his principles of freedom for all men, whatever their color and condition, he has stood unmoved amid the shock of armies and the clamors of factions. He quailed not when defeat in the field seemed to herald the triumph of the foe. He boasted not of victory, nor sought to arrogate to himself the honors of the great deeds which have resounded through the world; but, gentle and modest as he was great and good, he took the chaplet from his own brow to place it on the lowly graves of the soldiers, whose blood has been so liberally poured forth to consecrate the soil of America to freedom. He dies and makes no sign, but the impress of his noble character and aims will be borne by his country

while time endures. He dies, but his country lives; freedom has triumphed; the broken chains at the feet of the slaves are the mute witnesses of his victory."

Graceful the tribute of England's jester, "London Punch:"

- "You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil wout to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
- "His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please;
- "You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step as though the way were plain;
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
 Of chief's perplexities or people's pain;
- "Beside this corse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?
- "Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,
 This rail-splitter true-born king of men.
- "My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
 How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;
- "How humble yet how hopeful he could be;
 How, in good-fortune and in ill, the same;
 Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.
- "He went about his work—such work as few
 Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;
- "The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
 Utter one voice of sympathy and shame;
 Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
 Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!"

“He conquered,” said the “Paris *Époque*,” “without ever departing from republican forms, without one single infraction of the laws of his country. When every temptation was offered him, when certain violent measures were demanded by the situation, he still thought he could do without them. He took his stand upon legality, and never lent himself to an exceptional or arbitrary act. He was the living law.”

Said Leopold Gaillard: “No funeral oration can attain to the simple and religious eloquence of the second inaugural, which will remain as the political bequest of Abraham Lincoln. He enters into that body of the elite of the historic army which M. Guizot once called the battalion of Plutarch.”

“He was an honest man, giving the word its full meaning,” wrote Prevost Paradol. “The idea of doing more or anything else than his duty never entered his plain, upright mind. He has not lived alone for his country, since he leaves to every one in the world to whom liberty and justice are dear a great remembrance and a pure example.”

“Death has revealed to all eyes,” said the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*,” “the worth of this honest man. Opinion has done Mr. Lincoln wrong while living. It is now making solemn efforts to repair that wrong when he is no more.”

“Abraham Lincoln,” said Emilio Castelar in the Spanish Cortes, “was the humblest of the humble before his own conscience, the greatest of the great before history.”

From the people of England, the peasantry of France, Germany, Italy, and all European countries, from the republics of South America, from India and China, came heartfelt tributes. In the chalets of the Alps, in the peasant homes along the Danube, and on the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, the portrait most frequently seen was that of Abraham Lincoln. Throughout the United States, pulpit and platform voiced the universal grief. Those who had denounced him as “tyrant” and “usurper” bowed their heads in shame as all people laid unfading flowers on his bier.

In the world's valhalla are the statues of those who have done great things for their fellow-men. Pericles, builder of the Parthenon, was willing to pay for its construction if but his name alone could be sculptured upon the enduring marble. Abraham Lincoln's Parthenon was his country. Not his own name, but the Constitution and the Union was the only legend he desired to see inscribed upon the edifice. Cincinnatus—patrician, dictator—though holding the plough and using the spade on his glebe, had little in common with the people. Abra-

ham Lincoln—boatman, ploughman, President—gave his sympathies to all men, irrespective of race or condition. Where shall be found his compeer in the battalion of the Christian era? Not Alfred the Great, nor Richard the Lion-hearted—none of England's kings; neither Marlborough, Cromwell, nor Wellington; not Frederick the Great of Germany; neither Gustavus Adolphus, William the Silent, Henry of Na-



STATUE BY ST. GAUDENS, LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

varre, Napoleon Bonaparte, nor George Washington. Not with these may Abraham Lincoln be compared. Nature gave not to them as to him such ability to foresee, provide, and execute, such quality of statesmanship and manhood, such combination of greatness and goodness. To none of them has been given such affectionate remembrance as to him. Washington will ever be the father, Lincoln the savior, of our country. The inspiration of his life was the song of the heavenly host to the shepherds of Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, good-will to man."

The millions whom Abraham Lincoln delivered from slavery will ever liken him to Moses, the deliverer of Israel. Only in part are they to be compared. Humble alike their birth, but the childhood of one was passed in the luxurious court of Pharaoh, that of the other amid the poverty of a frontier cabin. The learned of Egypt's realm revealed the wisdom of the ages to the youthful Hebrew; itinerant teachers imparted limited instruction to the boy of the rustic school. Moses becomes a shepherd; Abraham Lincoln swings an axe. One meditates on lofty themes in the solitude of Sinai; the other on the banks of the Sangamon. One discovers God in the mystery of the burning bush at Horeb; to the other, in a restful retreat, comes the uplifting revelation that God is his Father, and all men his brothers. Moses gives just and righteous laws to Israel, Abraham Lincoln a new charter of liberty to his country. Both lead their fellow-men out of bondage, both behold the promised land of a nation's larger life, but neither is privileged to enter it.

Says James Russell Lowell of Abraham Lincoln :

" Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

Great captains, with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, far-seeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

I attempt no estimate of the character of Abraham Lincoln. I am too near him in time. There must be the perspective of many years before his goodness, his greatness, and his influence upon the world can be justly and fully comprehended. Analysis, eulogy, and comparison thus far have failed to portray the true lineaments of this matchless man. Like the snow-clad summit of the loftiest mountain, gleaming in its distinctive grandeur, shall he shine with stainless whiteness and eternal glory!

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